# The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888. PRICE FIVE CENTS.



O·N·W·A·R·D

A·N·D

U·P·W·A·R·D

NO PAUSE! NO DEVIATION!

Whilst other stores are grumbling about dull trade, bad weather, etc., we are doing a rattling and rushing trade. Why? Simply because we are always "up and doing," taking advantage of every opportunity offered to increase our sales. We are now showing our third invoice of French Broadcloths. Do you need a new dress? Do you need a new cloak? Do you need a new pair of stockings? Do you need a new pair of gloves?

Yes, Yes, Yes.

This is the right time to buy and the right place is at

GEORGE DeWald

*AND*

COMPANY.

THE BEE HIVE!

Special Attraction

—IN OUR—

Cloak Department

THIS WEEK.

Cloak:-:Buyers:-:READ!

—OUR—

Magnetic Bargains!

TWENTY-FIVE

Seal Plush Sacques!

AT $22.50 EACH.

Quality Guaranteed. Worth $35.00. Handsomely Finished. Superior Qualities.

Fifty Ladies' Cloth

NEWMARKETS!

In Different Shades and Textures.

AT ÷ $5 ÷ EACH

Worth $8.00 and $10.00 Each.

TWO HUNDRED

MISSES' GARMENTS!

In Ages from 2 to 16 years. Closed out at a

GREAT SACRIFICE.

—FOR—

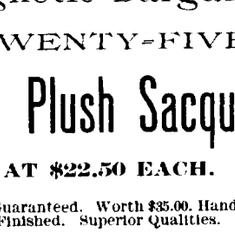
Ladies' & Misses' Wraps

CALL AT THE

BEE ÷ HIVE

DRY GOODS HOUSE.

62 and 64 Calhoun St



Corner of Berry St.

M. Frank

—AND—

COMPANY.


## VASSAR'S WILL.

**The Great Philanthropist Had no Heirs and Bequeathed His Property to Public Charities.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The will of the late John Guy Vassar was presented for probation at Poughkeepsie yesterday. He had no lineal heirs. The following public bequests are made: To Baptist church, Poughkeepsie, $10,000; to Baptist church of Christ, Poughkeepsie, $5,000; $1,000 each to the Young Men's Christian association, Women's Christian association, Old Ladies' home, House of Industry, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Associated Fire department, all of Poughkeepsie.

To each of the fourteen churches of Poughkeepsie, he gave $500; to Vassar brothers home for aged men, $40,000 conditioned, $25,000 unconditioned, and real estate and $5,000 for the John Guy Vassar poor widows coal fund; to the Vassar brothers hospital, $17,000; to Irene B. Vassar, $200,000 to form part of the maintenance fund, and $25,000 to be applied by the trustees toward the completion of the hospital building and grounds; to the Vassar brothers institute, $10,000, subject to an annuity of $500, and a further sum of $15,000, which, as well as a gift of $30,000 previously made to the institute, will go to the Vassar college on terms if a certain secret agreement between the trustees and the testator shall not have been complied with by the former; to Vassar college, $40,000 to endow the John Guy Vassar chair of natural history, $40,000 to endow the chair of modern languages; $20,000 to be held in trust as a music fund; $20,000 to be held in trust as an art fund, and $10,000 for the Vassar brothers' labratory; to his executors $81,000, with which to purchase grounds, if possible with a building thereon, for "the John Guy Vassar orphan fund;" to the orphan asylum, as maintenance fund, $10,000.

All the residue of property is left to an orphan asylum, when incorporated, a hospital, and Vassar college, share and share alike.

The will is dated February 8, 1885. James H. Weeks, Oliver H. Berth and Edward Van Kleeck, all of Poughkeepsie, are named as executors.

### Given a Divorce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Judge Tuley charged the jury in the Bowman divorce case this morning and soon after the jury brought in a verdict finding the issue in favor of the complainant, establishing the validity of Mrs. Bowman's common law marriage and granting her a divorce.

## KILLED OUTRIGHT.

**Two Miners Killed and Five Fatally Injured in an Accident at a Pennsylvania Ore Mine.**

ALTOONA, Pa., Nov. 3.—A telegram received this morning from Hopewell, Bedford county, says that on the Sandy Run branch of the Huntington and Broad Top railroad yesterday, fourteeen employees of the road were coming from the ore mines on a hand car, when the forward wheel broke and the occupants of the truck were scattered in every direction. Two were killed outright and three others fatally injured.

### GIVEN TO THE POPE.

**The Catholics of Australia and India Give Him $1,000,000.**

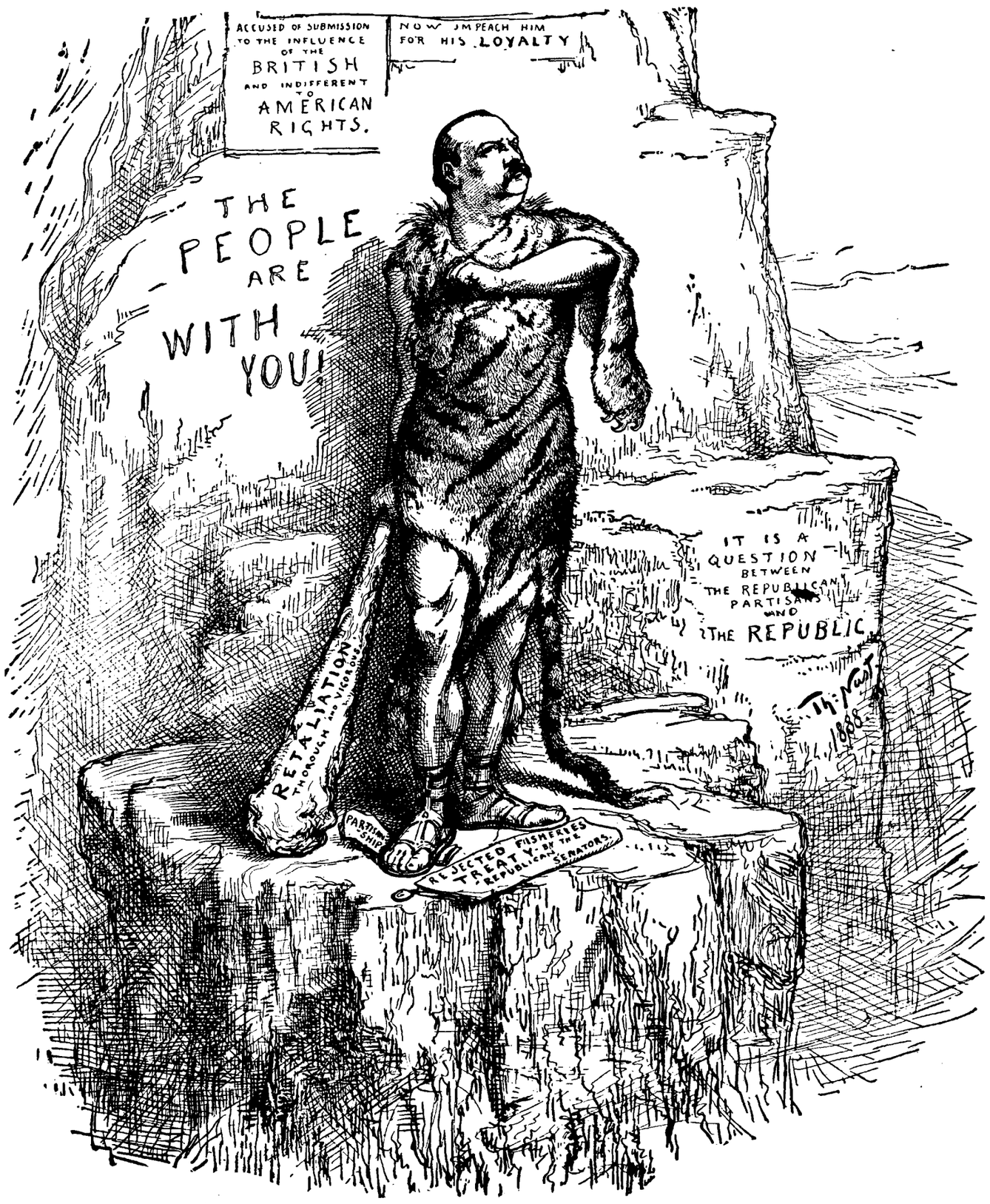
ROME, Nov. 2.—The Catholics of Australia and India have presented the Pope with $1,000,000.

### Saw Mill Burned.

TIPTON, Nov. 3.—Yesterday the saw mill of Henry Rains, of this city, was discovered to be on fire and before assistance could arrive the mill was destroyed, entailing a loss of $1,800, with no insurance. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

# AN HONEST PRESIDENT.

## He Stands Like a Mountain Against all Encroachments on the Rights of the American People.


ACCUSED OF SUBMISSION TO THE INFLUENCE OF THE BRITISH AND INDIFFERENT TO AMERICAN RIGHTS.
NOW IMPEACH HIM FOR HIS LOYALTY
THE PEOPLE ARE WITH YOU!
IT IS A QUESTION BETWEEN THE REPUBLICAN PARTISANS AND THE REPUBLIC
RETALIATION THOROUGH AND VIGOROUS
PARTISANSHIP
REJECTED FISHERIES TREATY BY THE REPUBLICAN SENATORS.
Th: Nast 1888

"Cleveland's administration has been free from official or personal scandal; has been honest and clean. There have been no Star Route robberies; no navy jobberies; no War Department corruptions; no profligate waste by United States Marshals; no Treasury combinations or Speculations; no corrupt operations in or through the land Office. No American at home or abroad has had accasion to droop his eyes in shame because of any such things under Mr. Cleveland's administration. On the contrary, there has been a resolute effort to promote honest government, to increase efficiency and to lessen expenses."—GEO. W. CHILDS, (Republican.)

### BRAVE FIRE LADDIES.

**They Meet With a Fatal Accident at Saginaw City.**

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 3.—This morning, about 3:20, at Saginaw City, a hose cart with six firemen, dashed along in response to an alarm, when a collision took place with an empty wagon, throwing the firemen off the cart, which, falling on top, crushed all more or less in a terrible manner. Henry Jordan, aged thirty, was injured so severely, that he is expected to die to-day. Ben Farrington had both legs broken. Thomas Trahan was badly hurt about the head and shoulders, Robert Hudson about the hip and legs, and Foreman Wm. Pond about the right leg.

### EIGHTY KILLED

**By a Terrific Explosion in a Coal Pit in France.**

PARIS, Nov. 3.—A terrific explosion occurred to-day in the Campagnac coal pit, in the department of Aveyron, and eighty miners were killed. Twenty-two bodies have been recovered.

Advices from Saigon say that pirates attacked a post, consisting of forty men of the foreign legaiion and seven Pagodas, in Toninquin, and killed all but one man.

### Will Close.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—All down town exchanges will close from Monday night until Wednesday morning.

## HE COMES WEST!

**An Electric Company Manager Arrested in New York City for a $44,500 Fraud.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—David J. House, manager of the House Electric company, was arrested this morning on a warrant issued in Cincinnati. He is charged with defrauding Dr. J. V. Hurley out of $44,500, by false representations in a watered stock transaction. In the Jefferson market police court the prisoner was turned over to Assistant District Attorney Thomas and Detective Ryan, of Cincinnati, and he will be taken west to-day.

### SHAMEFUL FALSEHOODS.

**The Denver Cable Road Contract Awarded to a Kansas City Firm.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 3.—During the past few days an attempt has been made in this city and at other points throughout the state to induce workingmen to vote the monopoly-tax free-whisky ticket by circulating a statement as to the letting of the contracts for the castings for a new cable railway in Denver, which was to the effect that an English firm underbid the American manufacturers, of whom a large number competed for the contract. The story appears to have been started by the representative of a Cincinnati firm which tried to get the contract, but failed. A flaming poster, printed in red ink, has been placarded on the dead walls and bill-boards all over the city, which has the following headlines:

AN ENGLISH INVASION.

BRITISH IRON BARONS CAPTURE A BIG CASTING CONTRACT FROM AMERICANS.

THEY BID CLEAR UNDER HOME MANUFACTURERS FOR DENVER CABLE CAR WORK.

IT MEANS A LOSS TO THREE HUNDRED FOUNDRYMEN OF SIX MONTHS' WAGES.

Then follows a statement as to the award of the contract, which, like most republican documents, is an absolute lie. The statement is: "A letter from Denver says that the contract after all has been awarded to two firms in Bradford, Eng." The names of the firms are not given.

Now the facts are that the contract has not been awarded to English firms. Horace A. Keefer, of Kansas City, was the successful bidder, as appears from the following dispatch to the *Sentinel*, received last night from the Denver *News*, in answer to a telegram of inquiry:

DENVER, Col., Nov. 2.—[Special.]—Col. G. E. Randolph, manager of the City railway and proposed new cable line, knows nothing whatever about the alleged letting of contracts for cable line castings to foreign manufacturers. In an interview with a *News* reporter, to-night, he said: "Our contract for cable line castings was awarded to Horace A. Keefer, of Kansas City."

So much for the latest republican campaign lie.

### CAME TOGETHER.

**A Fatal Railroad Accident Near Toledo, Ohio.**

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 3.—The northbound Michigan Central train which left here at forty minutes past six o'clock, collided with a pony engine at the Air Line junction at the suburbs of this city. Both engines and the front end of the baggage car were wrecked, and the following persons injured: Charles Madison, yard brakeman, leg broken; George Butler, engineer of pony, head cut with glass; George Zimmerman, pony conductor, foot hurt. James Slotghers, passenger engineer, leaped from the engine and sustained severe bruises. Robert Jackson, passenger, residence, Detroit, two ribs broken.

### Yellow Fever.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—Mr. Martin reports to the surgeon general, from Gainesville, Fla., that there were four new cases of yellow fever there yesterday. Three were colored and one white. From Enterprise, Fla., Dr. Hartigan reports two new cases and others doing well, with the disease apparently under control. Dr. Porter, at Jacksonville, has suggested that a detective be appointed as inspector on trains at Baldwin, west of Jacksonville, and his suggestion will be carried into effect.

### THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Wheat, weak and lower; cash, $1.11⅛; December, $1.13½. Corn, steady, at 38⅝c. Oats, steady, at 26½c. Flaxseed, $1.46. Pork, steady, $14.55. Lard, steady, at $8.17½. November short ribs, $7.50.

### Failures.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Findlay & Bowman, iron manufacturers, West Fifth street, made an assignment to-day to Richard Macable.

## HIRAM HAYRICK ON FAMILY CARRIAGES.

BY LARRY LINNET.

T'other day when I rid up to town for Lizy's jewelry,
Tildy, it would drive ye crazy plum the sights thar is to see,
But the biggest humbug of 'em all I've seed fer meny a day
Was the Mayor's brand-new carriage, thet I heerd the people say
Cost almost a tho sand dollars—countin' out the team, ye mind.
In the front a driver sot an' some pore feller hung on behind;
It was just a sight to see the critter bobbin' up an' down
Like the actor in the cirkis thet they call the funny clown.

Now ef thet ain't fuss an' humbug wus'n eny trave in' show,
Whar ye git 'em I d as leaf spend a nickel fer to know.
Ain't a wagon good enough fer folks ef it hes got the springs?
An' I think a quilt'd sarve as well as them air buffler things.
Don't the Bible tell us, Tildy, how it all hed come to pass
Thet the blessid Savior rid Jerusalem's streets upon an ass?
He'd a-hed a fancy carriage ef He thought fer the best.
But He sot a good example an' we orter to do the rest.

Thar's a line an' He has drawed it, ef we want to foller Him,
An' it never kin be did ef we go follerin' every whim.
Now I'd ruther up an' foot it for a dozen mile or so
Than to be a-hoppin' up an' down like monkeys in a show.
Thar's the Squire's single buggy, thet is ruther plain and neat,
But it wouldn't hurt him either ef he'd travel on his feet.
He's a takin' things too easy fer the solid rules of health,
An' his laziness increases in purportion to his wealth.

For example, take the Joneses, who could bust the village bank,
Ef they only had a mind to, an' jest give an easy yank,
Them's the sorter people, Tildy, as might hev a carriage line,
But ole Jones is quite determined to keep on the good o e line—
Say, it seems a sorter cur'ous Daddy Larkins doesn't try
Fer to git a fancy carriage, so thet he kin pass us by
When we go to meetin', Sund'ys, an' kin nod his head an' say:
"Wall, now, howdy, Brother Hayrick! aren't we out in style to-day?"

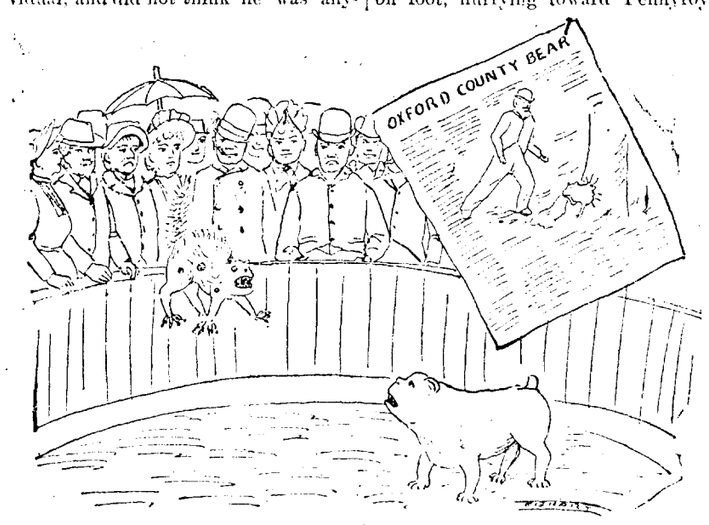
What! He's bought a buggy, Tildy? Did I hear ye tell it right?
By the perennias of Egup', ye hev thrun me in a fright!
Now, how air we goin' to fix it—an' pore Lizy'll feel ashamed,
Joggin' 'long in our ole wagon—Tildy, I'll be switched an' blamed!
Ef I don't sell off some cattle an' come out in bigger style,
With a double-seated carriage thet'll make the kaboodle smile.
Yes, we orter hev a carriage—passin' over what I said—
For we've got to beat the Larkins folks, an' keep a lap ahead!

*—Chicago Ledger.*

## MY NEAREST NEIGHBOR.

BY A. BOOMER.

I have always regarded Mr. Jonas McGuffin as a sort of harmless individual, and did not think he was anything out of the common run until the other day.




McGuffin is my next door neighbor, on the south, and has but recently moved into this village.

He is a benevolent-looking old gentleman, of about fifty summers, and has struggled through existence from birth with a totally bald head.

He says his grandfather was scalped by the Indians out West somewhere, and he thinks it "took," and has become hereditary in the family.

But McGuffin's bald head has nothing to do with this story; but I thought I would mention it, as a bald-headed man's story generally carries more of an air of truth with it than one told by those supplied with a hirsute covering.

I stayed at home, one fine day last week, to prune our aged cherry tree in the yard, and had just finished the job, and seated myself under the shade of the tree to rest myself with a quiet smoke and meditation on the happiness and appetites of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, when McGuffin, who had been critically watching the pruning operation from his porch, came up to the fence and looked over at me.

"You didn't see the remains of any cat in your yard this morning, did you?" he queried, introductively, as he helped himself to a seat on the top rail, and vigorously scoured his head with a large cotton handkerchief.

I told him I didn't, and asked him why.

"I didn't know. I fired most of my furniture at some cats on the fence last night, and I oughter to have killed some of 'em. Blast the dratted cats!" And he mopped his face more vigorously than ever.

"I guess you don't like cats," I ventured to remark.

"I should say not—that is," he hastily added, "I never saw but one I admired, and that was a mechanical one; could lick any dog on the hill down home." (It may be as well to state that his home is somewhere in Maine.)

I said nothing, but watched him through the rings of tobacco smoke.

"I never saw anything like it," he continued. "A tramp printer by the name of Billjoy wandered into the town down there one summer, and getting a situation on the *Oxford County Bear*, married and settled down. He was the greatest man on inventions I ever saw; always puttering away at something or other.

"He had a large house-cat which met with a sudden death one night. He took the skin, stuffed it, and fixed a sort of infernal machine in it, and had it arranged so you could wind it up, set it a-going on the ground, and the way that poor, stuffed cat would run, jump, claw, spit and growl, would have made you feel 'creepy' all over. Billjoy set it one night for some cats, and the next morning he found the remains of nine cats in his yard, and the struggle had only broken a tooth in the ratchet wheel that regulated the jaw of the mechanical tom-cat.

"Billjoy put some new steel sinews and muscles into his cat, together with a new set of chilled iron teeth, and used to go around the country in the summer scooping in the shekels from the country yokels by matching his cat against their dogs.

"A good deal of interest was manifested by the citizens in town about the cat, and when it became known that young Jenkins, son of Amaziah Jenkins, the grocer, was training his dog, 'Plunger,' who was a cross between a bulldog and a mastiff, and weighed fifty pounds, to fight a match to a finish with Billjoy's cat, which weighed about twelve pounds, the whole town was on the qui vive, so to speak.

"But I should explain, apostrophized McGuffin, 'why no one interfered in the preparations for the fight. The tender-hearted knew that the cat was only stuffed; wouldn't hurt it anyway, and as Jenkins' dog was occasionally in the habit of lunching off stray children who ventured into the store, people really were eager to see the dog worsted, and one or two of the deacons of the church were so anxious to help out the good cause that several very hearty bets were made as to the outcome of the fight.

"Meanwhile, preparations went vigorously on, and as Jenkins had read somewhere about the toughening effects of borax, the dog was bathed and scrubbed in a strong solution of borax every morning, to toughen the skin against the steel claws of the cat, Jenkins said.

"A town meeting was called, and a legal holiday proclaimed for the day of the fight, so as to enable all who wished to see the match. A wave of immorality seemed to have swept over the village. Maidens, old and young, held sewing-circles to discuss the matter, and at the meeting of the Woman's Helping Hand Society it was resolved, That we attend the fight in a body, in full regalia and heavy marching order.

"Thursday was appointed by the selectmen as a day for the meet, and as the sun rose over the low mountains in the east, and kissed the opening buds on the sturdy maple tree, it shone upon a long chain of people, in vehicles of all kinds, on horseback and on foot, hurrying toward Pennyroyal Grove, where the contest was to be held.

"A place had been roped off, a reserve of constables detailed to keep back the crowd, and the Oxford Buffalo Brass Band given a station in a large hay-rack just emptied of a load of maidens from the Tarsell Academy.

"Ground had been rented for booths, and the merry crunch of the frisky peanut, the gurgle of the red lemonade, and the steady champ and dull plop of the pink spruce gum was heard on every side, the appearance of the grove suggesting an early spring circus or a fall fair."

McGuffin paused, and as he had looked rather longingly at my pipe, I passed it over to him, and after polishing the stem off under his arm and getting it in running order, he continued:

"Presently Billjoy arrived with his cat under his arm, attended by a coterie of friends, followed shortly after by a team containing Jenkins and the dog. After the dog had been put in the ring and tied to a stake, Col. Bangs, of the *Daily Bangle*, was chosen referee, and he proceeded at once to business. On placing the cat in the ring, the dog howled and tore at his chain in vain endeavor to reach the cat, and his rating on the bookings jumped to 15 to 1.

"The excitement was intense, even the Tarsell maidens letting their ends of gum rest heedlessly in their mouths. Presently Billjoy stepped into the ring, braced the cat's legs apart, pressed a string, and jumped back with an 'all right; let'er go!'

"With a snap the leash was thrown off the dog and he gave a rush and jump toward the cat. He seized an ear and tugged; not a move. He let go his grip and stared.

"We then heard a subdued sort of rumble in the bowels of the cat, and suddenly it gave a bound of about six feet up in the air, and came down in its tracks. The next moment the dog made a rush, grabbed the cat by the throat, and commenced to worry it. Still not a sign of disquietude on the part of the cat.

"One of the deacons was about to hedge on his bet, when suddenly something snapped in the cat's neck, and the quiet spectacle of a large, overgrown dog, holding a little inoffensive cat by the throat, disappeared, and nothing was visible but a gray and tan halo of hair, claws, and dirt, with a few sparks of fire, as the chilled iron teeth of the cat crunched on some particularly hard bone.

"Round and round the ring went the revolving cyclone halo, bumping up against the stakes, and occasionally making an entire circuit without touching the ground, leaving well-defined streaks of yelps, growls, and 'spits' stringing out on all sides.

"Suddenly the rumpus doubled, increasing the speed of the dim, misty mass of revolving dog and cat, till the current of air had drawn into the vortex, and kept suspended in and around it a mass of twigs, dried leaves, and dirt.

"Then came the reaction. The halo fell to the ground and dissolved itself into a mangled and dead dog, and a somewhat battered but still lively cat. Before a movement could be made, the cat grabbed the dog by the tail, gave one or two preliminary chews and rambles, and then a swath of people, from the ring to the outside of the crowd, were dashed to the ground, leaving a path a foot wide, while the late participants in the 'unpleasantness' were making a bee-line due east.

"Young Slimmer, who was just coming up the road, said the first thing he knew he saw something like a gray streak coming toward him. He stepped back just in time to let it go by, and, as it swept by him, growling and spitting out fragments of broken teeth, cog-wheels, etc., he could just distinguish Billjoy's cat going backward at the rate of about 139 miles an hour, towing the remains of Jenkins' dog after it by the tail.

"Jenkins lost, of course, and the citizens started back to town to resume business.

"Billjoy headed a party of searchers, and started out in quest of the vanished hosts, and, after tracking them several miles through the woods and across the river, Billjoy discovered what he thought was a fur muff, but on going up to see he was thunderstruck at seeing his cat, driven stern first through a pine stump, still languidly chewing a shin bone, to which was attached about a square yard of polished dog skin, and occasionally emitting something like a satisfied metallic purr.

"Billjoy took the cat home after it ran down, and when I left there he had it placed on the front steps, so as to keep strange dogs out of the yard; and he told me he had seen it, when a dog attempted to enter the yard, elevate its tail, let out one or two growls, and go running sideways down to the gate. By that time the dog would be in the next town, and after watching awhile, it would contentedly march back to its old position on the steps.

"I don't know about the last," apologized McGuffin. "He said so; but he is so proud of the cat he thinks it can do anything but talk."

And McGuffin fell off the fence and went into the house, while I mused about the average Yankee and his tricks, unmindful that McGuffin had carried off my pipe. But I am going to see him some time and get him to tell me some more about the inventive faculties of Billjoy.

### A Hemp Hacienda in Yucatan.

There are no less than three hundred peons and workmen employed on this estate, and everybody seems busy and happy. Every servant we met saluted us with a cheery buenos dias (good-day), and when we left all added to their regretful farewell an earnest "to God I commend you." Outside the hacienda walls the homes of the laborers are scattered along the road, curious elliptical huts with stone walls and thatched roofs. At sunset, when the chapel bell sounded for oracion or evening prayer, all the peons and workmen, male and female, gathered about with reverent faces. When it was finished they came in procession, one by one, and wished their masters and ourselves buenos noches (*good-night*). In every portion of Yucatan this is the universal custom, servants and children never failing to give this salutation of peace as the last stroke of the vesper bell dies upon the air. We had intended to go on that night, but yielded to earnest entreaties to remain—the more readily, perhaps, because every one of us was suffering horribly from garriopotas (wood ticks), with which the whole peninsula abounds. They are tiny creatures, but produced an unbearable itching, festering bodily in the wounds they make. It is impossible to travel here without encountering them, and the only remedy is to keep one's self well saturated with petroleum, and change one's clothes every time a tree is passed. For dinner, in addition to the usual eggs, frijoles and tortillas, we had turtle-soup, roast pig, claret and honey. Let me tell you how that pig was cooked, in the national way derived from their forefathers—the same manner in which Bernal Diaz says those respectable people cooked men and women—"by a sort of oven made with heated stones, which are put under ground." A hole was dug in the courtyard, a large fire kindled in it, and kept burning until it was heated like an oven. Two clean stones were placed in the bottom, the dressed pig laid upon them and covered with leaves and bushes, packed down so closely as barely to allow the smoke to escape. The result was a barbecue of finest flavor, which even an enemy to pork must admire.

### So Graceful.

A young fellow who felt much pride in the gracefulness of his handwriting, secured a position as a reporter on a daily paper. One night, having just completed an article entitled, "Aristotle and His Philosophy," he approached the city editor, and said:

"Here's a beautiful piece of writing."

"Yes, it is very pretty."

"So smooth, so rounded out with graceful curves," said the youth, "that it seems a pity to transfer the article to the cold and mechanical embraces of commonplace type."

"So it does," the city editor exclaimed with enthusiasm, "so it does, and in order that it may not be vulgarized, we'll put it down in this clean and romantic basket."

"What, aren't you going to use it?"

"Oh, no; it would be a shame to allow the smutty-fingered printers to thumb such beautiful writing."

"I can copy it in a rougher hand."

"Oh, no, I could not think of putting you to so much trouble. Run along, now. Good-by."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

LITTLE maids, like weakest liquors, are soonest soured.

## RUSSIAN PRIESTHOOD.

### SUBJECTED TO GREAT HARDSHIPS AND PRIVATIONS.

**Half the Jokes in the Funny Papers Are About Them — The White and Black Clergy—Priests' Wives and Families—How They Get Rid of Their Daughters.**

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

The priesthood of the Russian Church is composed of two classes—the white and

THE WHITE PRIEST.

black clergy. The latter are monks belonging to the several orders of religious seclusion, and from their numbers all the bishops and higher ecclesiastical officials are chosen. They are teachers in the schools, also tutors in the families of the nobles, and many of them have been celebrated for their scholarship, their artistic genius, and literary gifts. Asceticism is not practiced as it is in the Roman Church, except by certain orders in monastic life, and in the fulfillment of vows. During the last century the church estates were secularized and confiscated by the crown; then the emancipation of the serfs deprived the religious orders of a great part of their wealth, some of the monasteries owning twenty, thirty, and even fifty thousand serfs. This was a severe blow to them, and only a few, such as were possessed of other wealth, survived it. At present there are about five hundred monastic establishments throughout the empire, and most of them are wealthy.

There is a feeling of bitter hostility existing between the white and black clergy. The former are the city and village priests, or popes, as they are called. They accuse the black clergy of laziness and indifference to their vows; of filling their bellies with capons and wines, while the poor are suffering for the necessaries of life; of violating one of the chief ordinances of the church by refusing to marry, and by setting the people the bad example of heentiousness. Many of these charges hold true in the cases of nine-tenths of the monks, but some of them, a small proportion, perhaps, lead lives of sinlessness and devotion, giving their time to study or the instruction of the young, or to relieving the necessities of the poor.

The white clergy, or parish priests, or "batushkas" (padres), as the people call them, are usually men of some learning, but who are destined to lead lives of wretchedness, and being called upon to serve the people in a most laborious way for small salaries. They are a class or caste of themselves. Their fathers were priests, and their sons must be. As soon as a priest's sons are old enough to leave home they are sent to the theological schools and trained for the work of the church. Very few of them escape the fate, and they can only do so by fleeing from the country or entering the army as private soldiers and leading an even more miserable existence.

Before they can take orders they must marry the daughter or the widow of some other priest, who is selected for them by the Bishop. They are not even allowed to choose their own wives. They are not permitted, either, to marry outside of the church. When a priest dies his family is a burden on the diocese till the boys can be sent to a seminary and the girls married off. The Bishop who has them in charge makes all the marriages, selects the brides and the

A BLACK PRIEST.

grooms, and after they are wedded sends them off to some village where they are to spend the rest of their existence, for they are never changed from one parish to another, except when they can command great influence. Ninety-nine per cent. of the original assignments are permanent.

The incomes of the priests are also fixed by the Bishop. All the money collected in the parish is sent to him and he fixes the compensation of the batushkas, which is usually very small. The average salary of the village priest is $75 a year, and he must eke out a living by cultivating a piece of ground or stealing from the coffers of the church.

When the bishop makes his annual rounds he takes down the names of the girls in the priests' families who are old enough to marry, and from this list, without knowing the characteristics or dispositions of any, assigns them to the graduates of the seminaries. Thus, a clergyman of Russia gets his wife as the Irishman got his pig, in a "poke." It is a lottery of marriage. The bishop is strictly impartial, for he seldom knows the man or woman. He has the two names and makes the assignment, being glad to get both off his hands.

Not only are the priests subjected to great hardships and privations, but they are the butt of all the wits and humorists of the empire. Half the jokes in the funny papers are about them, and their lives suggest half the proverbs of the country. "As poor as a priest." "As stupid as a priest," "As wretched as a priest," "As hungry as a priest," etc., etc., are familiar expressions. Under the circumstances, little better can be expected of them. The average of morality and temperance is said to be higher in the priesthood of the Russian than in the Roman Church, which is due, perhaps, to the fact that the former are compelled to marry, are crushed by the heel of the despot, and are condemned to spend their entire lives in the villages, which they seldom leave.

The influence of the priests over the people is very great. They are the representatives of the church, in which the peasant devoutly believes. They baptize his children, visit him when he is sick, marry him, bury him, and say masses for the repose of his soul. He is with them always, like the poor, and if he is a man of any conscience or ability he cannot but wield an immense power. But, still further than this, the entire system of political, social, and domestic economy in Russia is based upon the doctrine of autocracy. As the Czar is the autocrat of all the Russias, as the bishop is the autocrat of his diocese, so is the priest the pope of the parish, the autocrat of the village in which he ministers. That is about all the satisfaction he gets. The peasant relies upon the church, and, therefore, upon the priest for salvation. He would rather die than be cut off from the privileges of the church. It is his home as well as his heaven, and the priest holds the key.

The mujik is essentially a religious being. He believes in only two things—the church and the Czar. One represents the powers above and the other the powers below, but at the same time he regards religion as a series of ceremonies of a magical rather than a spiritual significance. He is dull, stupid, submissive; has never had a thought that was not associated in some way with the church; does nothing without saying a prayer before the icon of his patron saint; can neither read nor write; is compelled to accept as truth all the priest tells him, and is profoundly ignorant of everything that is beyond the sight of his own eyes or the hearing of his ears. He seldom goes beyond the confines of his native parish unless he is conscripted into the army, and then he seldom returns; thinks all the world are like himself and his relatives, and is satisfied with his lot because he cannot conceive of existence under any other circumstances.

A PRIEST'S DAUGHTER.

A RUSSIAN BRIDE.

Of theology and spiritual life he has no conception. For him the ceremonies of the church are sufficient. If he has been baptized in his infancy, if he has partaken regularly of the holy communion and observed his fasts, if he has confessed his sins and received the extreme unction, he approaches death with perfect tranquility, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

There are icons all over the palaces. Some of them are large and conspicuous, while others are small and escape notice unless one is looking for them. You find them in all the museums, the art galleries, in the stables of the Czar, in the railway stations, and they usually have a lamp burning before them. Many are rich and artistic, and the lamps are of beautiful designs, being suspended from a bracket above the icon. In the rooms of the late Czar in the Winter Palace is a beautiful icon, and in a little boudoir adjoining the rooms occupied by the present Czarina, before her husband ascended the throne, I counted fourteen. The Czarina was a Protestant by birth and education, but she joined the Greek Church before her marriage. Her right to share the throne would not have been recognized had she not done so.

Many of the icons in the palaces are beautifully decorated with jewels. The value of some of them is enormous, but they are seldom disturbed, the veneration being too great among all classes of people. It was from one of these that the Grand Duke Constantine, the cousin of the present Czar, some years ago stole jewels which he gave to an American adventuress named Blatchford. He also robbed his mother's jewel case of its treasures. The Blatchford woman escaped from Russia before the theft was discovered, and went to Germany, where she was arrested and taken back to Petersburg, thrown into prison, and compelled to restore the treasures, when she was released, through the efforts of Minister Jewell. The Grand Duke, however, was never forgiven. He not only disgraced the imperial ermine, but committed sacrilege that cannot be pardoned by robbing a saint. He was sent to Siberia, but has since been

THE ROAD TO THE HEART IS THROUGH THE THROAT.

allowed to command some troops in the southern part of Russia, having shown himself to be a gallant soldier during the war with Turkey; but he will never be allowed to appear at court again.

### Umbrellas and Braces.

One that knows the petty questions which have disturbed the peace of churches might exclaim, paraphrasing Madam Roland's famous words, "O, religion! religion! how many absurdities are committed in thy name!"

The historian of Weare, N. H., writes that in the early days of that town two young ladies while on a visit to Boston, bought two cotton umbrellas, and carried them home. When they appeared with them open, there was a great excitement. Some over-strict censors said the young ladies were indulging in sinful vanity. Others asserted that to carry an open umbrella was a defiance of Providence, for it intercepted the rain which has intended to "fall upon the just and the unjust."

The dangerous innovation, being found very convenient, the religious scruples were put aside, and umbrellas came into general use.

Another innovation also excited criticism. Braces were not worn, but men's trousers were kept in place by a leather belt girt about the waist. One man wore tow strings crossed over his shoulders. A committee of the brethren of the church waited on him, and urged that he should abandon the use of these string "suspenders," because by wearing them he encouraged popery, as he wore a cross on his back. But again the inconvenience overwhelmed the scruples, and braces soon became a common article of dress.—*Youth's Companion.*

### A Conjurer's Wonderful Trick.

The most popular newspaper of the French metropolis invited a very select number of notables to be present at the first appearance in Paris of a marvelous conjurer, and of a singularly complete Russian Choral Society. The name of the "illusioniste," as he calls himself, is Buatier de Kolta, and he is a Hungarian by birth. His tricks are all original and perfectly incomprehensible, even to the adepts assembled to criticise them. I will only attempt to describe one, which thoroughly puzzled all present.

After spreading a newspaper on the floor he placed a chair upon it, and then asked a young lady to sit down. He threw over her a piece of silk, which barely covered her from head to foot. He then rapidly removed the drapery and the chair was empty. As soon as the amazement of the spectators gave them time to applaud, the young lady walked on from the side and bowed her acknowledgments. There certainly was no trap in the floor, the chair was of an ordinary kind, and the trick was done in a strong light. The lady, in fact, disappeared before the very eyes of the audience; but so quickly was the trick done that no one present saw her escape.

### A Providence.

He was a great believer in a special providence. To exemplify it he told the following charming little anecdote. Said he:

"Boss, one night I was gwine back from ch'ch, feelin' mighty low-spirited and down-hearted like. I had no money, was powerful hungry, an' I didn't railly know whar I was goin' to git a breakfus' from. I know'd de chilen an' de ole ooman was mos' mizzibly hungry, too, an' I tell you I was a-feelin' mighty bad. Hit seemed to me 'z if I had no friends, an' I jess prayed that a blessin' might descend on a pore ole man. Hit was about midnight, an' des' as I got near Colonel Mullin's place I heard a rooster crow out mos' beautiful. I des' clim de fence, sah, an' I got dat rooster, an' four fat hens. Now, sah"—very impressively—"'spose dat rooster had crowed whilst I was in ch'ch, I wouldn't a heerd him! 'Spose he had crowed arter I got home, I wouldn't a heerd him, but he crowed des' as I got by de fence, an' I heerd him! Now, isn't dat providence?"

### Definitions of Bible Terms.

A gerah was a cent.
A cab was three pints.
A farthing was 3 cents.
An omer was six pints.
A shekel of gold was $8.
A firkin was seven pints.
A talent of gold was $13,809.
A talent of silver was $538.25.
A bin was one gallon and two pints.
A shekel of silver was about 50 cents.
Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.
A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.
A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.
A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.
A Sabbath-day's journey was about an English mile.
An ephah, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.
A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.
A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

"EVERY day we live we make it harder, or easier, for the people nearest us to do right or to do wrong."

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

EARLY every mother has a dread of the croup, and the little ones are so liable to have it, and have it often, that it is quite important to understand how to take care of them during an attack of it. And for the benefit of young mothers, who are inexperienced, and do not know exactly what to do in such an emergency, I will give them the benefit of my experience.

You will perhaps be awakened in the night (generally about midnight) by your little one coughing. And such a cough. You can never mistake a "croupy" cough. It will frighten any one, even the mother who is experienced and knows exactly what to do.

Take the child out of bed and wrap him in a flannel blanket, so as to keep him as warm as possible and guard against his catching more cold. First see that his feet and hands are warm. Then use either goose-oil or vaseline very freely, rubbing it on the nose, behind the ears, and on the chest and throat, also on the soles of the feet and in the palms of the little hands.

"Smothered" onions are very good to bind on the chest and soles of the feet. Then make a syrup of the onions by placing them in a dish, putting water and sugar on them and letting them boil until they become a thick syrup, and give a teaspoonful to the child every once in a while. As a general thing they will take it very readily, for it is sweet, and they like it.

If the child is breathing very badly and coughing a great deal, the best thing to do is to wring a cloth out in hot water and put it on the chest and high around the throat. Let it remain on until you can wring one out in cold water; then change the hot cloth for the cold one, being very careful not to expose the chest to the air. Repeat this as rapidly as you can wring out the cloths, say for fifteen minutes, or until the child is relieved and breathes freely, and you will soon have your little one sleeping and find he is better. At least this has been my experience with my little boy.

Hive syrup is also excellent at such a time, and you can give it according to the directions on the bottle.

Croup is a very dangerous disease, but if taken in time, and one understands what to do, a mother can easily care for her child unless it be a very severe case of "membraneous croup," in which case it is often necessary to call a physician.—*Chicago Ledger.*

### Roses in Bulgaria.

Bulgaria, the little country in Europe which we hear so much about of late, is a veritable rose garden in itself. In no part of the world has the cultivation of the rose come so near perfection as in this small state, and although the soil and atmosphere of the county have much to do with the success of the work, the native inhabitants have made such a long and careful study of the plant and its needs that they have created wonders out of their fields of blooming roses. As is well-known, the flowers are grown there for the purpose of extracting the precious aroma known as "otto of rose," but this circumstance does not detract in the least from the appearance of the roses. The bushes require considerable care and attention, and they are seldom allowed to attain a height of over six feet.

In the great rose gardens, where the flowers are raised for manufacturing the "otto of rose," the bushes are seldom grafted or budded. The roots forming the bushes of a young rose garden are taken from the old bushes and carefully buried with plenty of manure, where they send up young shoots. These reach their full growth in about five years, and for fifteen years will yield large crops of roses. When an old bed begins to fail the bushes are cut away and new shoots allowed to spring up, or the whole field plowed up and roots from another bed set out in their place. A successful rose grower keeps several rose gardens at times in different stages of development, so that when one garden begins to be unproductive another one is about ready to come in. The roses blossom in the latter part of May, when all the neighborhood is employed in picking them and getting them to the distillery.

In addition to the great industry of extracting the precious aroma from the roses, the inhabitants of Bulgaria make quite a business of exporting rose slips and roots to different countries. The facility with which the roses grow in the fertile valleys of that county make it a profitable business to raise the bushes for market. The cuttings for buds are sent hundreds of miles, packed in long grass and surrounded with straw, disposed longitudinally. But the particular rose, from which the otto of roses is made, the rose moschata, cannot be grown with much success in any other part of Europe. Attempts have been made frequently to cultivate it in the south of France, but all such experiments have proved a failure. The slips and roots of the bushes are sent to different parts of Europe, where the rose is grown in some of the principal public gardens. The aroma is so sweet that it will scent up the whole room if kept indoors, and will even impregnate the outside atmosphere of a garden with its penetrating odor.—*Vick's Magazine.*

### Washing Windows.

There is a right and a wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor: Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window, for when the sun shines on the window it causes it to be dry streak it, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the woodwork inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia; do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth; do not use linen, as it makes the glass linty when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. You will find this can be done in half the time taken where soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows.

### The Mileage of the Blood Current.

In the *Asclepiad* we find the following on the mileage of the blood current of a healthy adult man, in whom the current shall be traversing the conduits of the circulation under the direction of sixty-nine strokes of the heart, at the assumed propulsion of nine feet at each left ventricular pressure. The distance traversed would, we estimate, be at the rate of 207 yards per minute, or seven miles per hour, or 168 miles per day, or 61,320 miles per year. Supposing, therefore, that a man who has lived eighty-four years could have one blood corpuscle floating all that time round his circulating channels—as a planet circulates round a sun—that corpuscle would have performed at the close of the time named the grand tour of 5,150,808 miles. The heat generated by friction in this motion of the blood we may take as included in the normal constant of 98 4-5 degrees Fahrenheit. What the excess would be when, as in fever, the rate of passage may extend to over double the normal, or fourteen miles an hour, at full tension, can only at present be estimated on data which have to be formulated, and are, therefore, inexact. But here a most important field is open for inquiry, and includes the questions: 1. Is the excess of febrile heat in pyrexia due to increased pulsation at full tension? 2. Is the increased motion due to the high temperature? 3. Are both dependent on one common cause? We really know nothing about pyrexia until these questions are determined. A pigeon lives always at what in the human subject would be the highest pyrexia. Its temperature is 108 degrees Fahrenheit; its arterial pulsations are 140 beats per minute; and it has a surface of body presenting the fullest resistance to conduction. Does this truly pyrexial animal owe its normal high temperature to its rapid circulation? Does its high temperature give rise to its rapid circulation? Or are the heat and motion dependent on one common undiscovered cause?

### Small Talk.

TEACHER—What is an atheist.

Bright Pupil—An atheist is an animal that does not believe in the existence of a God.

Teacher—Name a few.

Bright Pupil—Cattle and sheep, horses and often human beings are atheists.

Teacher—You should have a wiser teacher; you are too far advanced for me. Go to the head of your class.

Anarchist—The capitalist who has accumulated his millions by robbing his employes, by withholding from them the actual amount in wages of what they produce, is the curse of the poor man who must work for his bread.

Shrewd Mechanic—You are wrong, my deluded friend. Low wages are bad enough, but liquor and thieves, spendthrifts, and parasites who draw upon the surplus accumulated by the millionaire, constitute the real curse of the wage-worker. Think a little, and see if you can't make it out. It is easy when you know how.

Those who cheat us by exorbitant prices are thieves, but they are innocent in comparison with those who sell us adulterated food.

Too much law is apt to defeat justice.

### A Pointed Reply.

After the downfall of Napoleon, in 1815, the French Government became liable to the amount of 750 millions, which was to be paid over to the allies within three years, to reimburse them for the expense of the campaign. The payments were to be made in 1816 in gold; but as the French were unable to raise the amount in gold, the allies had to be satisfied with silver in payment of the other installment.

The people of Paris were naturally very much interested, and took no pains to conceal their anguish at having to part with their gold and silver coin. The subject was under discussion one day in the salon of Madame de Stael. A young German officer who was present protested against the allies being compelled to take the inferior metal in payment.

"You had better be satisfied," interrupted Madame de Stael; "we paid the first installment in gold, the second in silver, and, if pressed too closely, we might pay the third in iron."

"Very well, madame," replied the German officer, calmly; "you can pay the third installment in iron, if you choose, but if you try it we will give you a receipt in full in lead."—*Texas Siftings.*

### A Stroke of Luck.

Mr. Bornlucky—Ah, congratulate me, Googles, I've won a prize in the Louisiana State Lottery.

Googles—By doggy, old man, you don't say so; how much?

Mr. Bornlucky—Twelve dollars.

Googles—What did it cost you?

Mr. Bornlucky—Thirty dollars.—*Time.*

QUILL toothpicks come largely from France, which possesses the largest factory in the world. This factory, which is located near Paris, was originally started to make quill pens, but when those went out of use the proprietor turned it into a toothpick-mill, the present annual output of which is 20,000,000 quills.

AN Indiana farmer got up in his sleep and stole his own mule and hid him in the woods, where the Sheriff, who came next day, couldn't find him, to serve an execution.

A GENERAL inundation by the failure of the dikes in Holland occasioned a loss of life, it is said, amounting to 400,000 persons in 1530.

## A BETTER ERA DAWNING.

BY BILL ARP.

HOW gratefully conscious we are that our children and grandchildren live in a better age than that in which our youth was spent. The world is assimilating—knowledge is being diffused. Half a century ago it was within reach of the privileged few. I remember when my father was a merchant, and I was a lad behind his counter, about half his customers made cross-marks to their promissory notes. But few of them could tell whether they had signed for $10 or $100, but they signed and trusted. Honest and true, they believed that others were. We love to tell of the honest simplicity of those good old times, but still every man has a yearning for his children, a longing desire for their education. Not long ago I called at a humble cottage for a drink of water, and found a little bare-footed girl reading a story to her grandpa. It was a Sunday-school paper, and the old man was proud to tell me that Sarah Jane could read. "I had no larnin'," said he, "but this child has been to school, and now she comes and reads to the old man, and it does me a power of good." I know of a father who goes regularly to school with his two little boys and studies the same lesson and stands up with them at recitation. The humble country people, the toilers, are advancing in knowledge, in ideas, in language. The time was when most every family and their kindred had a dialect of their own. Their language and tone of voice was handed down from some rude ancestor and spread around among the children to the third and fourth generation; there was a whole settlement in Gwinnett County who said "wail" for well, "yaas" for yes, and added eh to every break in their sentences. "He told me eh that he was a-gwine to town eh, and I axed him eh to bring us some coffee, eh." There was another very numerous family who inclosed their sentences with "so it was," or "so he did," or "so I will." "I have bought me a cow, so I have, and I gave fifteen dollars for her, so I did." There are still people living among the hills of North Georia who say you'uns and we'uns, but they are growing few and old. A clever countrywoman was telling my wife about one of her neighbors falling into the fire, and she said: "As soon as I hearn it I sont after Jim for to come for to go for to git some inyuns to make a poultice for to put on the burn for to draw the fire out of hit." But the children and grandchildren of these good old-fashioned people make no such mistakes. The schoolmaster is abroad in the land and the press is circulating knowledge everywhere. Even the negroes have ceased to use their old-time folk lore, and Bre'r Rabbit and Bre'r Fox have ceased to discuss their private affairs.

### How Ben Butler Made $7,500.

There was a boy in Lowell, the son of a poor man, who was run over by a railroad train. Both legs had to be amputated close up to the hip. The company told his father they would give him $1,000 or the boy a practical education. The father accepted the latter alternative, and the railroad company made a telegraph operator of the crippled boy. When he became of age he found he was not getting as good pay as other operators. He wrote to General Butler and asked if anything could be done. General Butler sent for the boy. The whole story was gone over.

"I'll take your case," said the noted lawyer. Then he sent for the solicitor of the railroad company. When the solicitor arrived at the General's office the legless boy was in a chair on the top of a long table. General Butler explained that he proposed to begin suit for the boy to get damages.

"But," said the solicitor, "we agreed with his father to give him a practical education. We made a telegrapher out of him, and there is no law for getting any further damages."

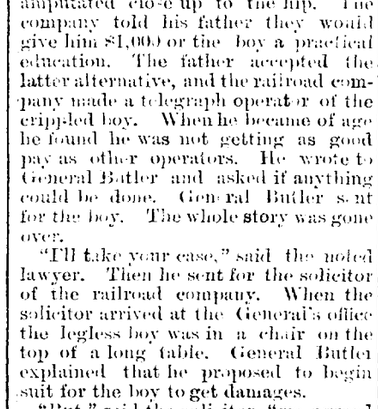
"You can't tell me anything about the law," was General Butler's reply; "but how much damages do you think that boy would get if he sat on a table like that before a jury?"

The railroad lawyer caught the point at once. "I do not know," he said. "How much do you think he would get?"

"About $10,000," replied General Butler.

"I'll compromise with you," hurriedly returned the lawyer, and by his shrewd stage effect General Butler got over $7,500 for the boy without going into trial. The lawyer knew Butler could make it cost the company that much, as well as a good deal of trouble, and he was glad enough to compromise.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### Of Piscatorial Interest.



Customer (in restaurant)—What kind of fish have you got, waiter?

Waiter—All kinds, everything, can give you what you like.

"Well, bring me some fried whale."

"Er—I'm sorry about the whales, Mister; they're jest out. The dealer disappointed us this morning an' only sent two."—*Texas Siftings.*

A CALIFORNIA peach orchard of 325 trees yields an average of fifteen tons of fruit a year

## FOR THE LADIES.

DEVOTED TO THE FAIR DAUGHTERS OF LAMENTED EVE.

**Seasonable Hints About the Latest Styles in Dress—How the Fashionable Array Themselves—Becoming Yet Not Costly Toilets.**

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

The ball season is about to begin. Three new dances got the indorsement of the recent Dancing-masters' Convention in New York, and as they are not particularly demonstrative or revolutionary they will undoubtedly come into immediate use among modish people. One of these is the glide mazourka, which is a partial revival of an old round dance combining the polka and the waltz. In its new form it has more of a waltz movement than before. The general effect is graceful, and the long, sliding step is sightly, unless it is practiced too carelessly on an over-polished floor, such as some of our ball-rooms present. Several of the freshly smoothed and waxed floors made ready for the winter's dancing are as slippery as ice, and the glide mazourka would seem to be almost impracticable thereon. The other new round dance is called the Berlin, and it is very ingenious, since its slow, graceful polka time can be used at will for a gallop, waltz or a schottische. The awkward sight of a couple waltzing to polka music has of late years been too common. Many couples are either unable or unwilling to accomplish a polka, and to them the Berlin will be welcome, while it will also be serviceable to those who like a polka. The other novelty devised by the dancing-masters is the diamond lancers, the figures of which are more intricate and showy than any of the fanciful quadrilles yet introduced for amateurs.

It is happy news and trustworthy that for at least one more season the dancing will not be impeded and endangered by trains. Dowagers may drag a length of finery along the floor after them, but they will not do it in the round dances at all events. The great majority of ladies at balls will have their skirts just clear the floor, as shown in the two pictures of approved costumes herewith given. The devices of shape and ornament accurately shown in these illustrations are all brand-new, and they are sure to have a

THE BALL SEASON.

vogue, for they are being embodied, with innumerable modifications, in the gowns of the opening season. The silk fabrics employed in such toilets are of the finest and richest qualities, as well as wonderful in variety. The new armure-royal silks are in all the new colors of the season in plain and brocaded patterns of the new artistic designs produced this season. The most delicate shades of gold colors, pale-red greens and reseda tints, pear white, and the new rose called jus de cerise, are in stately flower patterns in antique effect and in solid color in peau de soie and satin, and in stripes with all-over pattern, in brocades which unite all these fabrics, and in a medley of rare colors in one goods. The most elegant gowns are made in some modification of the Directoire style. The lines of drapery, when there are any, are from the waist in classic effect. Hanging scarfs and straight effects, which add to the height of the figure, are always aimed at in these garments. Full ruches of feathers in fluffy marabout-like bands are extensively used on Directoire gowns. The heavy matelasse goods, velvets and heavy brocatelle effects in brocaded silks are made up in Directoire styles, over skirts of cashmere, embroid red wool, or plain heavy silk or velvet. The silk petticoats of evening dresses, with brocaded bodices and trains, are frequently covered with a succession of lace flounces, and jabots of wide lace are placed down the sides of dresses where the train meets the petticoat, and wide falls of lace finish the sleeve and neck. Plain corsages are made very dressy by a drapery of beaded silk network—jet for black gowns and self-color for colored dresses. There are small cuirasses, or, if preferred, half blouses or plastrons, which surround the collar, front and back, forming a long point behind and extending to the waist in front, where they taper to a double V, over which a large clasp or plaque of the same beads is set. The outlines are edged with handsome pendants or drops to match, oblong or round. This forms one of the prettiest corsage trimmings to be seen, and adds very greatly to the elegance of a dress.

The heads of three ball-room belles portrayed are so young and handsome that a conventionally fashionable style of hair-dressing looks well on them. But what are ugly women to do? To young girls whose natural crown of beauty is abundant, hairdressing is a comparatively unimportant toilet detail, but when one is reduced to chant lugubri usly with Lady Jane, in "Patience," that "spreading is the parting straight," and to "wreathe her wrinkled brow with well-saved combings," the hairdresser's art is of the first importance. That is the reason why so many of our rich matrons employ an expert to arrange their hair for all occasions of consequence, or at least have this done often enough to learn how to repeat it with their own hands. It is wonderful what can be done by a clever artist in producing coiffures exactly suitable to improve persons toward whom nature has been unkind, and in whom the charm of youth has long vanished. A clever hairdresser said recently, speaking of two very plain women, that both these ladies depended largely for their social success, so far as their appearance went, upon the manner in which their hair was dressed. Of one this candid critic said: "To see her before the glass waiting for me to operate was a truly unpleasant sight; but when her maid and I had fixed her up, she was a redoubtable rival for no matter what beauty. The satisfaction she felt on seeing herself transformed lighted her up, called all her perversity into play, and made her agog for manslaughter. The other was jollier and had finer hair, and was not quite so ugly, though a fright. Well, she supported triumphantly proximity to the best dressed woman in her set. A plain style of hair would not have drawn the eye from the face or tickled it into good-humor, and grotesqueness would have been ruin. I had to be very eccentric, and yet knew exactly where to draw the line." After this who would deny the thrall of the coiffeur, or his claim to his cherished title of artist?

A DANCING COSTUME.

Women in the cities will do without all other luxuries, and many comforts, for the sake of promenading in a seal-skin sacque or cloak and with glistering diamonds hanging to her ears. Those things represent the aspiration of the great majority in the matter of dress. It is for that very reason that our moneyed and more exclusive belles will this winter abjure fur, for the sake of being separate from the mass of good dressers, and will take to equally costly but more perishable wraps, made of fabrics and in styles which will last only one winter. In that way they publish the fact that they can afford to buy an expensive outer garment every season, and need not resort to furs, which can be continued through a number of years. The picture shows two of these perishable cloaks, made of velvet in ornate shapes, and trimmed with lace and feathers. Garments similar to these will be foremost in the winter regard of our wealthier women. Open sleeves are attached to them, and they are quite fashionable on most of the winter mantles. That such foolish and comfortless shapes should have been introduced for garments presumably worn to keep out the cold is astonishing, but not so much so as that women have been ridiculous enough to encourage the fashion. This season the mantle-makers have made the loose flowing sleeves on all their best shapes, and there is, therefore, every possibility that bronchitis, coughs, and congestions will be unusually prevalent. A mantle-maker to whom I spoke on the subject acknowledged that these sleeves were the most uncomfortable ever introduced, but that in spite of

ANOTHER.

this they were likely to be more worn than ever this season. Surely some kind of warm undersleeve might be arranged which would protect the wearer and still not interfere with the style of the garment.—*Chicago Ledger.*

### Fashion Small Talk.

THE newest jerseys are made in the Directoire style.

HOUSE waists or tea jackets are made of the new bordered silks.

FILLETS of ribbon to wear in the hair with evening toilets are imported.

REDINGOTES and polonaises outnumber the basque dresses among the new importations.

MATELASSE galloons are the novelty in trimmings. They make rich borders for cloth dresses.

CARRIAGE and visiting dresses are made almost exclusively in the Directoire and Empire styles.

NOW TEA gowns are made of cloth, pale shades of green being the favorite color, with white or Suede cloths for the fronts.

MARVELS are announced in the way of buttons, but only a few dull silver and gold ones are shown. These monsters are only for ornament. On dress waists, where buttons show, small crocheted ones are used, or those of the gown stuff, as preferred.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

**Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.**

The lesson for Sunday, Nov. 4, may be found in Joshua vii., vs. 1—12.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

*The children of Israel committed a trespass.* Surely, then, we can believe that "in Adam's fall we sinned all." Here was all Israel suffering for the misdemeanor of one man. Israel re-echoed the past as well as foreshadowed the future of redemption's annals. She represented, in more ways than one, Eden's failure and forfeiture. In this case it is Israel that has committed trespass. It is race responsibility for individual sin. We read here again, though dimly, how by one man "sin entered the world, and death by sin." There is something fearful in this fraternity of ill-desert.

*Achan, the son of Carmi.* Punishment is only for the responsible act. All Israel was in guilt and transgression through this one vicious deed, but penal severity fell only upon the hand that had been put forth. We had it up the other day at that ordination, you remember, or that ministers' or teachers' institute. How can man be guilty without being punishable? How can man be punishable before being actually and actively criminal? Let us not put it that way at all. In mysteries we do not expect to sweep the whole circumference of truth. We simply strike out in straight lines of verity which sometime, if not now, will prove themselves to us as true radii of the circle. And these are the propositions we can safely lay down: There is no man who was not involved in Adam's transgression. There is no man who is punished for other than his own deeds done in the body. That is all the Bible and human experience gives us; and it is enough. When we go up higher we shall see the great truth in all its occult relations.

*Took of the accursed thing.* But it was not "accursed" until they took of it. It was simply devoted; set apart at the outset. When the hand of covetousness was laid upon it, then it became "the accursed thing." What made "the forbidden tree" a curse that "brought sin into the world and all our woe," but the hand of disobedience put out unto it? What makes any of the things of this earth "accursed" but the sinful hand and heart of man? Opium was not meant for a curse to any nation. Alcohol was not "an accursed thing" until with fierce, ungovernable appetite man turned it into a menace to all things good. Money is not evil, but the "love of money is the root of all evil." After all, this world and the things of the world are very much to us what we make them.

*And two or three thousand men.* That was human adequacy. Judging from the success they have heretofore met with an assaulting party of about twenty-five hundred picked men could readily reduce the fortress. Well, that would have been enough, had their God gone with them. Without him, it was but a meager handful. It is a mistake we still make. Or, yes, we say, the church is equal to this ordeal or that, to the investment of this city, to the overthrow of that stronghold, and in our worldly thoughtlessness we are sometimes found leaving God out of the account. That is a dangerous omission. This church equal unto this community; this pastor with his sermon before him sufficient for this congregation; this teacher, with his study and preparation, a match for the class before him. This young man a match for the demands of the world. Believe it, each is no better than the pitiful "two or three thousand men" before Ai. Without God we are all weaklings.

*They fled before the men of Ai.* A fortunate defeat it was. It apprised Israel of the seriousness of the situation and her own weakness. She may have been feeling slightly exultant over Jericho's easy overthrow and begun to think that it would be a light thing to take the whole land. And so perhaps there was a momentary relaxation of watchfulness and energy. But it was not to last long. The sight of those fleeing sons of Israel brought the Lord's people to their right mind. You remember how it was at the opening of our civil war. Or it will soon be over, a three months levy is sufficient, just a sight of the United States troops and a taste of grape and canister on the part of our enemies, and the war will be at an end. Then came bull's run and a retreating flag and a North in dismay. But, do you know? that comparative defeat, in the conviction it wrought, did more for the national arms than two, six, ten petty victories.

*The hearts of the people melted.* So God intended it to be. His hand was working even here and the pursuers were unwittingly his instruments to the working of Israel's good. The men of Ai brought God's people to their faces in conscious impotence. When the heart has hardened into perverseness, it must first be melted ere it can become a vessel again unto honor and holiness. "O, I believe I'm a lost soul," he cried. "Thank God for that," responded Lady Huntingdon, "for now I see that God has begun a good work in you." And George Whitfield's brother had set his face toward the kingdom. "O, my sins are greater than I can bear," said the prisoner in tears behind the bars. "Thank God!" exclaimed Moody, seeking in vain along the jail corridor for one who was willing to confess his sins. "Won't you lay them on one who can bear them?" And he did.

*O, Lord, what shall I say when Israel turneth their back before their enemies?* An unwonted sight, indeed, Israel in retreat. No wonder it brought anguish to the heart of Joshua, their leader. Just before the battle of Waterloo Wellington kept going back and forward before his troops, saying almost unconsciously, "O, what will England say if you fail her now? What will England say if you fail her now?" And is there a more moving picture than the bowed head of Napoleon after that, to him, disastrous engagement? His heretofore invincible ranks had failed him. Israel with back turned toward the enemy. Alas, that it should ever be so to-day. Alas, that the man of God wrestling in his closet should have cause to lift the cry, "Lord, what shall I say?" And, Christian, before the world's scorn, *what can he say?*

*What will thou do unto thy great name?* God's cause was in jeopardy. Eli felt the rending at his heart when they brought him word that the Philistines had been victorious, and then that his sons and successors were perished, but when they said, "The ark of the Lord is taken," then he fell backward and his neck brake. It was natural. His whole life was lived for the temple and the ark. So Joshua here. Like Elisha, he is alarmed even more than is due for God's welfare. "Thine altars down; I, I only left!" Not so. God's name has never yet been in danger of obliteration. An Englishman one time saw a poor simpleton trying to rub a carved name from a metal door-plate with a piece of cloth. With all his rubbing he but made it the brighter. "His name shall endure forever."

Next Lesson, "Caleb's Inheritance."—Josh. 14: 5-15.

BRILLIANCY of color and artistic combinations characterize the new costumes prepared for early autumn. The full draperies have not disappeared entirely, but often are left off in favor of the elegant polonaise or redingote, which is much liked for dressy street wear.

OMELETTE.—Soak a teacup of bread crumbs in a cup of sweet milk over night; three eggs, beat yolks and whites separately, mix the yelks with the bread and milk; stir in the whites, add a teaspoonful of salt and fry brown. This is sufficient for six persons.

THE early lamb will winter better, and shear from one to two pounds more wool, and will usually make a larger sheep.

WILD flowers will keep fresh for several days, or perhaps two weeks, in vases filled with clean sand and water.

# You Carry

**A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: "I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."**

**Here is an instance of**

# A Physician

**who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:**

**"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."**

**John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."**

**T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are the best cathartic and aperient within the reach of the profession."**

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SALARY from $100 to $200 per month to a few good salesmen to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Permanent position. No experience necessary. We are the largest manufacturers in our line of goods. Send two cents in stamps for particulars. No postals answered. Centennial M'f'g Co., Cincinnati, O. 8-30t.

**WANTED.**

WANTED.—A respectable girl for general service, to a good girl good wages will be paid. Apply to Mrs. C. L. Olds, 213 Barr street. 30-3t

WANTED—A woman of sense, energy and respectability for our business in her locality Salary, about $50 per month. Permanent position. References given and exacted. J. G. Blanchard, general manager, Lock Box 1585, New York.

**PROFESSIONAL.**

PROF. YATES has permanently located in Fort Wayne, opening a studio at No. 20 West Berry street. The public are invited to inspect work. Terms reasonable. 17-1m

MARY A. WHERY, M. D., office and residence No. 26 Madison street. Special attention given to ladies. May24-tf

**FOR RENT.**

FOR RENT.—Furnished room, suitable for one or two gentlemen. 288 Calhoun street. 1-3t

**NEW ABVERTISEMENTS.**

GUNS REVOLVERS. Send stamp for price list to JOHNSTON & SON, Pittsburg, Pa

SALESMEN WANTED by the oldest, largest and best known Nurseries in the West. Permanent positions; good pay. Outfit free. STARK NURSERY, Louisiana, Mo.

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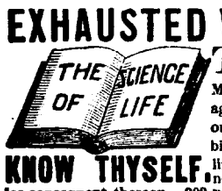


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**Cut this out. You may never see it again.**



# Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3. 1888.


## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

### National Ticket.

For President—Grover Cleveland, of New York.
For Vice President—Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio.

### Presidential Electors.

Electors at Large—Thomas R. Cobb, John E. Lamb.
District Electors—First district, Samuel B. Vance; Second district, Cutler S. Dobbins; Third district, George H. D. Gibson; Fourth district, Nicholas Cornet; Fifth district, John R. East; Sixth district, Thomas J. Sturdy; Seventh district, David S. Gooding; Eighth district, Samuel D. Puett; Ninth district, John F. McHugh; Tenth district, David D. Dykeman, Eleventh district, John N. Turner; Twelfth district, John H. Bass; Thirteenth district, Andrew G. Wood.

### Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor—Courtland C. Matson, of Putman county.
For Lieutenant-Governor—William R. Myers, Madison.
For Secretary of State—R. W. Miers, Monroe.
For Auditor—Charles A. Munson, Allen.
For Treasurer—Thomas B. Byrnes, Vanderburg.
For Reporter Supreme Court—John W. Kern, Howard.
For Attorney General—John R. Wilson, Marion.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—E. E. Griffith, Clinton.
For Judges of the Supreme Court—First district, W. S. Niblack, Vanderburg; Second district, G. V. Howk, Floyd; Fourth district, Allen Zollars, Allen.
For Congressman, Twelfth District—C. A. O. McClellan.

### The County Ticket.

For Joint Senator, Allen and Whitley Counties—Fred J. Hayden, of Allen.
For Joint Representative, Allen and Huntington Counties—W. S. Oppenheim.
For State Representatives—W. H. Shanbaugh and Frank Gladio.
For Circuit Judge—Edward O'Rourke.
For Prosecuting Attorney—J. M. Robinson.
For Sheriff—Geo. H. Viberg.
For Treasurer—Isaac Mowrer.
For Coroner—Dr. A. J. Kessler.
For Surveyor—Henry Fischer.
For County Commissioners—First district, Jasper W Jones, of Jackson township; Second district, Henry Bullerman, St. Joe township; Third district, John H. Brennan, City.

VOTE to let well enough alone.

NEW YORK and Indiana are all right.

LET us have four years more of honest democratic rule.

VOTE for the friends of the workingman—Cleveland and Thurman.

CLEVELAND is the man of destiny, and will lead the democratic hosts to victory again.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has proved himself a grand ruler, and should be elected for a second term.

CAPTAIN WHITE promises to turn the rascals out of office next Tuesday. This is gratitude with a vengeance.

EVERY workingman should strike the robber tariff a blow by casting his vote for Judge McClellan, who is an earnest advocate of the Mills bill.

A VOTE for the republicans means a vote for trusts and the robber tariff. See to it that your ballot is not counted for these iniquitous measures.

THE democrat who votes for Cleveland and then kills that vote by a ballot for Captain White will make a mistake that he will always regret.

THE democrats and republicans have joint parades at Indianapolis to-night. The opposing chairmen have arranged lines of march that will not interfere.

THE Dudley boodle is in circulation. How do decent people relish the idea of Indiana being branded a purchasable state. Is it a pleasant greeting to receive abroad?

HONESTY and purity of character have ever been the sterling virtues of Thurman's life. The people can make no mistake in electing him to the vice-presidency of the nation.

DIVIDE the floaters into blocks of five and put a trusted man with necessary funds in charge of these five, and make him responsible that none get away and that all vote our ticket.—*Colonel Dudley's Letter to the Indiana Republican Managers.*

ALL differences between the democrats of New York on congressional tickets have been arranged. The differences on the mayoralty in New York City will serve only to increase the general democratic majority. The same mayoralty split was on when Cleveland received such a magnificent majority in 1884.

ABOUT this time four years ago every republican paper and orator from Maine to California proclaimed that if Cleveland was elected all the manufacturing establishments in the country would be closed and that a dreadful financial panic would ensue. Their predictions were not verified. They are again saying the same things, but they know that no such results are to be feared. The country was never in a more prosperous condition than at present. Do not vote for an uncertainty.

THE whole dependence of the republican managers is now in the corrupt use of money to carry the election. They have "fried the fat" out of the monopolistic "trusts" and "combines" and their only hope is, that with the hundreds of thousands of dollars thus obtained, they may establish a plutocracy in this country—erect a form of government based on wealth alone and ruled by a monied aristocracy. Surely the voters who earn their living in the sweat of their face will not permit this transformation—this perversion of the true intents and purposes of the founders of the American republic. Remember that constant vigilance is the price of liberty.

NOT in this whole campaign has one valid, sensible reason been advanced by republicans to show why President Cleveland should not be re-elected.

THE democrats of Indiana demand a fair election and an honest count of the votes. The Dorsey methods of 1880 to carry the state must be stamped out.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND stands before the country to-day the personification of honesty, integrity and patriotism. A vote against him is a vote against good government.

THERE is not a man in the United States to-day who believes away down in his heart that he can better his condition and enhance the public welfare by voting against Mr. Cleveland.

CAPTAIN WHITE said last night: "We will turn the rascals out next Tuesday," and the democrat with "the white hat" cheered lustily. He knew that Captain White would retire from office.

THE fact that 60,252 names were added to the pension roll during the last year is proof conclusive that the Cleveland administration is most friendly to the soldiers. This is the largest annual increase in the history of the country.

DEMOCRATS, the supreme hour is come. The time is here when you must decide by your votes whether you plead guilty to every vile slander uttered against you and your party. Your opponents are brutally plain spoken. They tell you frankly that if you vote their ticket you vote for your own disgrace. For lo! these many years they have boldly proclaimed that the democratic party consisted chiefly of the ignorant and criminal, the poorest and the vilest; that it was unfit to hold power and incapable of governing the country; that it was treasonable and lawless, and that democratic rule would be ruin to the best interests of the country. Is there a democrat who believes these charges? If there is one, he should now vote for Harrison and Captain White.

MR. JOHN L. GRIFFITHS' the republican candidate for reporter of the supreme court, is in the city making what is called a "personal canvass," that is to say, he has cut loose from the rest of the ticket, and is going it alone. He is making personal appeals for democratic votes, and is having his republican friends do so for him, upon the ground that the office he seeks is non-political, that his opponent, Mr. Kern, has had it four years, and that he (Griffiths) is a "nice, clean fellow." The fact about Griffiths is that he is a narrow, bigoted partisan, who has been making the most bitter and abusive speeches throughout the state, and is not entitled to a single democratic vote. Mr. John W. Kern, the democratic nominee, is one of the ablest and most brilliant men in Indiana, has made an excellent official, and he should and will receive the full vote of his party. Remember that in one breath Griffiths begs democratic votes and in the next tells you the republicans will carry Indiana.

Judge C. A. O. McClellan, the candidate for congress, is one of the foremost citizens of the district and a democrat whose party record entitles him to the full party vote. His whole life defies the aspersions of his political enemies and the achievements of the coming congressman are entirely his own, for from an humble place in life he has won more than ordinary distinction, and through his energy and good judgment he occupies a high place in the hearts of his countrymen. Judge McClellan represents the administration in this canvass. He is in thorough sympathy with President Cleveland and the policy of the party, and in this light he should, and no doubt will, receive the vote of every democrat in the district. He is eminently qualified to represent the Twelfth district and in point of ability, fitness and natural attainments towers above all comparisons. A vote for him is a vote for a democratic congress to support President Cleveland.

### MR. JOHN H. BASS.

For the first time in the history of his busy and useful life, Mr. John H. Bass is a candidate for the votes of his fellow citizens, not alone in Fort Wayne, but all over the state.

His party has nominated him for presidential elector from this, the Twelfth district, and the people of Fort Wayne owe it to themselves to give Mr. John H. Bass a complimentary vote. Especially do the laboring men of the city owe Mr. Bass a debt of gratitude, for he has done more to maintain wages and exalt the laboring man than any other manufacturer in America.

He never was an offensive partisan and is not now soliciting votes, for his great manufacturing interests claim all his attention, but every citizen of Fort Wayne ought to see that the name of Mr. John H. Bass is written or printed on his ballot before he deposits it in the box.

Voters can do this themselves, it is perfectly legal and would, indeed, be a handsome tribute to one of nature's noblemen—Mr. John H. Bass.


Remember our line of fine dress suits, all makes and styles. We can save you money. Get our prices.

FRIENDS' ENTERPRISE,
26 Calhoun Street.


### HOW THE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED—BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT BALLOTS.

The republicans are circulating fraudulent democratic tickets, with the names of republican presidential electors inserted here and there in place of democrats. The names of men in remote districts of the state are displaced in order to better deceive the democratic voter Besides they insert a local name, that of J. B. White or a republican candidate for county commissioner, and say so at the head of the ticket, neglecting at all to note the change in the electors.

These tickets are illegal and every such ballot cast is a vote for Cleveland and Thurman lost.

Voters must bear in mind that the president and vice president are not elected by the people. They are chosen by electors, and under the present law, which was recently passed, on the second Monday in January.

It is these presidential electors for whom the people vote in November. In every state each party has a right to name a number of electoral candidates equal to the number of its senators and representatives. Take Indiana for instance. The democrats name fifteen and the republicans fifteen. The prohibitionists or any other party may nominate the same number.

These electors are voted for on election day by the people. Not a vote will then be cast directly for Cleveland or Harrison. The electoral ticket which receives the most votes will be elected. If it be the democratic, that will be the election of fifteen electors pledged to vote for Cleveland and Thurman.

The electors chosen by the people at the polls will meet on the second Monday in January in their respective states to cast their ballots for president and vice president. The democratic electors will be pledged and morally bound to vote for Cleveland and Thurman, and the republicans for Harrison and Morton. But they are not required by any law to vote that way. Each one can vote for whom he pleases. A republican elector can vote for Cleveland or a democratic elector for Harrison, or any elector may vote for any person not named as a candidate. Voting for the party candidate is a matter of politics, not of law.

The candidates who receive the most electoral votes on the second Monday of January will be elected president and vice president.

### SENATOR TURPIE.

**He Predicts the Success of the National Democratic Ticket.**

Hon. David Turpie, the junior United States Indiana senator, arrived in the city late last evening from North Manchester, where he spoke at afternoon and night meetings yesterday.

A SENTINEL reporter met him at the Rich hotel this morning just as he was about leaving for Bluffton, where he speaks to-day.

"The political skies look bright," said he, "and I have no doubt of the election of Cleveland and Thurman. Indiana will give us her electoral vote by an increased majority over that of 1884 and New York is safe. I have been on the stump ever since the campaign opened, and everywhere I have found the people enthusiastic for democratic success."

The senator looks the picture of health and is doing grand work for the cause of democracy. He closes his campaign at Huntington, where he will speak Monday.

### HE DON'T DENY IT.

**Dudley Doesn't Back Up His Friends in Repudiating the Letter.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.

The Hon. C. L. Jewett:

Dear Sir:—To correct misrepresentations apparently set on foot in Indianapolis it should be positively stated that Col. Dudley has not in any way denied the authenticity of the "floater" letter. On the contrary, he refuses to deny and in fact admits it is substantially correct as published.

CALVIN S. BRICE,
Chairman National Democratic Campaign Committee.

The above telegram was received by Chairman Jewett, of the democratic state committee, yesterday. It will be seen from this that, while the *Gazette* and other republican papers are pronouncing the Dudley letter a "forgery," Mr. Dudley himself does not. Mr. Dudley may be a rascal, but he is not a liar.

### Vote for Judge Zollars.

By his decisions as a supreme judge he has contributed his full share to give the supreme court of the state a standing with the legal profession and other courts that it never before had.

THE republicans are circulating bogus tickets, purporting to come from an "Independent Democratic Committee." There is no such committee in existence and republicans stand about on the street corners and tell you: "Oh! the democrats don't know any better."

FREE wool and other raw materials for our woolen industry would not only largely increase the demand for labor and of necessity increase wages, but it would greatly cheapen woolen goods which are consumed by every man, woman and child in the land.

### TO THE DEMOCRATS.

**The National Committee Issues an Important Address to the Voters of America.**

Special to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The following address has been issued by the national democratic committee:

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—The national democratic committee thinks it right to say a few words to you in these closing hours of the campaign. It was plain before the nomination of Grover Cleveland that the great majority of the citizens of all opinions desired his re-election, because his administration in the office of president had been a signal example of honest government. Since his re-nomination the united action of the democratic party, the cordial support of the independent press, the testimony paid to his merits by the most influential republican journals and by large bodies of men who have previously acted with the republican party, and your general good will, have made his election a certainty.

The campaign which is about closing has been extraordinary in kind. We realize we have not been engaged in a struggle with the national republican party, but with a faction which dictated its candidate and acts in its name. The methods pursed by this faction have been such as might reasonably have been expected. The men of that faction are believers in coercion and in the corrupting power of money. They have endeavored to compel manufacturers to control the votes of their employes. They have sought to divide and break up organizations of workingmen formed for the protection of labor by the lavish expenditure of money.

They are chargeable with efforts to obtain success in certain states and congressional districts by the colonization of illegal voters. They are the followers of men who, while refusing to adjust a national controversy by treaty, would not accord to President Cleveland sufficient means of retaliation. They are in harmony with those who stigmatize naturalized citizens as unworthy to share with them all the privileges of citizenship in our common country, and yet endeavor by misrepresentation and worse methods to create prejudice in the minds of those naturalized citizens against a president who has always been the steady upholder of their lawful rights at home and abroad as American citizens. The president has properly rebuked the officious interference of a foreign minister in our internal affairs.

You will see to it that those who procured or countenanced this fraud, by which such interference was solicited, are punished by your indignant and overwhelming vote at the ballot box. The method and character of the attempt made, by whomsoever it was conceived or executed, was unworthy of a great political contest and deserves and has received the merited condemnation of every honest citizen throughout the land.

The methods pursued in the contest against us are plain indications of what the future history of the country would be if the faction now contending in the name of the republican party should achieve power. On the other hand the history of the past administration of Grover Cleveland is the proof of what his administration will be when he assumes the duties of the ensuing presidential term. He knows how to be an honest, wise, resolute and capable man. No temptation can lead him astray from the path marked out by public duty. His experience, knowledge and judgment, his patient and unselfish examination of every public question before taking action, his resolute adherence to well considered conclusions, mark him as the man best fitted in this generation to conduct at this period the public business of the people of the United States.

It is your duty to assure yourselves of the re-election of this faithful and deserving public servant. Each one of you possesses a power to bring about this result, which you ought not to under estimate or undervalue. You must not think that individual labor in your several cities, villages, townships, or election districts or precincts, is a matter of small moment. It is on the contrary a very great labor which is essential. It is of greater importance than any which we can perform. You must do more. You can and must, on the day of election, watch the ballot box in your respective precincts and election districts. You can and must see that no man votes who is not entitled to vote, and that every man who has a right to cast a ballot shall cast it freely. You can and must protect yourselves and all within your reach from fraud, intimidation or corruption. If each man among you will fulfill these sacred obligations, the efforts of the men who are arrayed against good government will wholly fail.

The individual labors of each one of you will form a part of that mighty movement now gathering resistless force, which will assuredly result in the re-election of Grover Cleveland, to your great gain as toilers and citizens, to the benefit of your children, and to the good of the whole country.

Signed,
W. H. BARNUM,
Chairman National Committee.
CALVIN S. BRICE,
Chairman Campaign Committee.

"I woud not live always," said the Psalmist in a moment of poetic rapture. "I would not either," says Josh Billings, irreverently. So we say—but then while we do live, let us hold on to our health and spirits. The surest way to do this is to lay in a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Try it.


Boys' clothing in suits and overcoats, at very low prices and unequalled assortment, at Friends' Enterprise, 26 Calhoun street.

The latest styles in gents' fine hand-sewed shoes, $5.

W. D. SCHIEFER,
36 Calhoun street.

Loaded shells of all sizes for quails and all kinds of game, at

2-2t MAX G. LABS's.


### AN HONEST MAN.

**John H. Bass Refutes the Falsehoods of the Republican Tariff Robbers and Nets at Ease the Gazette.**

This morning, and for some days past the *Gazette* has been harping about the award of the cable road contract at Denver, Col., to a British firm, and already it sees in this British competition, although the robber tariff has not been touched.

Mr. John H. Bass, of this city, puts the bare-faced falsehood at rest, however, and sends the *Gazette* to sleep in his open, manly way. The Chicago *Times*, of yesterday, said for him:

### IT WAS A BOOMERANG.

A CAMPAIGN LIE NAILED BY A MAN WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS.

The republican campaign committee have had printed a big stack of circulars about a large contract which is alleged to have been awarded to a British firm for castings for a cable railroad in Denver. The object of the circular is to show how much the iron industry of this country has been injured by the Mills bill. Secretary Raymond, of the campaign committee, sent a bundle of the circulars to J. H. Bass, proprietor of a big foundry, with a request that they be distributed among the employes. It happened that Mr. Bass had put in a bid on this very same contract and that his bid was $5 a ton less than the circular claims is to be paid the British concern. It also happened that Mr. Bass has positive knowledge that no such contract had been awarded. So he sent the following reply to Chairman Raymond:

"I circulate no lies to my men, but pay them in honest dollars and cents and they mostly have work and are satisfied.

### MR. W. D. PAGE ON PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

The Fort Wayne *Daily News*, in May last, paid this compliment to President Cleveland:

And still we hear no talk of any democrat against Grover Cleveland. Well, why should we? He has been for the most part a good executive. No scandals have attached to his office and as few to his administration as to any of his predecessors. Mr. Cleveland is a man of good sense and sound business judgment. He is less of a demagogue than the average politician and it will take a mighty strong man to defeat him for re-election.

That is pretty straight talk, coming from a republican, and if all republican papers were as honorable and frank as the *News*, they would all have to admit that it is the plain truth.

### REV. SCHOENFARBER.

**The Brilliant Jewish Pastor Bids Farewell to His Congregation.**

A large audience assembled this morning, at the Hebrew temple, to listen to the farewell sermon of their pastor, Rev. Tobias Schoenfarber, who will leave next week to take charge of a church at Baltimore, Md. His sermon was an interesting one and the brilliant young divine leaves his people here with the regret of all his parishioners, but their best wishes will accompany him to his new home.

Rev. Shoenfarber is an able and eloquent pulpit speaker and a brillliant future awaits him in life. The congregation have extended a call to a minister at Cincinnati and the church will not be long without a pastor.


The blood is the source of health. Keep it pure by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar in its curative power.

A fine constitution may be ruined by simple neglect. Many bodily ills result from habitual constipation. There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Pills for restoring the system to natural and healthy action.

**USE GLOSS SOAP.**

Made honestly,
Does honest work,
A splendid washer,
Makes dirt fly.
Manufactured only by
LAUTZ BROS. & CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.
*For Sale By All Principal Grocers.*
Mail us 25 wrappers with your full address and we will send you "The Snow Boy," our newest picture. s3m-w3m

**The breath** of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceretion sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

**Advice to Mothers.**—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take. It sooths the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

mar-18-1y

Dressed chickens, 10c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

**Bull's Baby Syrup**

*Facilitates Teething!* Price only 25 cents.

Sold at druggists. *Regulates the Bowels!*

**Day's Horse POWDER,**

Prevents Lung Fever and cures Distemper. 1 pound in each package. For sale by all dealers. Try It!

25 BOTTLES

**SALVATION OIL**

KILLS PAIN

**BULL'S COUGH SYRUP**

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Incipient Consumption, Whooping Cough Bronchitis, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. At druggists. 25 cts.

**SMOKE** LANGE'S CUBEB CIGARETTES for Catarrh. Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

**VINEGAR BITTERS**

VEGETABLE FREE FROM PURELY DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA ALCOHOL

CURES

VINEGAR BITTERS

**The Great Blood Purifier**

And Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache Within Thirty Minutes—Try it.

GEO. W. DAVIS, of 169 Baronne street, New Orleans, La., writes under date May 26th, 1888, as follows: "I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for fifteen years for an itching humor in my blood. I have just used three bottles of Vinegar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the Springs. It is the best medicine made."

JOSEPH J. EAGAN, of No. 75 West street, New York, says: "Have not been without Vinegar Bitters for the past twelve years, and consider it a whole medicine chest in our family."

MRS. MATTIE FURGUSON, of Dryen, New York, says: "Vinegar Bitters is the best medicine I ever tried; it saved my life."

T. F. BAILEY, of Humbold, Iowa, says: "Vinegar Bitters cured me of paralysis, ten years ago, and recently it cured me of rheumatism."

MRS. WM. A. DAVIS, of Camden, N. J., says: "I have suffered greatly from indigestion and bowel troubles, and Vinegar Bitters gave me great relief."

JAMES H. DWYER, of Webster, Mass., writes: "I always use Vinegar Bitters as a spring medicine, and have the best of health."

L. COLEMAN, 77 Montgomery street, New York, writes: "I find your Vinegar Bitters a first-class tonic."

**VINEGAR BITTERS.**

The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Brain and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and renders a perfect blood circulation through the human veins, which is sure to restore perfect health. A beautiful book free. Address,

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington street, New York.

**SEA-SALT SOAP**

Possesses the tonic, purifying properties of a sea bath, curing all local skin and scalp diseases, pimples, blotches, eczema, tetter, chafing, etc. It is made from perfectly pure materials and is most healing and invigorating to the skin, keeping it in a fresh, clean and healthy condition. Sold by druggists and fancy goods dealers, or sent by mail one cake for 25 cts., or three for 60 cts. by the proprietors.

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington St. New York.

**CATARRH** ELY'S CREAM BALM

**HAY-FEVER**

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

**Try the Cure.**

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents, at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. Ely Bros., Druggists, 56 Warren street, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPS' COCOA**

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural law which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourised frame."—Civil service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœpathic Chemists, London, England.

**J. C. PELTIER,**

Undertaker & Embalmer,

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

**MUSTANG LINIMENT**

CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!



# Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1888.


## OUR CITY CHURCHES.

**The Ministers Announce Their Services for Sunday Worship.**

The ushers at the Baptist church promise to secure sittings for all who attend services at 7:30 on time.

Usual services to-morrow at Wayne St. M. E. church conducted by Rev. R. M. Barnes at 10:30, a. m., and 7:30 p. m.

Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor of St. Paul M. E. church, will preach in the M. E church at Huntington to-morrow at 10:30.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. J. C. Cook, pastor.

Simpson M. E. Church, C. H. Wilkinson, Pastor—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission to-morrow morning at 10:30 o'clock and Mr. James Trythall at 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets. German in morning; English in evening, Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

The pastor of the Grace Reformed church would like to see all the members and friends of the church at the services to-morrow morning at 10:30.

There will be regular services in the First Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening by Dr. Moffat. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

St. Paul M. E. church. Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor. Preaching to-morrow at 10:30 by Rev. J. V. Gilbert, and at 7:30 by the pastor. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

There have been nineteen ministers who have attended the Christian revival services thus far, besides a large number of visiting members from various points in Ohio and Indiana.

Christian church, corner of West Jefferson and Griffith streets, Rev. M. L. Blaney, pastor. Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Communion and praise service at 2:30.

At the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow, services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning sermon, "Great Heart," seventh in the series of sermons suggested by "Pilgrims' Progress." All welcome. David S. Kennedy, pastor.

Evangelist Updike will preach this evening at 8 o'clock, at the Christian church. Those ready for baptism will present themselves this evening. Those desiring to hear Mr. Updike before he leaves, should not fail to be present this evening or to-morrow.

We cordially invite all men to the regular Sabbath services in the chapel of the R. R. Y. M. C. A., commencing at the usual hour, 3:00 o'clock, city time and continuing just one hour. The stranger remaining over the Sabbath in the city will be made welcome.

The entire membership of the Berry Street M. E. church are requested to be in attendance upon the public services to morrow, 10:30, a. m., and 7:30 p. m. The pulpit will be occupied by the pastor, Rev. D. C. Woolpert. Sunday school and class meeting at 9 a. m. Strangers invited.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets. Rev. J. C. Cromer, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject: "The unchangeableness of Christ." Evening subject: "The Christian citizens' duty to the state. Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

The first, second and third mortgage bondholders of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road hold a special election on the 15th of this month, for the purpose of electing a trustee to fill the place of George W. Case, deceased.

The funeral of Mr. Ernest R. Minnecker will take place to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence, No. 52 Maumee avenue. The republican railroad club, of which he was a member, will attend in a body. The democratic railroad club has been invited to the funeral and will probably attend.

Best roll butter, 20c; good butter, 16c lb.

FRONT HOUSE.

The most complete line of overcoats in the city to be found at Friends' Enterprise, 26 Calhoun street.

The leading styles of gents' hand-sewed shoes at Will D. Schiefer's, 36 Calhoun street.


**MUSTANG LINIMENT**

SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!


## CALLED HOME.

**They Bid Farewell to Earth and Sleep in Death.**

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers since last Saturday: Wm. H. Anderson, 38 years, dropsy; Catherine McQuowen, 71 years, dropsy; Ernest R. Minnecker, 55 years, erysipelas; Sophia Schowe, 25 years, consumption; August Schneider, 12 years, dropsy; Louisa Schultz, 11 years, burned; Henry Meyer, 56 years, paralysis; Henry Bohde, 26 years, typhoid fever; Margaret Benzinger, 58 years, typhoid fever.


**Salt Rheum**

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. L. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Chronic catarrh usually indicates a scrofulous condition of the system, and should be treated, like chronic ulcers and eruptions, through the blood. This disease has been cured, in hundreds of cases, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price $1. Six bottles, $5.

You can save money on drugs and medicines and prescriptions at Mordhurst's Drug Store, No. 74 Calhoun street. Sign of revolving wheel in window. d&wlyr.

**S. S. S.**

FOR THE BLOOD

FRED'S MILL, TEXAS, June 20, 1888—The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: One of my children was troubled with rheumatism and boils for about two years. We gave her various kinds of medicine, but without profit, and began to despair of curing her at all. I was persuaded to try your Swift's Specific. After she had used several bottles the diseases all disappeared, and she is now a hale, hearty and healthy girl twelve years old. Another child has just become afflicted in the same way, and I am using the S. S. S. and anticipate a prompt and permanent cure. E. C. WAGGONER.

RICH HILL, MO., July 7, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: Our little girl when but three weeks old broke out with eczema. We tried the prescriptions from several good doctors, but without any special benefit. We tried S. S. S., and by the time one bottle was gone her head began to heal, and by the time she had taken six bottles she was completely cured. Now she has a full and heavy head of hair—a robust, hearty child. I feel it but my duty to make this statement. Respectfully, H. T. SHORE.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 27, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: In 1886 I contracted blood poison, and at once sought a physician, who treated me for several months. By his advice I went to Crab Orchard Springs, Ky., where his course of treatment was carefully observed. I recovered, as I thought, but the next spring pimples began to appear on my face and body. These gradually increased to sores and running ulcers. I was advised to try S. S. S., and immediately after taking it I commenced to improve, slowly at first, but more rapidly afterwards, and soon nothing remained to tell of my trouble. My blood is now thoroughly cleansed, and my system free from taint, and I owe my present condition—a perfect cure—to your medicine. I cheerfully give this statement that others who have suffered as I have may reap the same benefit. HARDY M. BURT, 24 West Ninth St.

HOMER, LA., May 25, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: About two years ago my general health gave way entirely. I was so debilitated that I almost despaired of ever feeling well again. All that the physicians done for me brought no permanent relief. Friends insisted that I should give S. S. S. a fair trial, although I thought it would be throwing away money. After taking a thorough course, my health and strength returned, and I must say that S. S. S. alone cured me, as I discarded all others while using it. As a tonic I can most heartily recommend it; for general debility, it certainly is a specific. W. F. BRIDGES, J. P.

HOMER, LA.—I know Mr. W. F. Bridges, and will say that his statement is correct. JOSEPH SHELTON, Druggist.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

**IF YOU HAVE MALARIA OR PILES,**

SICK HEADACHE, DUMB AGUE, COSTIVE BOWELS, SOUR STOMACH and BELCHING; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,

**Tutt's Pills**

will cure these troubles. Try them; you have nothing to lose, but will gain a vigorous body. Price, 25c. per box. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**BRILLIANT ART!**

IS THE MOST PERFECT

**BASE BURNER!**

In the city and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. It can be seen at

Nos. 185 and 187 Broadway.

It eclipses anything in the market.

**Spouting, Tin and Iron Roofing**

Is also done here at reasonable prices.

CALL AND SEE US. 25-1m

**C. F. KRUDOP,**

DEALER IN

Coal, Wood & Kindling,

CORNER OF

Harmer and Hayden Streets.

The best quality of coal always on hand and delivered promptly. oct.25-1mo

**J. M. MODERWELL,**

—DEALER IN—

Hard and Soft Coal!

Wood and Kindling,

Wells Street Bridge.

PROMPT DELIVERY,

Telephone 54.

Nov. 1-4mo.

**MUSTANG LINIMENT**

IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

**If You Are Sick**

With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Prostration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be cured. In each of these, the cause is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria, the effect of which is to weaken the nervous system, resulting in one of these diseases. Remove the CAUSE with that great Nerve Tonic, and the RESULT will disappear.

**Paine's Celery Compound**

JAS. L. BOWEN, Springfield, Mass., writes:—"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be excelled as a Nerve Tonic. In my case a single bottle wrought a great change. My nervousness entirely disappeared, and with it the resulting affection of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole tone of the system was wonderfully invigorated. I tell my friends, if sick as I have been, Paine's Celery Compound

**Will Cure You!**

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

**For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated.**

**Diamond Dyes**

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other.

*A Dress Dyed*
*A Coat Colored*
*Garments Renewed*

FOR 10 CENTS.

A Child can use them!

Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work. At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

**OVER BRAIN WORK often induces KIDNEY DISEASE. HOPTONIC counteracts this tendency. It tones the NERVES, checks the wearing away of TISSUE, and corrects the DISORDERED ACTION of the KIDNEYS.**

For Sale by THIEME & GROSS, Druggists.

**L. O. HULL,**

**WALL PAPER!**

AND CEILING DECORATIONS.

*The Finest Line! The Lowest Prices! The Best Effects!*

Paper Hanging and Decorating.

*We do only First-class Work and charge no more than others.*

WINDOW CURTAINS, WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS AND PAINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Artists' Materials! | *STUDIES FOR RENT OR FOR SALE.*

NO. 90 CALHOUN STREET.


## Arrival and Departure of Trains.

**PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.**

**Under Schedule in Effect June 10, 1888.**

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:30 a. m., †1:35 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m.
Crestline accommodation, †7:00 a. m.
WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:00 a. m., †12:45 p. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:30 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 6:30 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.
*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

[Fort Wayne Division.]

| FROM NORTH | | GOING NORTH |
|---|---|---|
| 10 30 a m—Ar | —Cincinnati Ex.....—Lv | |
| | Detroit Ex ..... | " 4 40 p m |
| 3 40 p m | "—Detroit Ex ..... | " 11 30 a m |
| 5 20 p m | "—Way Freight..... | " 6 40 a m |

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

| GOING EAST | | GOING WEST |
|---|---|---|
| Lv 2 00 p m | Express | Lv 2 00 p m |
| Lv 6 10 a m | Accommodation | Lv 6 45 p m |


**A. FOSTER!**

**Merchant Tailor**

No. 15 W. Wayne St.

Fall and Winter '88-9!

I am pleased to announce the completion of my stock of Fine Woolens of French, German, Scotch and American manufacture for the fall and winter of 1888-89. I have imported for the Season's Trade the Largest Assortment of Choice Wool and Worsted Fabrics, Fine Suitings, Pants Goods and Overcoatings, very desirable and of Extra Value, and for men's wear, the best ever exhibited in this city; and I am prepared to Make to Order in a manner and style acceptable to all. Prices shall be the Lowest, considering the Superior Workmanship and Wares displayed at my rooms.

A. FOSTER,

No. 15 West Wayne Street.

**JAMES MADDEN,**

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

110 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

**FRANK B. KENDRICK,**

ARCHITECT,

138 - Calhoun - St.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - - INDIANA.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.—Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. *Successfully used monthly.* Safe, Effectual, Pleasant. $1 by mail, or druggists. Sealed particulars 2 stamps. Ladies address POND LILY COMPANY, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross, druggists. sept. 13-1yr

**UPHOLSTERING**

—AND—

**REPAIRING.**

Carpet Cleaning and Refitting and Laying of Carpets. I have the best machine for carpet laying in the city.

**Paul E. Wolf,**

33 and 35 Clinton St.

Sept. 15-2mo.

**1888**

**RADIANT HOME!**

**SQUARE STOVES**

Are made as follows: Four sizes plain Stoves Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.
Two sizes with oven, Nos. 5 and 6.
Four sizes with double heater, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.
All sizes are made with

**Round Fire Pots, Duplex Grates, Made With a Central Hot-Air Flue,**

Taking the air in at bottom of stove, thence up between the ascending and decending draft flues.

Also a full line of

Hardware, Cutlery and House Furnishing Goods.

—ONLY AT—

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**No. 122 Broadway.**

Friends living on the south or east side of the city would do well to board the Broadway or Belt Line car if only to examine these goods.

**BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR MY STORY OF THE WAR By Mary A. Livermore**

Her own narrative of "Four Years' Personal Experience as Field and Hospital Nurse." It portrays the Womanly or "Heavenly" side of the War, its Lights and Shadows "*as a woman saw them.*" Bright, Pure, and Good, full of "*laughter and tears*," of thrilling interest and touching pathos, it *sells at sight to all*. Splendid Steel-Plates, and famous old **Battle-Flags** richly colored in *exact fac-simile*. The "*booming*" book for Men and Women Agents. $100 to $200 a month made. Distance no hindrance, for we *Pay Freights* and give *Extra Terms*. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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**Sanitary Plumber,**

Has opened a shop at

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ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

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Merchant Tailor,

Has received his stock of fall goods and is now prepared to furnish elegant suitings to his customers. Mr. Meyer is one of the best merchant tailors in the city and knows how to give satisfaction

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HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

**M. L. ALBRECHT,**

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**BUGGIES.**

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(*Elopement of the Frog and the Mouse.*)

Full of the oddest pranks, charming stories and laugh-provoking illustrations by the Prince of Juvenile artists. Selling immensely. Critics say of it: "*It sets my little folks wild with delight.*"—Hon. Clinton B. Fisk. "*Don't send me another for I can't get the children to bed.*"—R. H. Conwell, D. D. "*Incomparably neat and elegant.*"—Hon. S. S. Cox. "*Fascinating as Æsop and Uncle Remus.*"—Hon. Howard Crosby.

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**WEAK MEN!** Debilitated through indiscretions or Excesses. WE GUARANTEE TO CURE by this New Improved Electric Belt & Suspensory, or REFUND MONEY. Made for this specific purpose. CURE OF GENERATIVE WEAKNESS, giving continuous, mild, soothing current of Electricity directly through all weak parts, restoring them to health and Vigorous Strength. Electric current felt instantly or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. Greatest improvements over all other belts. Worst cases permanently cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet 2 cent stamp. Pat. Oct. 20, '85.

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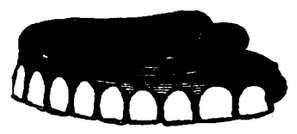

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Coke, charcoal, wood and kindling. Agents for MacNeal & Urban safes, Lawrence Paints and Varnish, Victor scales.

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**FOR MEN ONLY.** A quick, permanent cure for lost or failing manhood, nervousness, weakness, unnatural losses, lack of strength, vigor or development, caused by indiscretion, excesses, etc. *Valuable book sent (sealed) free.* ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**The Toy the Child Likes Best**

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"ANCHOR" Stone Building Blocks

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A CLEVER PRESENT for children of all ages. For $1.75, or $2.00 a good average box.

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**MUSTANG LINIMENT**

IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

## THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS.

GREAT misfortunes are like mortal wounds, in that they seldom cause much suffering at first.— *"Thrilby Hall," Harper's Weekly.*

MOST notorious thieves, true-bred, care nothing about prisons; pauper-born, look forward to making their home in the work houses; and murderers can assemble and jest under the shadow of the gallows.— *Pall Mall Budget.*

WHEN once the precedent is set that one kind of property can be taken away from the owners without compensation, is is foolish to suppose that the needy and the covetous will not desire to apply the same principle to other forms of property.—*London Saturday Review.*

EVERY sin leaves a wound. No repentance can extinguish remorse for wrongs to others. And they that sin, calculating that they can wipe out all at convenience by repenting, will be like him in scripture, who "found no place for repentance though he sought it carefully with tears."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

THE age can not be carried backward. Whether happily or unhappily, we have passed out of mere conservatism. Authority as such is not recognized. If our age and people ever again recognize it, the recognition will stand out prominently upon its reasonableness. We may not approve this present condition of the popular mind, but we must recognize it. Never before was there a more imperative and more general necessity to give a reason for the hope which is in us.—*Rev. Dr. Franklin, in Living Church.*

ONE mischief which has arisen from abortive college government has been that, while these governments have themselves been unable to institute any adequate investigations or to inflict any sufficient penalties, they have often shielded students from the civil law. Let the civil law do the work it is fitted to do, which it was framed to do. Let not the college take the attitude of a weak, suppliant mother, standing between her children and the law of the State, and then leading them home for a foolish curtain lecture. If the duties of citizens are to be enforced in college life, the direct, well-digested penalties of law should not be set aside while this instruction is in progress.—*Dr. John Bascom, in New York Independent.*

### Tips in Paris.

In private life every service rendered by one's inferiors and servants is equally expected to be rewarded, not only throughout the year, but at the beginning of the next besides. The waiter who tends upon one in the restaurant receives upon an average 4 pence a day for serving one with two meals—6 pounds 1 shilling 8 pence per annum; the waiter at the cafe receives 2 pence—3 pounds 10 pence per annum; the barber expects 2 pence each time he cuts your hair—4 shillings; the attendant at the bath ditto. Seeing that a warm bath is out of question in an ordinary French apartment, one goes at least twice a week—17 shillings 2 pence per annum. The concierge expects at least 10 francs each time the rent is paid, which is four times a year—total, 1 pound 12 shillings. Woe betide the tenant who fails in this latter quasi-voluntary contribution. His most intimate friend will be told he is not at home when he has made a most important appointment; he himself will be left at the street door after dark until he be clammed with cold or weary with waiting. If the question be asked: "How does the concierge know that it is the defaulter in question who is pulling the bell?" the answer is, the concierge does not know; but according to her lights, if there be one black sheep in the house, she indiscriminately inflicts suffering upon every inmate. The good pay for the bad; that is the maxim, from which there is no appeal. The landlord sides with his understrapper. If he should dismiss her, the chances are that the house falls from the frying-pan into the fire. An old Anglo-Parisian whose concierge was ill was heard to express the hope that she would get over it. "You like her very much?" asked his friend. "Not so," came the answer; "but I prayed for the removal of her predecessor, and we got worse; I prefer putting up with the known evil." No Parisian will quarrel with his concierge; if he does, his life will be a misery ever afterward. Until 3 o'clock in the afternoon he will live upon a desert island. Not till that hour will his letters and newspapers come to hand.—*Cor. London Globe.*

### A Return to Duty.

This is always desirable, and the speedier it takes place the better. Doubly welcome is it in the case of those usually industrious little organs, the kidneys, which, when they go on a strike—so to speak—and drop work, seriously imperil health in more than one way. First and foremost, their inaction begets their disease, which is hydra-headed, including such dangerous maladies as Bright's disease and diabetes. Next, when inactive they fail to assist in removing from the blood impurities that beget rheumatism, gout and dropsy. Third, their inaction weakens the bladder. All this is preventable and remediable by the pleasant promoter of organic action, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, at once a tonic and a regulator. This gently but effectually impels the kidneys to return to duty, and strengthens them and the bladder. Upon the bowels, stomach and liver it likewise exerts a regulating and invigorating influence, and it strengthens the system, and averts and remedies malaria and rheumatism.

### The Reformed Serpent.

A Serpent whose Bite was Poisonous was one day Discovered in the dooryard of a Peasant, and it sought to Explain its Presence by saying:

"I have Decided to Reform and shall hereafter Cease to Bite."

"And to Render Assurance doubly sure," replied the Peasant as he Hunted for a Club, "I will put it beyond your Power to Relapse."

MORAL:—An Old Thief will Stop Stealing when he no longer has any Hands to Steal with.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Keeping on the Safe Side.

"What! my dear fellow, are going to marry a female physician?"

"Certainly. She is charming."

"Yes; but to be thus exposed to a continual danger?

"Don't be alarmed. She will look after her own patients. I shall have my own doctor!"—*Figaro.*

### Where Log Cabins Flourish.

A party of American gentlemen who had been camping out on an island in the great Lake Nipissing, Canada, last summer, were returning in a sail-boat and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with it the sailing breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly.

"Never mind, I can row you there inside of two hours," said the guide who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why, man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—it's a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter, I have done the likes before and can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad-shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and bent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door, and never thought to pull an oar again. You see, I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician?"

"Yes, I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor; he gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me much."

"How was the cure effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the States, gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors, and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation into the merits and comparison with other old-time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no known remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

### Extended His Time.

A big man rushed at a little man at the ferry dock, and exclaimed:

"Ha! now I've got you. I'm going to knock the top of your head off"

"Come on and try it," replied the little man as he got into position.

"You slandered me," shouted the big man as he backed off a little.

"What of it?"

"You've got to take it back or get licked! I'll give you—I'll give you one week to take it back, and if you don't do it I'll—"

"What!" cried the little man as he, advanced upon him.

"I'll perhaps extend the time, but you've got to take it back."

"Hold on—wait!" shouted the little man as he got his coat off, but the big man waived his hand and ran aboard the boat to call back:

"Two weeks and not another day! Then prepare to get mauled."—*Detroit Tribune.*

### Heating Steam.

"No, Joseph, the Steam Heating Company was not formed for the purpose of heating steam. Steam is heated before it is made—that is to say, when you heat the steam—no, when you make the steam—no—well, confound you, don't you know steam is hot anyway, and doesn't have to be heated by a company?"—*Scientific American.*

THE negro debating club at Sulphur Springs, Texas, discussed the question: "When a watermelon vine runs onto another man's land, who is the owner of the watermelon?"

### A Valuable Remedy.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS have been consumed.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

THE man who never pays his debts probably believes with Byron that "Time at last sets all things even."—*Punxsutawney Tribune.*

### The Homeliest Man in Town,

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles 50 cents and $1.

YOUNG lovers ought to make good detectives because they are so inclined to investigate.—*Texas Siftings.*

**In 1850** *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* were introduced and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

THE best hunting dogs are like the best jokes—they are pointers.—*Stockton Maverick.*

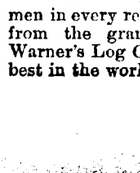
**Moxie** has created the greatest excitement as a beverage, in the years, ever witnessed, from the fact that it brings nervous, exhausted, overworked women to good powers of endurance in a few days; cures the appetite for liquor and tobacco at once, and has recovered a large number of cases of old, helpless paralysis as a food only.

"ONE swallow does not make a summer," but sometimes leads to "making a night of it."

### Pleasant Journeys.

Pleasant journeys can always be had via the Wisconsin Central Line. The employes are courteous and obliging; the sleeping and dining cars and day coaches are peers of any in the Northwest. The leaving hours at principal terminal points are convenient and the depots are centrally located. All together it is the most desirable route in either direction between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Duluth. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.

FIVE dollars can be saved every year in boots and shoes by using Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; cost only 25c.




THE true American has a warm place in his heart for the old LOG CABIN. It's not "English, you know," but from the Log Cabins of America have sprung men in every respect greater than any from the grand castles of Europe. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is the best in the world.

### What Next?

If this sort of thing keeps on they will be giving away houses and lots soon! We now learn that W. Jennings Demorest runs an immense pattern manufactory, and yet does not sell a single pattern. What nonsense? Not at all! They are all given away to the purchasers or subscribers to that wonderful family magazine, *Demorest's Monthly*. Each magazine contains an order entitling the holder to any pattern they manufacture. We do not see how they can afford it, for their editions are immense, and it seems incredible that each magazine (price 20 cents) contains an order for a pattern worth from 20 to 30 cents. This will certainly hurt the pattern trade, for ladies will soon learn that they can get their patterns free by simply buying or subscribing for *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*. Published at 15 East Fourteenth street, New York City. Send 10 cents for a specimen number containing a "Pattern Order" worth 30 cents.

### Cancer Cured.

Dr. F. L. Pond is having wonderful success in the treatment and cure of cancer at the cancer hospital at Aurora, Ill. There are numbers of cures recently made by him which are truly wonderful. Those afflicted should go there for treatment at once. For information, address Dr. F. L. Pond, Aurora, Ill.


# St. JACOBS OIL

**For Bruises, Burns.**

Strong Evidence. New Proofs.

**Crushed.** Ashland, Ashland Co., Wis., May 20'88. Mr. JOHN JONES was run over by a saw-log; under doctor's care 3 weeks; two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him sound and well; no return of pain. WALKER & CO., Druggists.

**Family Use.** Illiopolis, Ill., May 29, 1888. For a number of years St. Jacobs Oil has been used in my family. I believe it is the best remedy for burns, swellings, cuts, bruises and sprains ever prepared. JOSEPH SHAFER.

**Right Away.** St. Hazianza, Wis., May 28, '88. I burned my left hand badly and it was cured right away by St. Jacobs Oil. P. A. SCHEULLER.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

## Diamond Vera-Cura

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND ALL Stomach Troubles Arising Therefrom.

*Your Druggist or General Dealer will get Vera-Cura for you if not already in stock, or it will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp.*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.
Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

*I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nose bled almost daily. Since the first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm have had no bleeding, the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget.*

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York

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*By the Editor of "Problems of Nature."*

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| What and Where Is God | $2.50 |
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Some rare bargains; must be sold to close up partnership. What have you to EXCHANGE? Send for list at once. Lloyd B. Ferrell or E. E. Parmenter, WICHITA, Kas.

LADIES LOOK! New pricelist of Rug Machines, Patterns, Yarn, &c., and brackets, beautiful colored pattern designs *free*. AGENTS WANTED. E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.

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**WHOOPING COUGH**—Absolute Cure in One Week. Medicine by mail for 50 cents. Give age of child. L. P. BISSELL, Louisville, Stark County, Ohio.

**$5** to $8 a day. Samples worth $150, FREE; Times not under the horse's feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein-Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

**WANTED** TO BUY A FARM in this locality. CURTIS & WRIGHT, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

# Catarrh in the Head

*Originates in scrofulous taint in the blood.* Hence the proper method by which to cure catarrh is to *purify the blood.* Its many disagreeable symptoms and the danger of developing into bronchitis or that terribly fatal disease, consumption, are entirely removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures catarrh by purifying the blood; it also tones up the system and greatly improves the general health. Try the "peculiar medicine."

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of catarrh, soreness of the bronchial tubes, and terrible headache." R. GIBBONS, Hamilton, Ohio.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy." M. E. READ, Wauseon, Ohio.

"For 25 years I have been troubled with catarrh in the head, indigestion, and general debility. I never had faith in such medicines, but concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It did me so much good that I continued its use till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." MRS. J. B. ADAMS, 8 Richmond St., Newark, N. J.

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continued dropping in my throat and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run-down state of health and kidney trouble." MRS. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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100 Doses One Dollar

# Our Next President.

*TO THE PUBLIC:*

WE SUBMIT OUR FORMULA for your kind consideration. It is not a peculiar remedy put up to sell for a cent a dose. We challenge the world to produce a medicine equal to it in merit as a family remedy. The combination makes it the greatest

## Blood Medicine IN THE WORLD.

**CASCARA SAGRADA.** As a laxative it will restore the bowels to their normal condition without pain or griping, and has remarkable virtue in the treatment of habitual constipation, indigestion, and as a tonic for the stomach it has no rival, as used in this syrup.

**BLACK COHOSH,** as used in this syrup, is a powerful and useful remedy, acting primarily on the nervous system, kidneys and uterine organs.

**UNICORN ROOT.** In all diseases of **women** it stands first and foremost as a tonic and regulator. Its value cannot be overestimated as used herein.

**TAMARACK** is tonic, diuretic, alterative and laxative.

IT NEVER FAILS. HIBBARD'S *RHEUMATIC SYRUP* AND PLASTERS.

No remedies known so highly endorsed by its home people, in the treatment of Rheumatism and all Blood Diseases. Our Medical Pamphlet, treating on Rheumatism, and all *Blood* and *Female* Diseases, sent free on application.

Rheumatic Syrup Company, JACKSON, MICH.

**CULVER'S ROOT** is powerfully cholagogue, working with great energy on the liver. It is also an excellent tonic, laxative and alterative, acting upon the secretive and absorbent glands of the body.

**MAHDRAKE** is powerful in its action, working with great energy upon the liver and small intestines, and is invariably used for habitual constipation.

**BURDOCK** has no equal for the cure of Rheumatism, Syphilis, Kidney, Liver and all Skin Diseases, as used herein.

**POKE ROOT** is cathartic and anti-scrofulous; highly esteemed for its virtues in curing Gout, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Scrofula, Cancer and all Skin Diseases.

IN ADDITION to the ABOVE, which are everywhere recognized by the MEDICAL FACULTY as being the best known Blood Tonics, our medicine contains RARE DRUGS, rendering

# Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup

UNRIVALED in merit. It is a **Safe Family Medicine,** because it contains **no poison or opiates.** Children, invalids and delicate persons will find it the best medicine and tonic they can use. No home should be without it. Always in season, *Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.*

If you cannot procure it of your druggist, send direct to us. Price $1.00; 6 bottles $5.00. Plasters 25c.

### TESTIMONIALS WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.

My daughter Maud has used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters, which you so strongly recommended her to try for inflammatory rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen, and the poor girl was in terrible agony. In the midst of the pain we wound the Plasters about her limbs, and, as a result the swelling was reduced and she became quiet and rested. The syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are remedies of great merit. REV. J. ROBERTS, Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

ALBION, Mich., Dec. 20, 1887.—While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company at Augusta, Mich., about seven years ago, my kidneys became diseased, and I have been a great sufferer ever since. Have consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor, and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. Suffering under a very severe attack in October last, began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and am today a well man. It affords me pleasure to render suffering humanity any good that I can, and in speaking of the remedy, allow me to say that I think it the greatest medicine in the the world. E. LARZELERE, Agent M. C. R. R.

**A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.**

**WANTED LOCAL AGENTS** TO SELL THE **DUPLEX RADIATING FUEL SAVER**

1-4 to 1-3 THE FUEL SAVED.

SELLS AT SIGHT. ADAPTED TO ALL STOVES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND MAKE MONEY.

MOREY MFG. CO., Waukesha, Wis.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER** The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted wat-proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

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# SABBATH READING.

## Thought and Prayer Both Come from a Hidden Source.

### A DUMB MAN'S TESTIMONY.

*"Do You Think a Christian Ought to Be Entirely Pure, Spotless, or Spotted?"*

*Spotless or Spotted.*

Suppose we should go through one of our large cities and visit all the places of iniquity, taverns, saloons, gambling dens, and brothels, and submit to every one of the ungodly this question: "Do you think a Christian ought to be entirely pure, spotless or spotted?" What answer would be given? Why, the whole crowd throughout the realm of iniquity, one and all, would exclaim, "Spotted! Nay, nay; a Christian should be entirely pure—spots belong to us." This would be the universal verdict.

And yet how many Christian professors there are who plead for a little sin—and for a few spots. Is it not strange? We would think that a taste of the new life given in regeneration would put within them an insatiate longing for entire purity. But, alas, many do not retain the sweetness of regenerate life! They lose it out of their souls, and then they do not want to hear about holiness.—*Guide to Holiness.*

*Full of Joy.*

The tongue will tell what the heart feels. You will not need to urge one full of joy to speak the gladness of his heart, he will do it from the internal pressure to which he must yield. Salvation is to him a "well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

The poet Carpini once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description. The great composer replied, "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel: when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and, since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

When our harps were swept with the inspiration of the Saviour's love, they will breathe tones of unearthly melody; yea, it will be "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Then "serve the Lord with gladness," is not a mere duty; it is a necessity when the well is within us.—*Exchange.*

*A Dumb Man's Testimony.*

A most remarkable incident is reported in the *Indian Witness*. It states that among the converts at a mission station was a man curiously afflicted. He could hear and read, but could not speak. His intelligence, however, could not be doubted. In the course of time this poor man was proposed for baptism. The pastor and brethren hesitated, feeling that it was impossible to gain from his speechless mouth any adequate proof that he had the knowledge requisite for church membership, or that he was not acting with duplicity. He was brought before the church, however, and the minister asked him this question: "What is the ground of your belief that there is salvation for you in Jesus Christ?" The others looked at one another in dismay; this question seemed impossible of answer from a dumb man. But he, on hearing it, instantly arose and proceeded to answer by significant signs. First, he put his hands upon his breast with an expression of loathing, to indicate his own sense of sin; then he stepped forward, and looking down, as if beholding a deep and awful pit, from which he again shrank back with a look of terror; but presently drawing near again, he looked and seemed to see something just beyond; then he made the sign of the cross! Jesus was there! And again he looked into the pit and smiled, as that he saw his own sins cast in there! At last he looked up and pointed to Heaven with a smile of ecstacy. Jesus had died for his sins, and was risen forever to make intercession for him!

*THE LEGEND OF THE WREN.*

The story of the contest for the crown, in which the wren outwitted the eagle, is traditional in Germany, France, Ireland, and other countries. It seems that the birds all met together one day and settled among themselves that whichever could fly the highest was to be king of them all. As they were starting, the wren, unknown to the eagle, perched himself on his tail. Away flew the birds, and the eagle soared far above the others, until, tired, he perched himself on a rock, and declared that he had gained the victory. "Not so fast," cried the wren getting off the tail and springing above the eagle; "you have lost your chance, I am king of the birds" The eagle, angry at the trick played upon him, gave the wren as he came down a smart stroke with his wing, from which time the wren has never been able to fly higher than a hawthorn bush. The story is told with a different conclusion in Germany. According to the German version, the wren was imprisoned in a mouse-hole, and the owl was set to watch before it, whilst the other birds were deliberating upon the punishment to be inflicted upon the offender. The owl fell asleep and the prisoner escaped. The owl was so ashamed that he has never ventured to show himself by daylight. In the Ojibua legend the gray linnet is the tricky bird, and the verdict was rendered in favor of the eagle, he not only flew nearest to the sun, but carried the linnet with him. In France the wren is called *roielet* (little king), and also *poulette au bon Dieu*, "God's little hen." To kill it or to rob its nest would bring down lightning on the culprit's head.

*A COCK FIGHTING A LOOKING-GLASS.*

An amusing test of the difference of disposition in barnyard fowls may be made by placing a piece of looking-glass against the trunk of a large tree, and laying a train of corn in front of it. Some hens will discover what they all take to be a new arrival with mild curiosity, and merely look at it intently, perhaps peering around behind the tree, and then walk quietly away. Others peck the glass angrily and insist upon fighting, while a few nervous females show much the same noisy excitement that seizes upon most hens when they spy a snake. We tried the valiant old autocrat of the farmyard with this trick, and he was at once aroused to fury. Dropping his head when some ten feet in front of the glass, he began the cautious advance by parallels which every one familiar with poultry has seen before a fight. But, of course, he soon lost his enemy by moving too far to one side. After crowing fiercely and looking around uneasily for a few moments, he returned to the train of corn and almost instantly saw the strange cock nearer than before. More stealthy approach, another failure to keep in sight of the foe, and greater excitement, and a third time he began to eat, only to be startled by the hostile presence nearer than ever. At last he worked right up to the glass and braced himself for the shock of the combat, the counterfeit, of course, following his every movement with ominous celerity. There was one fierce peck at the angry head in the glass, and then a crash, as our infuriated champion hurled himself against his likeness, breaking the glass into a hundred fragments. The mingling of astonishment, rage, and triumph in this bird's appearance, as he whirled about, startled at the cracking noise and bewildered by the total disappearance of his enemy, was comical to behold. Then he rushed around the big pear tree, evidently thinking that the cowardly stranger might be hidden there. Not finding him the victor strutted about, too excited to eat, and crowed long and loud over his unprecedented triumph. The other cock was entirely wiped out of existence, and our old fighter, who would crow defiantly in our arms whenever he found himself being carried off the premises, knowing from experience that a set-to was coming, could scarcely credit his senses.—*Science Monthly.*

*MUSIC AS A CURE.*

Julius Eichberg, the well-known Boston musician, tells this story of an early experience: One day a lady somewhat advanced in years came to make arrangements for taking private lessons in singing. At the end of the second lesson the teacher felt constrained to tell her that her ear was not true. She received the mark very coolly, and at the next lesson sang as badly as before. "I am afraid," said Mr. Eichberg, "that you can never learn to sing in tune." "Oh, *it doesn't matter*," was the surprising reply. "Doesn't matter!" said the astonished teacher. "No," said the pupil, "I don't care anything about music, but my doctor said that singing would be the best thing for my dyspepsia, and so I decided to take lessons."

*TO ENDOW A SCHOOL.*

Isaiah V. Williamson, the bachelor and Quaker many-millionaire, of Philadelphia is to be credited with with one of the grandest benevolent enterprises of modern times. He has determined richly to endow a great industrial training school for boys, where every boy can be taught some trade free of expense. His plans are not yet completed, but it is understood that the new school will be as extensive in its aims and proportions as Girard College, and that the limit Mr. Williamson will place on this gift will be $12,000,000.

*BEAD-WORK.*

Women who prefer employment to ennui are now spending their leisure hours in bead-work—an old-time amateur industry which is being revived quite commonly. It is a different style of bead-work though from that in vogue some years ago. There is none of the all-over work in many colors and intricate designs so popular then. The new bead-work is very much prettier and more graceful, consisting mainly of a kind of sketching in out-line with small glass or gold and silver beads on a background of lace or mull.

*THE WILD PIGEONS HAVE GONE.*

According to a dealer in game, wild pigeons are very scarce. With the progress of the course of empire westward the flocks have gone farther and farther toward the setting sun for lighting places. There seems to be only one way to prevent further scarcity of these birds in our markets—cultivate our own wild pigeons.

# MISSION OF PICTURES.

### A SERMON BY THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

**American Cities Need Great Galleries of Paintings—Men of Wealth Should Build in the Place of Their Residence Thrones for American Art.**

Subject—"The Divine Mission of Pictures." Text—"The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures." Isaiah 2, xii-xvi.

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental, or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of divine observation and arraignment.

That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii the wall of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel; they would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have, when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvass embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom and a stout finger thrust in on the right side, ripping clear through to the left. Pliny, the elder, lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the further you can stand off from the burning crater of sin, the better. Never till the Books of the Last Day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination and he becomes a moral carcass. The shop windows of English and American cities in which the low theatres have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled! Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp, and Handel's organ, Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's violin; and the flute, which, though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission. Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted. It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity. What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible, which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or woodcut for millions on millions! What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what re-enforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and Christ, what distribution of scriptural knowledge of all nations, in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael, the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoret's "Flight into Egypt," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's "Madonna at Milan," Orcagna's "Last Judgment," and hundreds of miles of pictures if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not to-day so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833 forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness and grandeur anything and everything that the world had seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustav Dore. At 11 years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the Book of books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light, "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethern," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and 205 scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural affiatus that make the heart throb, and the brain reel, and the tears start, and the cheeks blanch, and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art Gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving the Pretorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink than by skillful laying on of colors, or designs on metal through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morals was presented by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress" and "The Miser's Feast," and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life" and the "Course of Empire," and by "Turner's Slave Ship." God in art! Christ in art! Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Heaven in art!

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semi-starvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Howe, of the English Army, and through coming to admire West as a skater, they gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alcyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were 4,600 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles the First it was ordered by Parliament that all the pictures of Christ be burnt. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the Eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give minute accounts of what they did with their colors, as a painter's bill which came to publication in Scotland in 1707 indicated. The painter had been touching up some old pictures in the church, and he sends in this itemized bill to the vestry: "To filling up a chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages to Pharaoh's hosts;" "to a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness;" "to repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard;" "to giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam;" "to making a bridle for the Good Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs;" "to putting a new handle on Moses' basket and fitting bullrushes, and adding more fuel to the fire in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace." So painters were humiliated clear down below the majesty of their art. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matseys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till as a painter he won wide recoguition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the less of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord 1888, and within twelve years of the Twentieth century, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect? Poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated! When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings: one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body.

But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bestead. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on his coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of $64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius, these artists suffer more than any one but God can realize. There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artists of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer, who was very busy gathering his fall apples, and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg; and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but I think this is the first sermon ever preached that made a plea for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than any of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists, and to know little or nothing about our own Copley, and Allston, and Inman, and Greenough, and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless daubs on canvas, and call in these splendid but unrewarded men and tell them to adorn your walls, not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the mind, and improve the morals, and save the souls of those who gaze upon them.

Brooklyn, and all other American cities, need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until 10 o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go. What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily dredge! Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for Brooklyn or the city where you live what W. W. Corcorat, did for Washington, and what I am told John Wanamaker, by the donation of De Munkacsy's great picture "Christ before Pilate," is going to do for Philadelphia? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament, and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence, a throne for American art? Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children, and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting, who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live; and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged by your benefaction. Build your own monuments, and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph; while some men, whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of polished Aberdeen high enough for a king, and eulogium enough to embarrass a seraph. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphiology to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading room, or free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture and the walls abloom with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead; and one hundred and fifty years from now you will be wielding influences in this world for good among those whose great-grandfather was you great-grandchild. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendors which under the chandelier would be glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand on the January night when the necropolis where the bodysleeps is all snowed under. The tower of David was hung with 1,000 dented shields of battle; but you, oh man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that art which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of picture! I cannot deride, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the art gallery of his palace, saying: "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at that deluge of Caraeci! Farewell dear pictures!" As the day of the Lord of Hosts according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book or newspaper or on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of wood cut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or wassail: have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk many have hoped, with little reason, would become a world wide language; but the pictorial is always a world wide language, and printer's types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a bar-room, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity!

Furthermore, let all reformers, and all Sabbath-school teachers, and all Christian workers realize that if they would be effective for good they must make pictures, if not by chalk on blackboards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and His Sermon on the Mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill that cannot be hid," and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture. When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakspeare's tragedies a picture, Victor Hugo's writings all pictures, John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's work all pictures—why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor, the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper, with pen or pencil, their coming career, of virtue if they prefer that, of vice if they prefer this? After making the picture, put it on the wall, or paste it on the fly leaf of some favorite book, that you may have it before you. I read the other day of a man who had been executed for murder, and the jailer found afterward a picture made on the wall of the cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written: "Disobedience of parents;" on the second: "Sabbath breaking;" on the third: "Drunkenness and gambling;" on the fourth: "Murder," and on the fifth and top step: "A gallows." If that man had made the picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them. Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture, and I will help you make it! I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write the words, "A nature changed by the Holy Ghost and washed by the blood of the Lamb;" on the second step, "Industry and good companionship;" on the third step, "A Christian home with a family altar;" on the fourth step, "Ever widening usefulness;" on the fifth step, "A glorious departure from this world;" on the sixth step, "Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of the one word be made up of banners, the second of coronets, and the third of thornes! Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will, through his pardoning grace, bring me there, too.

And here I am going to say a word of cheer to the people who have never had a word of consolation on that subject. There are men and women in this world by hundreds of thousands, and some of them are here to-day, who have a fine natural taste, and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed, and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and Naples far more than 999 out of 1,000 who visit them, they never may go, for they must support their households, and bread and schooling for their children are of more importance than pictures. Though fond of music, they are compelled to live amid discord, and though fond of architecture they dwell in clumsy abodes, and though appreciative of all that engravings and paintings can do, they are in perpetual deprivation. You are going, after you get on the sixth step of that stairs just spoken of, to find yourselves in the royal gallery of the universe, the concentered splendors of all worlds before your transported vision. In some way all the thrilling scenes which we and the Church of God have passed in our earthly state will be pictured or brought to mind. At the cyclorama of Gettysburg, which we had in Brooklyn, one day a blind man, who lost his sight in that battle, was with his child heard talking while standing before that picture. The blind man said to the daughter: "Are there at the right of the picture some regiments marching up a hill?" "Yes," she said. "Well," said the blind man, "is there a General on horseback leading them on?" "Yes," she said. "Well, is there rushing down on these men a cavalry charge?" "Yes," was the reply. "And do there seem to be many dying and dead?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, now, do you see a shell from the woods bursting near the wheel of a cannon?" "Yes," she said. "Stop right there!" said the blind man. "That is the last thing I ever saw on earth! What a time it was, Jennie, when I lost my eyesight!" But when you, who have found life a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the royal gallery of Heaven, and with your new vision begin to see and understand that which in your earthly blindness you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps, to your own dear children who have gone before, the scenes of the earthly conflicts, in which you participated, saying: "There from that hill of prosperity I was driven back; in that valley of humiliation I was wounded. There I lost my eyesight. That was the way the world looked when I last saw it. But what a grand thing to get celestial vision, and stand here before the cyclorama of all worlds while the Rider on the white horse goes on "conquering and to conquer," the moon under his feet and the stars of Heaven for his tiara!

**Drawing the Line.**

"Wy bress me, Miss Simmons, you 'pears ter be in a mighty hurry dis mawnin'."

"It's right yer is, Uncle Mose, Ize got a power a' biznis to 'tend to. We's gwine to hab a party down to our house, an' I wants yer fur to come."

"All right, chile, I'll be dar sush. Who's gwine to be inwited?"

"Oh, eberybody wat's got any 'tenshun to bein' fust-class."

"Boliver Smif's folks?"

"Yes."

"An' Juniper Jones?"

"Yes."

"An' de Bucktown gang?"

"Oh, yes."

"An' Capreshus Johnsings'?"

"No, dey's lef' out."

"Huh! Wy Miss Simmons, how's dat?"

"'Cause dis yer pahty's gwine to be selec', an' on'y de stoeracy's gwine to be 'vited. We can't 'low too much mixin' ob low down niggers wid de fust fam'ly blood, no how. Dem Johnsings wa'nt nuthin' but common riel' han's 'fore de wah'."

"Yes, but now dey owns a tater patch an' a cow."

"Dat's so, Uncle Mose; I didn't tink ob dat. Reckon we'll hab to let 'em in. If dey's got a cow dat makes a diff'rence."

"How about dem Claks?"

"Huh! Dey ain't got no cow is dey?"

"No."

"Den dat settles hit. Dey can't come. I tells you, Uncle Mose, s'ciety's got to purtect itse'f."

"Dat's right, Miss Simmons, of de ole culled 'stocracy didn't look out mensus peert, de fust ting dey knowed dey'd hab some ob de poor wite trash a-comin' to deir pahties. Good mawnin', Miss Simmons. Be mighty keerful 'bout dem inwite."

"Ize gwine to, Uncle Mose. We has to make a 'stinction somewe're. Reckon we'll draw de line on de cow. Good mawnin."—*Texas Siftings.*

**Made $105,000,000 After He Was 65.**

A veteran of thirty Saratoga seasons tells this: "I have often heard Vanderbilt say that he made his great fortune after he reached the age of 65. He had only $15,000,000 or $16,000,000 when he was 65. His first big hit was the purchase of the Harlem road. That doubled his fortune. Then he bought the Hudson River and Central, and doubled another. And finally he took in the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and his Western property, and doubled his estate the third time. Thus when he was at the age when most men are thinking of making their wills, his estate jumped from $15,000,000 to $30,000,000 by the purchase of the Harlem, from $30,000,000 to $60,000,000 by the purchase of the Hudson River, and from $60,000,000 to $120,000,000 by the purchase of the Lake Shore. That is the whole secret of the building up of the wonderful Vanderbilt fortune."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

**Even as a Child.**

A lady living in Mackinac has a very small daughter who is just beginning to attend church. She is a very devout little thing and when the first Sunday in the month came she said to her mother:

"Mamma, dress me up for the supper."

"What do you mean, Louise?" asked her mother.

"Why, I'm going to the supper; the minister invited everybody—me, too."

"What supper are you talking about, child?"

"The Lord's Supper," said the little girl beginning to cry; "he said everybody was invited."

Perhaps there were few who did go who possessed as clean hands and pure a heart as the ignorant little child who pleaded for the privilege. — *Detroit Free Press.*

A CINCINNATI tailor has failed. He lost his money speculating in wheat selvidges in Chicago.

MOTTO for a dude: "There's room at the top."

# ROOT & COMPANY'S CORSET DEPARTMENT!

Street Floor--Center--South Side.

Many doctors say that women should not wear corsets. Doctors disagree, but you women agree to wear them. You are thinking of a new dress and a new wrap of some of the varied styles.

## Buy Your Corset First.

Can you reasonably expect your new garment to fit well without a new corset? Surely not. Our immense and well selected stocks, from the best of Foreign and American manufacturers, will enable you to make a selection of a "perfect fit." It seems to the writer (who wishes the saleshadies would write the corset story) that a "perfect fit" covers the desirable qualities, but you may need an extra long waisted or unusually short waisted, or a nursing, or an abdominal. Whatever you desire in a corset the saleswomen will find for you here. We would name all the varied styles and makes, only that it would prove wearisome to read. Hear of a few: Our Style, No. 90, at 50c.; German weave, 75c.; the Warner's Coraline and the Juno at $1; the Health at $1.25; the Glove Fitting, at $1.50, and the P. D. Corset at $1.75. These are popular—every hour selling brands. Beside these, you will find all the finely wrought and highly embroidered makes. Here, too, you will find a full line of "Good Sense Waists," and a complete stock of braces, clasps, forms, bustles and stocking supports. The best goods, low prices and courteous treatment. These combined necessitate the removal of this department to an enlarged place now in preparation.

# ROOT & COMPANY


### LOCAL ITEMS.

Hon. J. D. Sarnighausen will address a democratic meeting at Huntington to-night.

"Now it's all right, it's all right, darling," said Mrs. Workhard, "I have tested the matter thoroughly. One bottle of Salvation Oil will cure your pain in the back, and only costs twenty-five cents."

Ammunition for quails, squirrels, pheasants and game of all kinds at
2-2t MAX G. LADE'S.

Rev. Mrs. Jones, of this city, will preach at Paw Paw [illegible] to-morrow.

Cold weather coming and better paper rooms for [illegible] Renner, Cratsley & Co., 56 Calhoun have the largest line of wall paper in city. store. 3-1t

Pants, 200 different styles newest patterns; equal in better [illegible] ston work, at Friends' 26 Calhoun street.

Next Monday will be pay for the payment of the [illegible]llment of 1887 taxes.

For C. L. S. C. [illegible] Renner, Cratsley & Co., 56 Calhoun street. 3-1t

The president has selected Thursday, Nov. 29th as the day for the annual Thanksgiving observance.


HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA TRADE MARK

The [illegible]al cannot [illegible]here [illegible]a [illegible]ch [illegible]thy [illegible] that it [illegible] the system, creates an [illegible]ases the digestion, while it er[illegible]ase. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DR. R. DEPPELLER

Uro[illegible]cian,

Former [illegible] to Dr. A. Goeriz, has returned and permanently located at the old office, No. 18 East Columbia street, over John Raab's provision store. The Doctor will be pleased to see all his old friends and as many new ones as may desire to consult him professionally. The Doctor prefers to see some of the worst cases first. Be sure to bring a small vial of water. 4-1mo.

# Here's a Picnic!

We have secured Two Cases (64 Dozen)

ALL WOOL

## Scarlet Shirts and Drawers!

Which we will continue to sell until all are disposed of, at the extremely low price of

## 35c Each

There will be no duplicates on this lot, so buy what you want now.

SAM, PETE & MAX.



# Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1888.


## LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. R. M. Barns of this city, delivers his lecture on "The Mighty Present," at Wabash, November 19.

J. M. Steele, the Wabash brakeman who was severely injured several weeks ago, is again able to report for duty.

The democrats had a new song last night. It closed: "McClellan for the white house; White for the Fruit house."

Mr. A. F. Platter, of Goshen, Ind., has been in the city for a few days, visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Zartman.

Mr. A. A. Purman was at Toledo this week. He confirms the report that the Santa Fe people want to purchase the Mahoning road.

W. E. Speir, of Washington, government inspector of public buildings, was in the city yesterday. Mr. Speir's mission was to inspect the new postoffice building.

R. L. Smith, Cleveland; W. S. Latham, Chicago; A. G. Cox, Hartford; L. H. Oliver, New York; W. J. Homes, Dayton, O.; are among the guests at the Robinson.

The funeral services of August Minnecker will [illegible] to-morrow morning, [illegible] Reformed church at 10:3[illegible] Rev. A. K. Zartman conduc[illegible] service.

Hon. [illegible]d Turpie, Indianapolis; J. J. Mars[illegible], Grand Rapids; W. C. Gerrard, Crawfordsville; G. H. Slater, Marion; Aaron Emerick and wife, Toledo, [illegible]ong the guests at the Rich.

[illegible] celebrated temperance advocate, [illegible] Helen Gougar, will deliver a prohibition s[illegible]ech at the Masonic Temple, Monday night. It is needless to say that a fine audience will be formed.

Helen Gougar's answer to Miss Anna Dickinson next Monday evening, in the Masonic Temple, will be immense. Miss Gougar takes a back seat for no one. The Temple will no doubt be packed.

The Huntington *Herald* says: "Mr. and Mrs. Lotterman, of Fort Wayne, are guests of the Drover family, in the Third ward. Mrs. Lotterman is also a sister to Christian Bishop, who they are also visiting."

To-morrow evening, at Grace Reformed church, the Ladies' Missionary society will render an entertaining program of singing, select readings, recitations and reading of papers on missions. A collection for missions will be taken up.

The Indiana attorney general's report of fines and forfeitures in Indiana for the year ending October 31, is based upon returns from but twenty-seven counties, the other sixty-five being derelict. From those complying with the law, fines are credited amounting to $10,533 and for forfeitures in the aggregate sum of $4,300.

Rev. D. S. Kennedy will conduct the services in the chapel of the Y. M. C. A. Sabbath at 4:30, city time. As the able young divine has severed his connection with the Third church here to accept a call to the First church of Allegheny City, Pa., it may be the last time that we will have him with us. We hope the young men of the city will fill the chapel. The meeting is for men only, and all are welcome.

Harry De[illegible] of Indianapolis, who is at the head of the syndicate which proposes to build a railroad from Fort Wayne to Lafayette, on the Wabash canal bank, states that the work will be begun in the early spring, and by August 1 trains will be running over it. The entire road-bed is to be first class in every particular. The steel rails to be used are already contracted for, and will weigh sixty-four pounds to the yard.

Miss May Perrin has returned from Indianapolis.

Sarah Etsall has been given a divorce from Samuel Etsall.

Mr. John P. Simonton, of Washington, D. C., is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. W. H. Meyers will spend Sunday in Chicago.

Mr. C. Bankler, of this city, was yesterday granted a pension by the government.

The case of Conrad Gothe vs. the Nickel Plate road has been appealed to the circuit court.

The mayor had seven drunks to dispose of this morning. They were the ordinary $11.75 sort.

Dee Allen, the pensions windler, was taken to Indianapolis this morning by Deputy Marshal Wilkinson.

The Academy of Music will be open as a theater November 12, and Mr. Bob Smith will be tendered a benefit.

Simon Hautsch has been given a permit to build a one-story frame house on lot 96, Rockhill's addition, to cost $150.

H. P. Sheldon will give a free lecture on the "Life of a Christian," at the A. M. E. church Thursday evening, November 8.

A telegraph wire will be stretched to the Academy of Music Tuesday next and in the evening election returns will be read there.

Herman Krohne, the gunsmith, has filed a schedule to prevent creditors seizing his stock of goods to satisfy claims. He was examined before Judge O'Rourke to-day.

H. S. Sutton, familiarly known as "Skinny," dropped into the city to-day. He is now in the service of Uncle Sam, at Washington, D. C. About five years ago he was connected with the *Gazette* office.

Bartley Campbell's celebrated production, "Fate," was recently presented in Chicago with glowing success. The enthusiasm was so great as to cause a return of the play. It comes here the 12th inst.

Mrs. Margaret Benzinger, the wife of Mr. Frederick Benzinger, of Marion township, died Thursday, of typhoid fever, aged fifty-eight years. Her funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Casper Rau, guardian for Deiderick Weibke, sues Anna DeTurk for $300; John Drager for $1,500; Frank Druger for $500, and as executor for Christian G. Rapp, sues Deiderick Weibke for $500. W. P. Breen is counsel in the cases.

### INFAMOUS WORK.

**The Dudley Corruption Fund Continues to be Dispensed to Ward Bummers.**

The republicans continued to distribute the Dudley corruption fund all day to-day from their suite of rooms in the Foster block, and drunkenness and debauchery runs riot, so much so that six or seven worthless fellows were sent to jail this morning.

It would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of any honest man, regardless of politics, if he could but see the stream of purchasable voters issuing to and from the republican headquarters to-day.

This infamous traffic in votes should be condemned at the polls by every honest man. It threatens our free institutions.

### HERE IS GRATITUDE.

**Capt. J. B. White Denouncing Democrats in Return for Their Votes—Read His Words.**

Two years ago, Capt. J. B. White was elected to congress by democratic votes and one might suppose he would have some gratitude in his heart.

The *Gazette*, this morning, prints a report of his speech, at the Princess rink, last night. Speaking of the democrats, he said, to use the *Gazette's* words:

"They (the democrats) said: 'Turn the rascals out.' We will turn them out next Tuesday." [Tremendous applause.]

Again the *Gazette* reports him as saying:

"I predict that when November 6 rolls around, free trade and the red bandana will be buried for the next generation as well as this."

Will democrats help Captain White in this work? THE SENTINEL has too much regard for their manhood to believe it.

### Fire Bugs.

WABASH, Ind., Nov. 3.—It is evident that a gang of fire bugs is operating in this city. Yesterday the barn of Mrs. Hugh McKahan was fired, but the flames were extinguished. In the afternoon an attempt was made to burn the barn of R. F. Lutz. Half burnt matches were found in both barns. At a late hour last night the McKahan barn was again fired, and consumed. Officers are busily hunting the miscreant.

### New Yorkers Can't Vote After 4 P. M.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The supreme court has decided that it cannot compel election inspectors to receive the votes of those in line in crowded districts, ready to vote at 4 o'clock, the time of the closing of the polls. No votes can be received after that hour.

### IT WAS GREAT.

**The Fourth and Fifth Ward Rally Defies the Weather and Proves a Success.**

In the face of the threatening weather the joint rally of the Fourth and Fifth ward democrats was a grand success last evening. Headed by the Union Cornet band the Railroad club, the Hendricks legion, the Jeffersonians, the Thurman club and first voters made a handsome parade, under command of Colonel Muhler.

When the head of the column approached the commons on Jefferson street, the huge bonfire was started and blazed for half an hour, making the heavens bright as day. Sky rockets and Roman candles shot into the air and fully 4,000 people assembled to view the sight, and it was indeed a picture.

From a stand a short distance away Hon. J. G. McNutt, of Terre Haute, Hon. M. D. Fansler, of Logansport, and Mr. S. M. Foster, of this city, made great speeches and were cheered to the echo by all who could get within reach of their words.

It was a great time and a grand affair all around, the illumination of private residences along the line of march being a great feature of the evening.

### Ho! for Bluffton.

The Hendricks club, accompanied by the City band, have made arrangements to attend the big rally, at Bluffton, this evening. Train leaves, north depot, at 5:45 p. m.; returning leaves Bluffton at 10:30 p. m. Fare for the round trip, 75c. Everybody is invited to go.

J. O. Adams opened an art school yesterday at 166 Calhoun street.

Chinchilla overcoats, from the cheapest to the very best the market has. Come in and see them.
FRIENDS' ENTERPRISE,
26 Calhoun street.

The leading styles of gents' handsewed shoes, at Will D. Schiefer's, 36 Calhoun street.

Splendid assortment of men's suits for $8 and $10. Friends' Enterprise, 26 Calhoun street.

The leading styles of gents' handsewed shoes, at Will D. Schiefer's, 36 Calhoun street.

New cream cheese $1 each.
FRUIT HOUSE.

The leading styles of gents' handsewed shoes, at Will D. Schiefer's, 36 Calhoun street.

Pawn your watch at 20 East Columbia street. 30-5t

The latest styles in gents' fine handsewed shoes, $5.
W. D. SCHIEFER,
36 Calhoun street.

Have your house decorated with some of those nice and elegant wall papers. To be had at Renner, Cratsley & Co., 56 Calhoun, Keil's old store. 3-1t

The latest styles in gents' fine handsewed shoes, $5.
W. D. SCHIEFER,
36 Calhoun street.

Suits made to order for $20, $22.50, $25, at Friends' Enterprise, 26 Calhoun street.

A positive guarantee of a saving of 25 per cent. to all purchasers in our merchant tailoring department.
FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE,
26 Calhoun street.

The latest styles in gents' fine handsewed shoes, $5.
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A positive guarantee of a saving of 25 per cent. to all purchasers in our merchant tailoring department.
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26 Calhoun street.

The leading styles of gents' handsewed shoes, at Will D. Schiefer's, 36 Calhoun street.


HAVE YOU ANY IDEA

How small a sum it takes to secure a fine custom-made

OVERCOAT!

For man or boy? Inspect our stock; 'twill do you good.

SAM, PETE & MAX,

The Favorite Clothiers


### AROUND THE DEPOTS.

**Saturday's Budget of News From the Busy Centers of the City.**

The Bass works will probably shut down on election day

Henry Gerken, boilermaker of the Pitttsburg shops, is on the sick list.

The Grand Rapids road took a party of hunters from here to Rome City this morning.

Henry B. Stone has been appointed second vice president, and E. P. Repley, general manager of the Burlington road.

The employes in the manufacturing establishments are so full of politics that what news is flying is forgotten and fails to reach the reporter's ear.

The official announcement has been made of the appointment of Mr. T. B. Hendel as acting master mechanic of the Nickel Plate road. He will have his headquarters in this city.

President Strong, of the Santa Fe road, has reduced his own salary twenty-five per cent. and will reduce the wages of other employes, excepting engineers, fireman, switchmen, brakemen, and mechanical operators, ten per cent.

John MacKenzie, superintendent of motive power of the Nickel Plate, accompanied by A. S. Work superintendent of firemen and engineers, passed through the city yesterday, coming from Chicago. They are on a tour of inspection of the western division of his road.

The Pittsburg shops will close down on election day at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of allowing their employes an opportunity of casting their votes. Master Mechanic Potter will issue an order to this effect and will also allow all employes, who are on the election board or who have been derailed by either party for ward workers, the privilege of being off duty all day.

Men's underwear, all wool; a great bargain, 50c. each, at Friends' Enterprise, 26 Calhoun street.

The latest styles in gents' fine handsewed shoes, $5.
W. D. SCHIEFER,
36 Calhoun street.

Have your guns cleaned and repaired before you go gunning, at
2-2t MAX G. LADE'S.

Double-breasted chinchillas and Astrachan coat and vests, in fifteen different grades.
FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE,
26 Calhoun Street.

Horace Mariotte, removed to 20 East Columbia street. 30-5t

Have you seen the elegant line of Etch shown by Renner, Cratsley & Co., just the thing for wedding presents. 56 Calhoun street. 3-1t

**Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, at the Masonic Temple, Monday night, will answer Miss Dickinson.** 3-2t


# 100 ✣ DOZEN

FANCY VELVET PUFF

## SCARFS!

WORTH $1, AT

## 50 Cents.

✣100✣ DOZEN✣

—FANCY SATIN—

TECK - SCARFS!

WORTH 50 CENTS,

## 25 CENTS.

Fifty Dozen Four-in-Hand Scarfs, worth $1, at $50c.

SUPREME - BARGAINS!

EVERY DAY.

# C. O. D.

*THREE STORES,*

**73, 75 and 77 Calhoun Street.**


### Second-Hand Sewing Machines.

The Singer Manufacturing company have accumulated a large stock of second-hand machines that are too good to break up, and being very much in need of room, they will sell first-class second-hand machines on easy payments or at your own prices. This is a rare chance to get a cheap sewing machine at your own price.
SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,
29-6t No. 4 Aveline Block.

Try Constantine flour and Dannermiller coffee, at
3t PAUL BROS.

Leave orders for ice cream and sherbets, at the CHICAGO BAKERY,
2-2t Telephone 163.

### Attention, Democratic Clubs.

All members of the Jeffersonian, Hendricks, Thurman, Centlivre and First Voters' clubs are requested to meet at the Academy of Music Saturday evening, at 7:30, for business. Every member must attend.
2-2t CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

### The China Bazaar.

We have everything in the Lamp and Crockery line, at prices to suit. Decorated dishes, and fine glassware a specialty, 12 East Columbia. 2-2t

Repairing of guns of every description done on short notice.
2-2t MAX G. LADE'S.

Fresh fish and tub oysters, at
3t PAUL BROS.

Fort Wayne Loan Office, 20 East Columbia street. 30-5t


# THE - REDLICK - SHOE - STORE.

NO. - 5 - KEYSTONE - BLOCK,

OFFER SOME

## SPECIAL - BARGAINS

✣IN✣

## CHILDREN'S SPRING HEELED SHOES.

Ghildren's goat and kid button shoes, worked button holes, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, 25 dozen just received, prices fully 20 per cent. lower than the usual selling prices. We have marked them at

## 50, 60, 65 and 75 Cents.

You can Always Save Money at

## REDLICK'S SHOE STORE.

# Sugar Cured Hams

—AND—

# Breakfast Bacon!

*SARDELLES, CANNED; HAMBURG EELS, CANNED; FRENCH SARDINES, SMOKED; RUSSIAN CARIAR, GOTHA FRUFFLE LIVER SAUSSAGE, SELF RISING BUCKWHEAT, AKRON GRAHAM FLOUR, PRUNES STUFFED WITH CONFECTION, CHERTIES IN MARASCHINO.*

# PYKE'S GROCERY

80 CALHOUN STREET.

# The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888. PRICE FIVE CENTS.



O·N·W·A·R·D

A·N·D

U·P·W·A·R·D

NO PAUSE! NO DEVIATION!

Whilst other stores are grumbling about dull trade, bad weather, etc., we are doing a rattling and rushing trade. Why? Simply because we are always "up and doing," taking advantage of every opportunity offered to increase our sales. We are now showing our third invoice of French Broadcloths. Do you need a new dress? Do you need a new cloak? Do you need a new pair of stockings? Do you need a new pair of gloves?

Yes, Yes, Yes.

This is the right time to buy and the right place is at

GEORGE DeWald

*AND*

COMPANY.

THE BEE HIVE!

Special Attraction

—IN OUR—

Cloak Department

THIS WEEK.

Cloak:-:Buyers:-:READ!

—OUR—

Magnetic Bargains!

TWENTY-FIVE

Seal Plush Sacques!

AT $22.50 EACH.

Quality Guaranteed. Worth $25.00. Handsomely Finished. Superior Qualities.

Fifty Ladies' Cloth

NEWMARKETS!

In Different Shades and Textures.

AT +$5+ EACH

Worth $8.00 and $10.00 Each.

TWO HUNDRED

MISSES' GARMENTS!

In Ages from 2 to 16 years. Closed out at a

GREAT SACRIFICE.

—FOR—

Ladies' & Misses' Wraps

CALL AT THE

BEE ✣ HIVE

DRY GOODS HOUSE.

62 and 64 Calhoun St.

Corner of Berry St.

M. Frank

—AND—

COMPANY.


## VASSAR'S WILL.

**The Great Philanthropist Had no Heirs and Bequeathed His Property to Public Charities.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The will of the late John Guy Vassar was presented for probation at Poughkeepsie yesterday. He had no lineal heirs. The following public bequests are made: To Baptist church, Poughkeepsie, $10,000; to Baptist church of Christ, Poughkeepsie, $5,000; $1,000 each to the Young Men's Christian association, Women's Christian association, Old Ladies' home, House of Industry, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Associated Fire department, all of Poughkeepsie.

To each of the fourteen churches of Poughkeepsie, he gave $500; to Vassar brothers home for aged men, $40,000 conditioned, $25,000 unconditioned, and real estate and $5,000 for the John Guy Vassar poor widows coal fund; to the Vassar brothers hospital, $17,000; to Irene B. Vassar, $200,000 to form part of the maintenance fund, and $25,000 to be applied by the trustees toward the completion of the hospital building and grounds; to the Vassar brothers institute, $10,000, subject to an annuity of $500, and a further sum of $15,000, which, as well as a gift of $30,000 previously made to the institute, will go to the Vassar college on terms if a certain secret agreement between the trustees and the testator shall not have been complied with by the former; to Vassar college, $40,000 to endow the John Guy Vassar chair of natural history, $40,000 to endow the chair of modern languages; $20,000 to be held in trust as a music fund; $20,000 to be held in trust as an art fund, and $10,000 for the Vassar brothers' labratory; to his executors $81,000, with which to purchase grounds, if possible with a building thereon, for "the John Guy Vassar orphan fund;" to the orphan asylum, as maintenance fund, $10,000.

All the residue of property is left to an orphan asylum, when incorporated, a hospital, and Vassar college, share and share alike.

The will is dated February 8, 1885. James H. Weeks, Oliver H. Berth and Edward Van Kleeck, all of Poughkeepsie, are named as executors.

### Given a Divorce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Judge Tuley charged the jury in the Bowman divorce case this morning and soon after the jury brought in a verdict finding the issue in favor of the complainant, establishing the validity of Mrs. Bowman's common law marriage and granting her a divorce.

## KILLED OUTRIGHT.

**Two Miners Killed and Five Fatally Injured in an Accident at a Pennsylvania Ore Mine.**

ALTOONA, PA., Nov. 3.—A telegram received this morning from Hopewell, Bedford county, says that on the Sandy Run branch of the Huntington and Broad Top railroad yesterday, fourteeen employees of the road were coming from the ore mines on a hand car, when the forward wheel broke and the occupants of the truck were scattered in every direction. Two were killed outright and three others fatally injured.

### GIVEN TO THE POPE.

**The Catholics of Australia and India Give Him $1,000,000.**

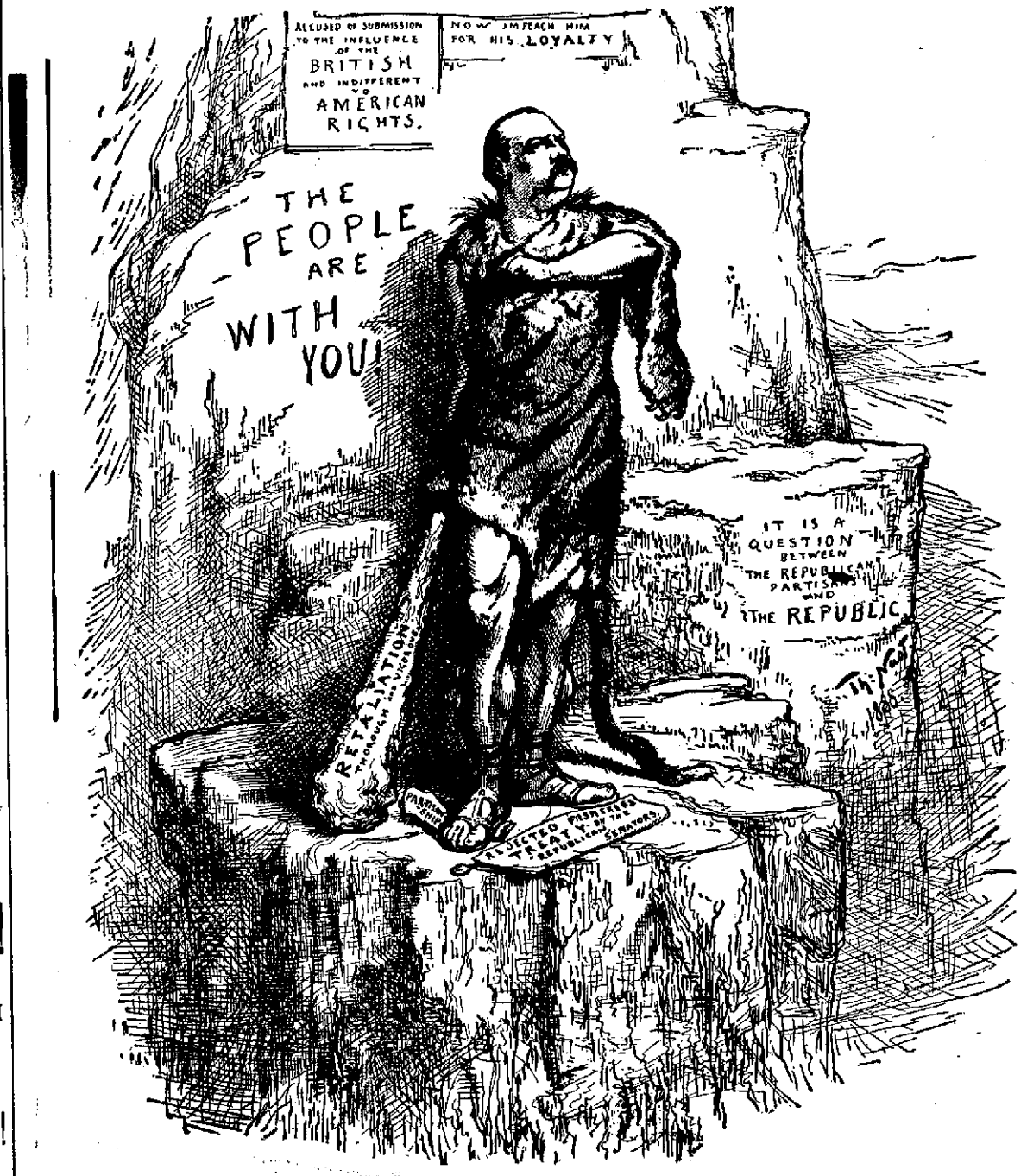
ROME, Nov. 2.—The Catholics of Australia and India have presented the Pope with $1,000,000.

### Saw Mill Burned.

TIPTON, Nov. 3.—Yesterday the saw mill of Henry Rains, of this city, was discovered to be on fire and before assistance could arrive the mill was destroyed, entailing a loss of $1,800, with no insurance. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

# AN HONEST PRESIDENT.

## He Stands Like a Mountain Against all Encroachments on the Rights of the American People.


ACCUSED OF SUBMISSION TO THE INFLUENCE OF THE BRITISH AND INDIFFERENT TO AMERICAN RIGHTS.
NOW I'M PEACH HIM FOR HIS LOYALTY
THE PEOPLE ARE WITH YOU!
IT IS A QUESTION BETWEEN THE REPUBLICAN PARTISANS AND THE REPUBLIC
RETALIATION
REJECTED PROMISES TREATY IN THE REPUBLICAN SENATORS

"Cleveland's administration has been free from official or personal scandal; has been honest and clean. There have been no Star Route robberies; no navy jobberies; no War Department corruptions; no profligate waste by United States Marshals; no Treasury combinations or Speculations; no corrupt operations in or through the land Office. No American at home or abroad has had accasion to droop his eyes in shame because of any such things under Mr. Cleveland's administration. On the contrary, there has been a resolute effort to promote honest government, to increase efficiency and to lessen expenses."—GEO. W. CHILDS, (Republican.)

### BRAVE FIRE LADDIES.

**They Meet With a Fatal Accident at Saginaw City.**

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 3. This morning, about 3:20, at Saginaw City, a hose cart with six firemen, dashed along in response to an alarm, when a collision took place with an empty wagon, throwing the firemen off the cart, which, falling on top, crushed all more or less in a terrible manner. Henry Jordan, aged thirty, was injured so severely, that he is expected to die to-day. Ben Farrington had both legs broken. Thomas Trahan was badly hurt about the head and shoulders, Robert Hudson about the hip and legs, and Foreman Wm. Pond about the right leg.

### EIGHTY KILLED

**By a Terrific Explosion in a Coal Pit in France.**

PARIS, Nov. 3.—A terrific explosion occurred to-day in the Campagnac coal pit, in the department of Aveyron, and eighty miners were killed. Twenty-two bodies have been recovered.

Advices from Saigon say that pirates attacked a post, consisting of forty men of the foreign legaion and seven Pagodas, in Tonkinquin, and killed all but one man.

### Will Close.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—All down town exchanges will close from Monday night until Wednesday morning.

## HE COMES WEST!

**An Electric Company Manager Arrested in New York City for a $44,500 Fraud.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—David J. House, manager of the House Electric company, was arrested this morning on a warrant issued in Cincinnati. He is charged with defrauding Dr. J. V. Hurley out of $44,500, by false representations in a watered stock transaction. In the Jefferson market police court the prisoner was turned over to Assistant District Attorney Thomas and Detective Ryan, of Cincinnati, and he will be taken west to-day.

### SHAMEFUL FALSEHOODS.

**The Denver Cable Road Contract Awarded to a Kansas City Firm.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 3.—During the past few days an attempt has been made in this city and at other points throughout the state to induce workingmen to vote the monopoly-tax free-whisky ticket by circulating a statement as to the letting of the contracts for the castings for a new cable railway in Denver, which was to the effect that an English firm underbid the American manufacturers, of whom a large number competed for the contract. The story appears to have been started by the representative of a Cincinnati firm which tried to get the contract, but failed. A flaming poster, printed in red ink, has been placarded on the dead walls and bill-bourds all over the city, which has the following headlines:

AN ENGLISH INVASION.

BRITISH IRON BARONS CAPTURE A BIG CASTING CONTRACT FROM AMERICANS.

THEY BID CLEAR UNDER HOME MANUFACTURERS FOR DENVER CABLE CAR WORK.

IT MEANS A LOSS TO THREE HUNDRED FOUNDRYMEN OF SIX MONTHS' WAGES.

Then follows a statement as to the award of the contract, which, like most republican documents, is an absolute lie. The statement is: "A letter from Denver says that the contract after all has been awarded to two firms in Bradford, Eng." The names of the firms are not given.

Now the facts are that the contract has not been awarded to English firms. Horace A. Keefer, of Kansas City, was the successful bidder, as appears from the following dispatch to the *Sentinel*, received last night from the Denver *News*, in answer to a telegram of inquiry:

DENVER, Col., Nov. 2.—[Special.]—Col. G. E. Randolph, manager of the City railway and proposed new cable line, knows nothing whatever about the alleged letting of contracts for cable line castings to foreign manufacturers. In an interview with a *News* reporter, to-night, he said: "Our contract for cable line castings was awarded to Horace A. Keefer, of Kansas City."

So much for the latest republican campaign lie.

### CAME TOGETHER.

**A Fatal Railroad Accident Near Toledo, Ohio.**

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 3.—The northbound Michigan Central train which left here at forty minutes past six o'clock, collided with a pony engine at the Air Line junction at the suburbs of this city. Both engines and the front end of the baggage car were wrecked, and the following persons injured: Charles Madison, yard brakeman, leg broken; George Butler, engineer of pony, head cut with glass; George Zimmerman, pony conductor, foot hurt. James Slotghers, passenger engineer, leaped from the engine and sustained severe bruises. Robert Jackson, passenger, residence, Detroit, two ribs broken.

### Yellow Fever.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—Mr. Martin reports to the surgeon general, from Gainesville, Fla., that there were four new cases of yellow fever there yesterday. Three were colored and one white. From Enterprise, Fla., Dr. Hartigan reports two new cases and others doing well, with the disease apparently under control. Dr. Porter, at Jacksonville, has suggested that a detective be appointed as inspector on trains at Baldwin, west of Jacksonville, and his suggestion will be carried into effect.

### THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Wheat, weak and lower; cash, $1.11½; December, $1.13¼. Corn, steady, at 38½c. Oats, steady, at 26¼c. Flaxseed, $1.40. Pork, steady, $14.55. Lard, steady, at $8.17½. November short ribs, $7.50.

### Failures.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Findlay & Bowman, iron manufacturers, West Fifth street, made an assignment to-day to Richard Macable.

## HIRAM HAYRICK ON FAMILY CARRIAGES.

BY LARRY LINNET.

Tother day when I rid up to town for Lizy's jewelry,
Tildy, it would drive ye crazy plum the sights like is to see.
But the biggest humbug of 'em all I've seed fer many a day
Was the Mayor's lovely new carriage, that I heerd the people say
Cost a mint a the cutest dollars—countin' out the team, ye mind.
In the front a driver sot an' comed pere feller hung on behind;
It was just a sight to see the critter bobbin' up an' down
Like the acter in the clekis that they call the funny clown.

Now ef that ain't fuss an' humbug was'n any travelin' show,
Whar ye gits 'em I'd as leaf spend a nickel fer to know.
Ain't a wagon good enough for folks of it hes got the springs?
An' I think a quilt'd sarve as well as them air bullier things.
Don't the Bible tell us, Tildy, how it all hed come to pass
That the blessid Savior rid Jerusalem's streets upon an ass?
He'd a-hed a fancy carriage ef He thought fer the best,
But He sot a good example an' we orter to do the rest.

That's a line an' He has drawed it, ef we want to follor Him,
An' it never kin be did of we go follerin' every whim.
Now I'd rather up an' foot it for a dozen mile or so
Than to be a-hoppin' up an' down like monkeys in a show.
Thar's the Squire's single buggy, thet is rather plain and neat,
But it wouldn't hurt him ef'n he'd travel on his feet.
He's a takin' things too easy for the solid rules of health,
An' his laziness increases in purportion to his wealth.

For example, take the Joneses, who could bust the village bank,
Ef they on'y had a mind to, an' jest give us easy yank.
Them's the sorter people, Tildy, as might hev a carriage fine,
But ole Jones is quite determined to keep on the good ole line—
Say, it seems a sorter curious Daddy Larkins doesn't liv
Fer to git a fancy carriage, so that he kin pass us by
When we go to mootin', Sund'ys, an' kin nod his head an' say:
"Wall, now, howdy, Brother Hayrick! aren't we out in style to-day?"

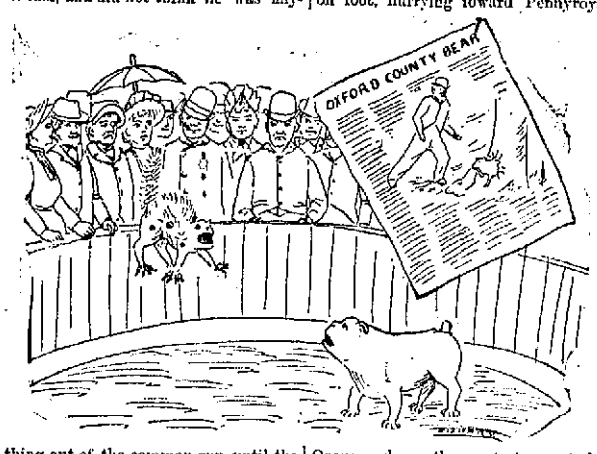
What! He's bought a buggy, Tildy? Did I hear ye tell it right?
By the perambs of Bcap', ye hev thrun me in a fright!
Now, hev ole we gots' to fix it—an' pore Lizy'll feel ashamed,
Joggin' 'long in our ole wagon—Tildy, I'll be switched an' blamed!
Ef I don't sell off some cattle an' come out in bigger style,
With a double-seated carriage thet'll make the Jakeoodle smile.
Yes, we orter hev a carriage—passin' over what I said—
For we've got to beat the Larkins folks, an' keep a leg ahead!

—*Chicago Ledger.*

## MY NEAREST NEIGHBOR.

BY A. HOOMER.

I have always regarded Mr. Jonas McGuffin as a sort of harmless individual, and did not think he was anything out of the common run until the other day.




McGuffin is my next door neighbor, on the south, and has but recently moved into this village.

He is a benevolent-looking old gentleman, of about fifty summers, and has struggled through existence from birth with a totally bald head.

He says his grandfather was scalped by the Indians out West somewhere, and he thinks it "took," and has become hereditary in the family.

But McGuffin's bald head has nothing to do with this story; but I thought I would mention it, as a bald-headed man's story generally carries more of an air of truth with it than one told by those supplied with a hirsute covering.

I stayed at home, one fine day last week, to prune our aged cherry tree in the yard, and had just finished the job, and seated myself under the shade of the tree to rest myself with a quiet smoke and meditation on the happiness and appetites of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, when McGuffin, who had been critically watching the pruning operation from his porch, came up to the fence and looked over at me.

"You didn't see the remains of any cat in your yard this morning, did you?" he queried, introductively, as he helped himself to a seat on the top rail, and vigorously scoured his head with a large cotton handkerchief.

I told him I didn't, and asked him why.

"I didn't know. I fired most of my furniture at some cats on the fence last night, and I oughter to have killed some of 'em. Blast the dratted cats!" And he mopped his face more vigorously than ever.

"I guess you don't like cats," I ventured to remark.

"I should say not—that is," he hastily added, "I never saw but one I admired, and that was a mechanical one; could lick any dog on the hill down home." (It may be as well to state that his home is somewhere in Maine.)

I said nothing, but watched him through the rings of tobacco smoke.

"I never saw anything like it," he continued. "A tramp printer by the name of Billjoy wandered into the town down there one summer, and getting a situation on the *Oxford County Bear*, married and settled down. He was the greatest man on inventions I ever saw; always puttering away at something or other.

"He had a large house-cat which met with a sudden death one night. He took the skin, stuffed it, and fixed a sort of infernal machine in it, and had it arranged so you could wind it up, set it a-going on the ground, and the way that poor, stuffed cat would run, jump, claw, spit and growl, would have made you fo.l 'creepy' all over. Billjoy set it one night for some cats, and the next morning he found the remains of nine cats in his yard, and the struggle had only broken a tooth in the ratchet wheel that regulated the jaw of the mechanical tom-cat.

"Billjoy put some new steel sinews and muscles into his cat, together with a new set of chilled iron teeth, and used to go around the country in the summer scooping in the shekels from the country yokels by matching his cat against their dogs.

"A good deal of interest was manifested by the citizens in town about the cat, and when it became known that young Jenkins, son of Amaziah Jenkins, the grocer, was training his dog, 'Plunger,' who was a cross between a bulldog and a mastiff, and weighed fifty pounds, to fight a match to a finish with Billjoy's cat, which weighed about twelve pounds, the whole town was on the qui vive, so to speak.

"But I should explain, apostrophized McGuffin, 'why no one interfered in the preparations for the fight. The tender-hearted knew that the cat was only stuffed; wouldn't hurt it anyway, and as Jenkins' dog was occasionally in the habit of lunching off stray children who ventured into the store, people really were eager to see the dog worsted, and one or two of the deacons of the church were so anxious to help out the good cause that several very hearty bets were made as to the outcome of the fight.

"Meanwhile, preparations went vigorously on, and as Jenkins had read somewhere about the toughening effects of borax, the dog was bathed and scrubbed in a strong solution of borax every morning, to toughen the skin against the steel claws of the cat, Jenkins said.

"A town meeting was called, and a legal holiday proclaimed for the day of the fight, so as to enable all who wished to see the match. A wave of immorality seemed to have swept over the village. Maidens, old and young, held sowing-circles to discuss the matter, and at the meeting of the Woman's Helping Hand Society it was resolved, That we attend the fight in a body, in full regalia and heavy marching order.

"Thursday was appointed by the selectmen as a day for the meet, and as the sun rose over the low mountains in the east, and kissed the opening buds on the sturdy maple tree, it shone upon a long chain of people, in vehicles of all kinds, on horseback and on foot, hurrying toward Pennyroyal Grove, where the contest was to be held.

"A place had been roped off, a reserve of constables detailed to keep back the crowd, and the Oxford Buffalo Brass Band given a station in a large hay-rack just emptied of a load of maidens from the Tarsell Academy.

"Ground had been rented for booths, and the merry crunch of the frisky peanut, the gurgle of the red lemonade, and the steady champ and dull plop of the pink spruce gum was heard on every side, the appearance of the grove suggesting an early spring circus or a fall fair."

McGuffin paused, and as he had looked rather longingly at my pipe, I passed it over to him, and after polishing the stem off under his arm and getting it in running order, he continued:

"Presently Billjoy arrived with his cat under his arm, attended by a coterie of friends, followed shortly after by a team containing Jenkins and the dog. After the dog had been put in the ring and tied to a stake, Col. Bangs, of the *Daily Bangle*, was chosen referee, and he proceeded at once to business. On placing the cat in the ring, the dog howled and tore at his chain in vain endeavor to reach the cat, and his rating on the bookings jumped to 15 to 1.

"The excitement was intense, even the Tarsell maidens letting their ends of gum rest heedlessly in their mouths. Presently Billjoy stepped into the ring, braced the cat's legs apart, pressed a spring, and jumped back with an 'all right; let 'er go!'

"With a snap the leash was thrown off the dog and he gave a rush and jump toward the cat. He seized an ear and tugged; not a move. He let go his grip and stared.

"We then heard a subdued sort of rumble in the bowels of the cat, and suddenly it gave a bound of about six feet up in the air, and came down in its tracks. The next moment the dog made a rush, grabbed the cat by the throat, and commenced to worry it. Still not a sign of disquietude on the part of the cat.

"One of the deacons was about to hedge on his bet, when suddenly something snapped in the cat's neck, and the quiet spectacle of a large, overgrown dog, holding a little inoffensive cat by the throat, disappeared, and nothing was visible but a gray and tan halo of hair, claws, and dirt, with a few sparks of fire, as the chilled iron teeth of the cat crunched on some particularly hard bone.

"Round and round the ring went the revolving cyclone halo, bumping up against the stakes, and occasionally soaking an entire circuit without touching the ground, leaving well-defined streaks of yelps, growls, and 'spits' stringing out on all sides.

"Suddenly the rumpus doubled, increasing the speed of the dim, misty mass of revolving dog and cat, till the current of air had drawn into the vortex, and kept suspended in and around it a mass of twigs, dried leaves, and dirt.

"Then came the reaction. The halo fell to the ground and dissolved itself into a mangled and dead dog, and a somewhat battered but still lively cat. Before a movement could be made, the cat grabbed the dog by the tail, gave one or two preliminary chews and rumbles, and then a swath of people, from the ring to the outside of the crowd, were dashed to the ground, leaving a path a foot wide, while the late participants in the 'unpleasantness' were making a bee-line due east.

"Young Slimmer, who was just coming up the road, said the first thing he knew he saw something like a gray streak coming toward him. He stepped back just in time to let it go by, and, as it swept by him, growling and spitting out fragments of broken teeth, cog-wheels, etc., he could just distinguish Billjoy's cat going backward at the rate of about 130 miles an hour, towing the remains of Jenkins' dog after it by the tail.

"Jenkins lost, of course, and the citizens started back to town to resume business.

"Billjoy headed a party of searchers, and started out in quest of the vanished hosts, and, after tracking them several miles through the woods and across the river, Billjoy discovered what he thought was a fur muff, but on going up to see he was thunderstruck at seeing his cat, driven stern first through a pine stump, still languidly chewing a shin bone, to which was attached about a square yard of polished dog skin, and occasionally emitting something like a satisfied metallic purr.

"Billjoy took the cat home after it ran down, and when I left there he had it placed on the front steps, so as to keep strange dogs out of the yard; and he told me he had seen it, when a dog attempted to enter the yard, elevate its tail, let out one or two growls, and go running sideways down to the gate. By that time the dog would be in the next town, and after watching awhile, it would contentedly march back to its old position on the steps.

"I don't know about the last," apologized McGuffin, "He said so; but he is so proud of the cat he thinks it can do anything but talk."

And McGuffin fell off the fence and went into the house, while I mused about the average Yankee and his tricks, unmindful that McGuffin had carried off my pipe. But I am going to see him some time and get him to tell me some more about the inventive faculties of Billjoy.

### A Hemp Hacienda in Yucatan.

There are no less than three hundred peons and workmen employed on this estate, and everybody seems busy and happy. Every servant we met saluted us with a cheery buenos dias (good-day), and when we left all added to their regretful farewell an earnest "to God I commend you." Outside the hacienda walls the homes of the laborers are scattered along the road, curious elliptical huts with stone walls and thatched roofs. At sunset, when the chapel bell sounded for oracion or evening prayer, all the peons and workmen, male and female, gathered about with reverent faces. When it was finished they came in procession, one by one, and wished their masters and ourselves buenos noches (good-night). In every portion of Yucatan this is the universal custom, servants and children never failing to give this salutation of peace as the last stroke of the vesper bell dies upon the air. We had intended to go on that night, but yielded to earnest entreaties to remain—the more readily, perhaps, because every one of us was suffering horribly from garriopotas (wood ticks), with which the whole peninsula abounds. They are tiny creatures, but produced an unbearable itching, festering bodily in the wounds they make. It is impossible to travel here without encountering them, and the only remedy is to keep one's self well saturated with petroleum, and change one's clothes every time a tree is passed. For dinner, in addition to the usual eggs, frejoles and tortillas, we had turtle-soup, roast pig, claret and honey. Let me tell you how that pig was cooked, in the national way derived from their forefathers—the same manner in which Bernal Diaz says those respectable people cooked men and women—"by a sort of oven made with heated stones, which are put under ground." A hole was dug in the courtyard, a large fire kindled in it, and kept burning until it was heated like an oven. Two clean stones were placed in the bottom, the dressed pig laid upon them and covered with leaves and bushes, packed down so closely as barely to allow the smoke to escape. The result was a barbecue of finest flavor, which even an enemy to pork must admire.

### So Graceful.

A young fellow who felt much pride in the gracefulness of his handwriting, secured a position as a reporter on a daily paper. One night, having just completed an article entitled, "Aristotle and His Philosophy," he approached the city editor, and said:

"Here's a beautiful piece of writing."

"Yes, it is very pretty."

"So smooth, so rounded out with graceful curves," said the youth, "that it seems a pity to transfer the article to the cold and mechanical embraces of commonplace type."

"So it does," the city editor exclaimed with enthusiasm, "so it does, and in order that it may not be vulgarized, we'll put it down in this clean and romantic basket."

"What, aren't you going to use it?"

"Oh, no; it would be a shame to allow the smutty-fingered printers to thumb such beautiful writing."

"I can copy it in a rougher hand."

"Oh, no, I could not think of putting you to so much trouble. Run along, now. Good-by."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

LITTLE maids, like weakest liquors, are soonest soured.

## RUSSIAN PRIESTHOOD.

### SUBJECTED TO GREAT HARDSHIPS AND PRIVATIONS.

**Half the Jokes in the Funny Papers Are About Them—The White and Black Clergy—Priests' Wives and Families—How They Get Rid of Their Daughters.**

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

The priesthood of the Russian Church is composed of two classes—the white and

THE WHITE PRIEST.

black clergy. The latter are monks belonging to the several orders of religious seclusion, and from their numbers all the bishops and higher ecclesiastical officials are chosen. They are teachers in the schools, also tutors in the families of the nobles, and many of them have been celebrated for their scholarship, their artistic genius, and literary gifts. Asceticism is not practiced as it is in the Roman Church, except by certain orders in monastic life, and in the fulfillment of vows. During the last century the church estates were secularized and confiscated by the crown; then the emancipation of the serfs deprived the religious orders of a great part of their wealth, some of the monasteries owning twenty, thirty, and even fifty thousand serfs. This was a severe blow to them, and only a few, such as were possessed of other wealth, survived it. At present there are about five hundred monastic establishments throughout the empire, and most of them are wealthy.

There is a feeling of bitter hostility existing between the white and black clergy. The former are the city and village priests, or popes, as they are called. They accuse the black clergy of laziness and indifference to their vows; of filling their bellies with capons and wines, while the poor are suffering for the necessaries of life; of violating one of the chief ordinances of the church by refusing to marry, and by setting the people the bad example of licentiousness. Many of these charges hold true in the cases of nine-tenths of the monks, but some of them, a small proportion, perhaps, lead lives of sinlessness and devotion, giving their time to study or the instruction of the young, or to relieving the necessities of the poor.

The white clergy, or parish priests, or "batushkas" (padres), as the people call them, are usually men of some learning, but who are destined to lead lives of wretchedness, and being called upon to serve the people in a most laborious way for small salaries. They are a class or caste of themselves. Their fathers were priests, and their sons must be. As soon as a priest's sons are old enough to leave home they are sent to the theological schools and trained for the work of the church. Very few of them escape the fate, and they can only do so by fleeing from the country or entering the army as private soldiers and leading an even more miserable existence.

Before they can take orders they must marry the daughter or the widow of some other priest, who is selected for them by the Bishop. They are not even allowed to choose their own wives. They are not permitted, either, to marry outside of the church. When a priest dies his family is a burden on the diocese till the boys can be sent to a seminary and the girls married off. The Bishop who has them in charge makes all the marriages, selects the brides and the

A BLACK PRIEST.

grooms, and after they are wedded sends them off to some village where they are to spend the rest of their existence, for they are never changed from one parish to another, except when they can command great influence. Ninety-nine per cent. of the original assignments are permanent.

The favorites of the priests are also fixed by the Bishop. All the money collected in the parish is sent to him and he fixes the compensation of the batushkas, which is usually very small. The average salary of the village priest is $75 a year, and he must eke out a living by cultivating a piece of ground or stealing from the coffers of the church.

When the bishop makes his annual rounds he takes down the names of the girls in the priests' families who are old enough to marry, and from this list, without knowing the characteristics or dispositions of any, assigns them to the graduates of the seminaries. Thus, a clergyman of Russia gets his wife as the Irishman got his pig, in a "poke." It is a lottery of marriage. The bishop is strictly impartial, for he seldom knows the man or woman. He has the two names and makes the assignment, being glad to get both off his hands.

Not only are the priests subjected to great hardships and privations, but they are the butt of all the wits and humorists of the empire. Half the jokes in the funny papers are about them, and their lives suggest half the proverbs of the country. "As poor as a priest." "As stupid as a priest." "As wretched as a priest." "As hungry as a priest," etc., etc., are familiar expressions. Under the circumstances, little better can be expected of them. The average of morality and temperance is said to be higher in the priesthood of the Russian than in the Roman Church, which is due, perhaps, to the fact that the former are compelled to marry, are crushed by the heel of the despot, and are condemned to spend their entire lives in the villages, which they seldom leave.

The influence of the priests over the people is very great. They are the representatives of the church, in which the peasant devoutly believes. They baptize his children, visit him when he is sick, marry him, bury him, and say masses for the repose of his soul. He is with them always, like the poor, and if he is a man of any conscience or ability he cannot but wield an immense power. But, still further than this, the entire system of political, social, and domestic economy in Russia is based upon the doctrine of autocracy. As the Czar is the autocrat of all the Russias, so the bishop is the autocrat of his diocese, so is the priest the pope of the parish, the autocrat of the village in which he ministers. That is about all the satisfaction he gets. The peasant relies upon the church, and, therefore, upon the priest for salvation. He would rather die than be cut off from the privileges of the church. It is his home as well as his heaven, and the priest holds the key.

The mujik is essentially a religious being. He believes in only two things—the church and the Czar. One represents the powers above and the other the powers below, but at the same time he regards religion as a series of ceremonies of a magical rather than a spiritual significance. He is dull, stupid, submissive; has never had a thought

A PRIEST'S DAUGHTER.

beyond the confines of his native parish unless he is conscripted into the army, and then he seldom returns; thinks all the world are like himself and his relatives, and is satisfied with his lot because he cannot conceive of existence under any other circumstances.

Of theology and spiritual life he has no conception. For him the ceremonies of the church are sufficient. If he has been baptized in his infancy, if he has partaken regularly of the holy communion and observed his fasts, if he has confessed his sins and received the extreme unction, he approaches death with perfect tranquillity, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

There are icons all over the palaces. Some of them are large and conspicuous, while others are small and escape notice unless one is looking for them. You find them in all the museums, the art galleries, in the stables of the Czar, in the railway stations, and they usually have a lamp burning before them. Many are rich and artistic, and the lamps are of beautiful designs, being suspended from a bracket above the icon. In the rooms of the late Czar in the Winter Palace is a beautiful icon, and in a little boudoir adjoining the rooms occupied by the present Czarina, before her husband ascended the throne, I counted fourteen. The Czarina was a Protestant by birth and education, but she joined the Greek Church before her marriage. Her right to share the throne would not have been recognized had she not done so.

Many of the icons in the palaces are beautifully decorated with jewels. The value of some of them is enormous, but they are seldom disturbed, the veneration being too great among all classes of people. It was from one of these that the Grand Duke Constantine, the cousin of the present Czar, some years ago stole jewels which he gave to an American adventuress named Blatchford. He also robbed his mother's jewel case of its treasures. The Blatchford woman escaped from Russia before the theft was discovered, and went to Germany, where she was arrested and taken back to Petersburg, thrown into prison, and compelled to restore the treasures, when she was released, through the efforts of Minister Jewell. The Grand Duke, however, was never forgiven. He not only disgraced the imperial ermine, but committed sacrilege that cannot be pardoned by robbing a saint. He was sent to Siberia, but has since been

THE ROAD TO THE HEART IS THROUGH THE THROAT.

allowed to command some troops in the southern part of Russia, having shown himself to be a gallant soldier during the war with Turkey; but he will never be allowed to appear at court again.



A RUSSIAN BRIDE.

### Umbrellas and Braces.

One that knows the petty questions which have disturbed the peace of churches might exclaim, paraphrasing Madam Roland's famous words, "O, religion! religion! how many absurdities are committed in thy name!"

The historian of Weare, N. H., writes that in the early days of that town two young ladies while on a visit to Boston, bought two cotton umbrellas, and carried them home. When they appeared with them open, there was a great excitement. Some over-strict censors said the young ladies were indulging in sinful vanity. Others asserted that to carry an open umbrella was a defiance of Providence, for it intercepted the rain which has intended to "fall upon the just and the unjust."

The dangerous innovation, being found very convenient, the religious scruples were put aside, and umbrellas came into general use.

Another innovation also excited criticism. Braces were not worn, but men's trousers were kept in place by a leather belt girt about the waist. One man wore tow strings crossed over his shoulders. A committee of the brethren of the church waited on him, and urged that he should abandon the use of these string "suspenders," because by wearing them he encouraged popery, as he wore a cross on his back. But again the inconvenience overwhelmed the scruples, and braces soon became a common article of dress.—*Youth's Companion.*

### A Conjurer's Wonderful Trick.

The most popular newspaper of the French metropolis invited a very select number of notables to be present at the first appearance in Paris of a marvelous conjurer, and of a singularly complete Russian Choral Society. The name of the "illusioniste," as he calls himself, is Buatier de Kola, and he is a Hungarian by birth. His tricks are all original and perfectly incomprehensible, even to the adepts assembled to criticise them. I will only attempt to describe one, which thoroughly puzzled all present.

After spreading a newspaper on the floor he placed a chair upon it, and then asked a young lady to sit down. He threw over her a piece of silk, which barely covered her from head to foot. He then rapidly removed the drapery and the chair was empty. As soon as the amazement of the spectators gave them time to applaud, the young lady walked on from the side and bowed her acknowledgments. There certainly was no trap in the floor, the chair was of an ordinary kind, and the trick was done in a strong light. The lady, in fact, disappeared before the very eyes of the audience; but so quickly was the trick done that no one present saw her escape.

### A Providence.

He was a great believer in special providence. To exemplify it he told the following charming little anecdote. Said he:

"Boss, one night I was gwine back from chu'ch, feelin' mighty low-spirited and down-hearted like. I had no money, was powerful hungry, an' I didn't really know whar I was goin' to git a breakfus' from. I know'd de chilun an' de ole coman was mos' mizzibly hungry, too, an' I tell you I was a-feelin' mighty bad. Hit seemed to me 'z if I had no friends, an' I jess prayed that a blessin' might descend on a pore ole man. Hit was about midnight, an' des' as I got near Colonel Mullin's place I heard a rooster crow out mos' beautiful. I des' clim de fence, sah, an' I got dat rooster, an' four fat hens. Now, sah"—very impressively—"'spose dat rooster had crowed whilst I was in chu'ch, I wouldn't a heerd him! 'Sposen he had crowed arter I got home, I wouldn't a heerd him, but he crowed des' as I got by de fence, an' I heerd him! Now, isn't dat providence?"

### Definitions of Bible Terms.

A gerah was a cent.
A cab was three pints.
A farthing was 3 cents.
An omer was six pints.
A shekel of gold was $8.
A firkin was seven pints.
A talent of gold was $13,809.
A talent of silver was $538.25.
A bin was one gallon and two pints.
A shekel of silver was about 50 cents.
Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.
A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.
A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.
A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents.
A Sabbath-day's journey was about an English mile.
An ephah, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.
A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.
A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

"EVERY day we live we make it harder, or easier, for the people nearest us to do right or to do wrong."

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

EARLY every mother has a dread of the croup, and the little ones are so liable to have it, and have it often, that it is quite important to understand how to take care of them during an attack of it. And for the benefit of young mothers, who are inexperienced, and do not know exactly what to do in such an emergency, I will give them the benefit of my experience.

You will perhaps be awakened in the night (generally about midnight) by your little one coughing. And such a cough. You can never mistake a "croupy" cough. It will frighten any one, even the mother who is experienced and knows exactly what to do.

Take the child out of bed and wrap him in a flannel blanket, so as to keep him as warm as possible and guard against his catching more cold. First see that his feet and hands are warm. Then use either goose-oil or vaseline very freely, rubbing it on the nose, behind the ears, and on the chest and throat, also on the soles of the feet and in the palms of the little hands.

"Smothered" onions are very good to bind on the chest and soles of the feet. Then make a syrup of the onions by placing them in a dish, putting water and sugar on them and letting them boil until they become a thick syrup, and give a teaspoonful to the child every once in a while. As a general thing they will take it very readily, for it is sweet, and they like it.

If the child is breathing very badly and coughing a great deal, the best thing to do is to wring a cloth out in hot water and put it on the chest and high around the throat. Let it remain on until you can wring one out in cold water; then change the hot cloth for the cold one, being very careful not to expose the chest to the air. Repeat this as rapidly as you can wring out the cloths, say for fifteen minutes, or until the child is relieved and breathes freely, and you will soon have your little one sleeping and find he is better. At least this has been my experience with my little boy.

Hive syrup is also excellent at such a time, and you can give it according to the directions on the bottle.

Croup is a very dangerous disease, but if taken in time, and one understands what to do, a mother can easily care for her child unless it be a very severe case of "membraneous croup," in which case it is often necessary to call a physician.—*Chicago Ledger.*

### Roses in Bulgaria.

Bulgaria, the little country in Europe which we hear so much about of late, is a veritable rose garden in itself. In no part of the world has the cultivation of the rose come so near perfection as in this small state, and although the soil and atmosphere of the county have much to do with the success of the work, the native inhabitants have made such a long and careful study of the plant and its needs that they have created wonders out of their fields of blooming roses. As is well-known, the flowers are grown there for the purpose of extracting the precious aroma known as "otto of rose," but this circumstance does not detract in the least from the appearance of the roses. The bushes require considerable care and attention, and they are seldom allowed to attain a height of over six feet.

In the great rose gardens, where the flowers are raised for manufacturing the "otto of rose," the bushes are seldom grafted or budded. The roots forming the bushes of a young rose garden are taken from the old bushes and carefully buried with plenty of manure, where they send up young shoots. These reach their full growth in about five years, and for fifteen years will yield large crops of roses. When an old bed begins to fail the bushes are cut away and new shoots allowed to spring up, or the whole field plowed up and roots from another bed set out in their place. A successful rose grower keeps several rose gardens at times in different stages of development, so that when one garden begins to be unproductive another one is about ready to come in. The roses blossom in the latter part of May, when all the neighborhood is employed in picking them and getting them to the distillery.

In addition to the great industry of extracting the precious aroma from the roses, the inhabitants of Bulgaria make quite a business of exporting rose slips and roots to different countries. The facility with which the roses grow in the fertile valleys of that county make it a profitable business to raise the bushes for market. The cuttings for buds are sent hundreds of miles, packed in long grass and surrounded with straw, disposed longitudinally. But the particular rose, from which the otto of roses is made, the rose moschata, cannot be grown with much success in any other part of Europe. Attempts have been made frequently to cultivate it in the south of France, but all such experiments have proved a failure. The slips and roots of the bushes are sent to different parts of Europe, where the rose is grown in some of the principal public gardens. The aroma is so sweet that it will scent up the whole room if kept indoors, and will even impregnate the outside atmosphere of a garden with its penetrating odor.—*Vick's Magazine.*

### Washing Windows.

There is a right and a wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor: Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window, for when the sun shines on the window it causes it to be dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the woodwork inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia; do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth; do not use linen, as it makes the glass linty when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. You will find this can be done in half the time taken where soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows.

### The Mileage of the Blood Current.

In the *Asclepiad* we find the following on the mileage of the blood current of a healthy adult man, in whom the current shall be traversing the conduits of the circulation under the direction of sixty-nine strokes of the heart, at the assumed propulsion of nine feet at each left ventricular pressure. The distance traversed would, we estimate, be at the rate of 207 yards per minute, or seven miles per hour, or 168 miles per day, or 61,320 miles per year. Supposing, therefore, that a man who has lived eighty-four years could have one blood corpuscle floating all that time round his circulating channels—as a planet circulates round a sun—that corpuscle would have performed at the close of the time named the grand tour of 5,150,808 miles. The heat generated by friction in this motion of the blood we may take as included in the normal constant of 98 4-5 degrees Fahrenheit. What the excess would be when, as in fever, the rate of passage may extend to over double the normal, or fourteen miles an hour, at full tension, can only at present be estimated on data which have to be formulated, and are, therefore, inexact. But here a most important field is open for inquiry, and includes the questions: 1. Is the excess of febrile heat in pyrexia due to increased pulsation at full tension? 2. Is the increased motion due to the high temperature? 3. Are both dependent on one common cause? We really know nothing about pyrexia until these questions are determined. A pigeon lives always at what in the human subject would be the highest pyrexia. Its temperature is 108 degrees Fahrenheit; its arterial pulsations are 140 beats per minute; and it has a surface of body presenting the fullest resistance to conduction. Does this truly pyrexial animal owe its normal high temperature to its rapid circulation? Does its high temperature give rise to its rapid circulation? Or are the heat and motion dependent on one common undiscovered cause?

### Small Talk.

TEACHER—What is an atheist?

Bright Pupil—An atheist is an animal that does not believe in the existence of a God.

Teacher—Name a few.

Bright Pupil—Cattle and sheep, horses and often human beings are atheists.

Teacher—You should have a wiser teacher; you are too far advanced for me. Go to the head of your class.

Anarchist—The capitalist who has accumulated his millions by robbing his employes, by withholding from them the actual amount in wages of what they produce, is the curse of the poor man who must work for his bread.

Shrewd Mechanic—You are wrong, my deluded friend. Low wages are bad enough, but liquor and thieves, spendthrifts, and parasites who draw upon the surplus accumulated by the millionaire, constitute the real curse of the wage-worker. Think a little, and see if you can't make it out. It is easy when you know how.

Those who cheat us by exorbitant prices are thieves, but they are innocent in comparison with those who sell us adulterated food.

Too much law is apt to defeat justice.

### A Pointed Reply.

After the downfall of Napoleon, in 1815, the French Government became liable to the amount of 750 millions, which was to be paid over to the allies within three years, to reimburse them for the expense of the campaign. The payments were to be made in 1816 in gold; but as the French were unable to raise the amount in gold, the allies had to be satisfied with silver in payment of the other installment.

The people of Paris were naturally very much interested, and took no pains to conceal their anguish at having to part with their gold and silver coin. The subject was under discussion one day in the salon of Madame de Stael. A young German officer who was present protested against the allies being compelled to take the inferior metal in payment.

"You had better be satisfied," interrupted Madame de Stael; "we paid the first installment in gold, the second in silver, and, if pressed too closely, we might pay the third in iron."

"Very well, madame," replied the German officer, calmly; "you can pay the third installment in iron, if you choose, but if you try it we will give you a receipt in full in lead."—*Texas Siftings.*

### A Stroke of Luck.

Mr. Bornlucky—Ah, congratulate me, Googles, I've won a prize in the Louisiana State Lottery.

Googles—By doggy, old man, you don't say so; how much?

Mr. Bornlucky—Twelve dollars.

Googles—What did it cost you?

Mr. Bornlucky—Thirty dollars.—*Time.*

QUILL toothpicks come largely from France, which possesses the largest factory in the world. This factory, which is located near Paris, was originally started to make quill pens, but when those went out of use the proprietor turned it into a toothpick-mill, the present annual output of which is 20,000,000 quills.

AN Indiana farmer got up in his sleep and stole his own mule and hid him in the woods, where the Sheriff, who came next day, couldn't find him, to serve an execution.

A GENERAL inundation by the failure of the dikes in Holland occasioned a loss of life, it is said, amounting to 400,000 persons in 1530.

## A BETTER ERA DAWNING.

BY BILL ARP.

HOW gratefully conscious we are that our children and grandchildren live in a better age than that in which our youth was spent. The world is assimilating—knowledge is being diffused. Half a century ago it was within reach of the privileged few. I remember when my father was a merchant, and I was a lad behind his counter, about half his customers made cross-marks to their promissory notes. But few of them could tell whether they had signed for $10 or $100, but they signed and trusted. Honest and true, they believed that others were. We love to tell of the honest simplicity of those good old times, but still every man has a yearning for his children, a longing desire for their education. Not long ago I called at a humble cottage for a drink of water, and found a little bare-footed girl reading a story to her grandpa. It was a Sunday-school paper, and the old man was proud to tell me that Sarah Jane could read. "I had no larnin'," said he, "but this child has been to school, and now she comes and reads to the old man, and it does me a power of good." I know of a father who goes regularly to school with his two little boys and studies the same lesson and stands up with them at recitation. The humble country people, the toilers, are advancing in knowledge, in ideas, in language. The time was when most every family and their kindred had a dialect of their own. Their language and tone of voice was handed down from some rude ancestor and spread around among the children to the third and fourth generation; there was a whole settlement in Gwinnett County who said "wall" for well, "yans" for yes, and added eh to every break in their sentences. "He told me eh that he was a-gwine to town eh, and I axed him eh to bring us some coffee, eh." There was another very numerous family who inclosed their sentences with "so it was," or "so he did," or "so I will." "I have bought me a cow, so I have, and I gave fifteen dollars for her, so I did." There are still people living among the hills of North Georia who say you'uns and we'uns, but they are growing few and old. A clever countrywoman was telling my wife about one of her neighbors falling into the fire, and she said: "As soon as I hearn it I sont after Jim for to come for to go for to git some inyuns to make a poultice for to put on the burn for to draw the fire out of hit." But the children and grandchildren of these good old-fashioned people make no such mistakes. The schoolmaster is abroad in the land and the press is circulating knowledge everywhere. Even the negroes have ceased to use their old-time folk lore, and Bre'r Rabbit and Bre'r Fox have ceased to discuss their private affairs.

### How Ben Butler Made $7,500.

There was a boy in Lowell, the son of a poor man, who was run over by a railroad train. Both legs had to be amputated close up to the hip. The company told his father they would give him $1,000 or the boy a practical education. The father accepted the latter alternative, and the railroad company made a telegraph operator of the crippled boy. When he became of age he found he was not getting as good pay as other operators. He wrote to General Butler and asked if anything could be done. General Butler sent for the boy. The whole story was gone over.

"I'll take your case," said the noted lawyer. Then he sent for the solicitor of the railroad company. When the solicitor arrived at the General's office the legless boy was in a chair on the top of a long table. General Butler explained that he proposed to begin suit for the boy to get damages.

"But," said the solicitor, "we agreed with his father to give him a practical education. We made a telegrapher out of him, and there is no law for getting any further damages."

"You can't tell me anything about the law," was General Butler's reply; "but how much damages do you think that boy would get if he sat on a table like that before a jury?"

The railroad lawyer caught the point at once. "I do not know," he said, "How much do you think he would get?"

"About $10,000," replied General Butler.

"I'll compromise with you," hurriedly returned the lawyer, and by his shrewd stage effect General Butler got over $7,500 for the boy without going into trial. The lawyer knew Butler could make it cost the company that much, as well as a good deal of trouble, and he was glad enough to compromise.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### Of Pisentorial Interest.

Customer (in restaurant)—What kind of fish have you got, waiter?

Waiter—All kinds, everything, can give you what you like.

"Well, bring me some fried whale."

"Er—I'm sorry about the whales, Mister; they're jest out. The dealer disappointed us this morning an' only sent two."—*Texas Siftings.*

A CALIFORNIA peach orchard of 325 trees yields an average of fifteen tons of fruit a year

# FOR THE LADIES.

DEVOTED TO THE FAIR DAUGHTERS OF LAMENTED EVE.

### Seasonable Hints About the Latest Styles in Dress—How the Fashionable Array Themselves—Becoming Yet Not Costly Toilets.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

The ball season is about to begin. Three new dances got the indorsement of the recent Dancing-masters' Convention in New York, and as they are not particularly demonstrative or revolutionary they will undoubtedly come into immediate use among foolish people. One of these is the glide mazourka, which is a partial revival of an old round dance combining the polka and the waltz. In its new form it has more of a waltz movement than before. The general effect is graceful, and the long, sliding step is sightly, unless it is practiced too carelessly on an over-polished floor, such as some of our ball-rooms present. Several of the freshly smoothed and waxed floors made ready for the winter's dancing are as slippery as ice, and the glide mazourka would seem to be almost impracticable thereon. The other new round dance is called the Berlin, and it is very ingenious, since its slow, graceful polka time can be used at will for a gallop, waltz or a schottische. The awkward sight of a couple waltzing to polka music has of late years been too common. Many couples are either unable or unwilling to accomplish a polka, and to them the Berlin will be welcome, while it will also be serviceable to those who like a polka. The other novelty devised by the dancing-masters is the diamond lancers, the figures of which are more intricate and showy than any of the fanciful quadrilles yet introduced for amateurs.

It is happy news and trustworthy that for at least one more season the dancing will not be impeded and endangered by trains. Dowagers may drag a length of finery along the floor after them, but they will not do it in the round dances at all events. The great majority of ladies at balls will have their skirts just clear the floor, as shown in the two pictures of approved costumes herewith given. The devices of shape and ornament accurately shown in these illustrations are all brand-new, and they are sure to have a

THE BALL SEASON.

vogue, for they are being embodied, with innumerable modifications, in the gowns of the opening season. The silk fabrics employed in such toilets are of the finest and richest qualities, as well as wonderful in variety. The new armure-royal silks are in all the new colors of the season in plain and brocaded patterns of the new artistic designs produced this season. The most delicate shades of gold colors, pale-red greens and reseda tints, pear white, and the new rose called jus de cerise, are in stately flower patterns in antique effect and in solid color in peau de soie and satin, and in stripes with all-over pattern, in brocades which unite all these fabrics, and in a medley of rare colors in one goods. The most elegant gowns are made in some modification of the Directoire style. The lines of drapery, when there are any, are from the waist in classic effect. Hanging scarfs and straight effects, which add to the height of the figure, are always aimed at in these garments. Full ruches of feathers in fluffy marabout-like bands are extensively used on Directoire gowns. The heavy matelasse goods, velvets and heavy brocatelle effects in brocaded silks are made up in Directoire styles, over skirts of cashmere, embroidered wool, or plain heavy silk or velvet. The silk petticoats of evening dresses, with brocaded bodices and trains, are frequently covered with a succession of lace flounces, and jabots of wide lace are placed down the sides of dresses where the train meets the petticoat, and wide falls of lace finish the sleeve and neck. Plain corsages are made very dressy by a drapery of beaded silk network—jet for black gowns and self-color for colored dresses. There are small chimisses, or, if preferred, half blouses or plastrons, which surround the collar, front and back, forming a long point behind and extending to the waist in front, where they taper to a double V, over which a large clasp or plaque of the same beads is set. The outlines are edged with handsome pendants or drops to match, oblong or round. This forms one of the prettiest corsage trimmings to be seen, and adds very greatly to the elegance of a dress.

The heads of three ball-room belles portrayed are so young and handsome that a conventionally fashionable style of hair-dressing looks well on them. But what are ugly women to do? To young girls whose natural crown of beauty is abundant, hairdressing is a comparatively unimportant toilet detail, but when one is reduced to chant ingubriously with Lady Jane, in "Patience," that "spreading is the parting straight," and to "wreathe her wrinkled brow with well-saved combings," the hairdresser's art is of the first importance. That is the reason why so many of our rich matrons employ an expert to arrange their hair for all occasions of consequence, or at least have this done often enough to learn how to repeat it with their own hands. It is wonderful what can be done by a clever artist in producing coiffures exactly suitable to improve persons toward whom nature has been unkind, and in whom the charm of youth has long vanished. A clever hairdresser said recently, speaking of two very plain women, that both these ladies depended largely for their social success, so far as their appearance went, upon the manner in which their hair was dressed. Of one this candid critic said: "To see her before the glass waiting for me to operate was a truly unpleasant sight; but when her maid and I had fixed her up, she was a redoubtable rival for no matter what beauty. The satisfaction she felt on seeing herself transformed lighted her up, called all her perversity into play, and made her agog for manslaughter. The other was jollier and had finer hair, and was not quite so ugly, though a fright. Well, she supported triumphantly proximity to the best dressed woman in her set. A plain style of hair would not have drawn the eye from the face or tickled it into good-humor, and grotesqueness would have been ruin. I had to be very eccentric, and yet know exactly where to draw the line." After this who would deny the thrall of the coiffeur, or his claim to his cherished title of artist?

A DANCING COSTUME.

Women in the cities will do without all other luxuries, and many comforts, for the sake of promenading in a seal-skin sacque or cloak and with glistering diamonds hanging to her ears. Those things represent the aspiration of the great majority in the matter of dress. It is for that very reason that our moneyed and more exclusive belles will this winter abjure fur, for the sake of being separate from the mass of good dressers, and will take to equally costly but more perishable wraps, made of fabrics and in styles which will last only one winter. In that way they publish the fact that they can afford to buy an expensive outer garment every season, and need not resort to furs, which can be continued through a number of years. The picture shows two of these perishable cloaks, made of velvet in ornate shapes, and trimmed with lace and feathers. Garments similar to these will be foremost in the winter regard of our wealthier women. Open sleeves are attached to them, and they are quite fashionable on most of the winter mantles. That such foolish and comfortless shapes should have been introduced for garments presumably worn to keep out the cold is astonishing, but not so much so as that women have been ridiculous enough to encourage the fashion. This season the mantle-makers have made the loose flowing sleeves on all their best shapes, and there is, therefore, every possibility that bronchitis, coughs, and congestions will be unusually prevalent. A mantle-maker to whom I spoke on the subject acknowledged that these sleeves were the most uncomfortable ever introduced, but that in spite of this they were likely to be more worn than ever this season. Surely some kind of warm undersleeve might be arranged which would protect the wearer and still not interfere with the style of the garment.—*Chicago Ledger.*

ANOTHER.

### Fashion Small Talk.

THE newest jerseys are made in the Directoire style.

HOUSE waists or tea jackets are made of the new bordered silks.

FILLETS of ribbon to wear in the hair with evening toilets are imported.

REDINGOTES and polonaises outnumber the basque dresses among the new importations.

MATELASSE galloons are the novelty in trimmings. They make rich borders for cloth dresses.

CARRIAGE and visiting dresses are made almost exclusively in the Directoire and Empire styles.

NOVELTY gowns are made of cloth, pale shades of green being the favorite color, with white or Suede cloths for the fronts.

MARVELS are announced in the way of buttons, but only a few dull silver and gold ones are shown. These monsters are only for ornament. On dress waists, where buttons show, small crocheted ones are used, or those of the gown stuff, as preferred.

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

### Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, Nov. 4, may be found in Joshua vii. vs. 1—12.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

*The children of Israel committed a trespass.* Surely, then, we can believe that "in Adam's fall we sinned all." Here was all Israel suffering for the misdemeanor of one man. Israel re-echoed the past as well as foreshadowed the future of redemption's annals. She represented, in more ways than one, Eden's failure and forfeiture. In this case it is Israel that has committed trespass. It is race responsibility for individual sin. We read here again, though dimly, how by one man "sin entered the world, and death by sin." There is something fearful in this fraternity of ill-desert.

*Achan, the son of Carmi.* Punishment is only for the responsible act. All Israel was in guilt and transgression through this one vicious deed, but penal severity fell only upon the hand that had been put forth. We had it up the other day at that ordination, you remember, or that ministers' or teachers' institute. How can man be guilty without being punishable? How can man be punishable before being actually and actively criminal? Let us not put it that way at all. In mysteries we do not expect to sweep the whole circumference of truth. We simply strike out in straight lines of verity which sometime, if not now, will prove themselves to us as true radii of the circle. And those are the propositions we can safely lay down: There is no man who was not involved in Adam's transgression. There is no man who is punished for other than his own deeds done in the body. That is all the Bible and human experience gives us; and it is enough. When we go up higher we shall see the great truth in all its occult relations.

*Took of the accursed thing.* But it was not "accursed" until they took of it. It was simply devoted; set apart at the outset. When the hand of covetousness was laid upon it, then it became "the accursed thing." What made "the forbidden tree" a curse that "brought sin into the world and all our woe," but the hand of disobedience put out unto it? What makes any of the things of this earth "accursed" but the sinful hand and heart of man? Opium was not meant for a curse to any nation. Alcohol was not "an accursed thing" until with fierce, ungoverned appetite man turned it into a menace to all things good. Money is not evil, but the "love of money is the root of all evil." After all, this world and the things of the world are very much to us what we make them.

*And two or three thousand men.* That was human adequacy. Judging from the success they have heretofore met with in an assaulting party of about twenty-five hundred picked men could readily redfeo the fortress. Well, that would have been enough, had their God gone with them. Without him, it was but a meager handful. It is a mistake we still make. O, yes, we say, the church is equal to this ordeal or that, to the investment of this city, to the overthrow of that stronghold, and in our wordly thoughtlessness we are sometimes found leaving God out of the account. That is a dangerous omission. This church needs to unite this community; this pastor with his sermon before him sufficient for this congregation; this teacher, with his study and preparation, a match for the class before him. This young man a match for the demands of the world. Believe it, each is no better than the pitiful "two or three thousand men" before Ai. Without God we are all weaklings.

*They fled before the men of Ai.* A fortunate defeat it was. It apprised Israel of the seriousness of the situation and her own weakness. She may have been trusting slightly exultant over Jericho's easy overthrow and begun to think that it would be a light thing to take the whole land. And so perhaps there was a momentary relaxation of watchfulness and energy. But it was not to last long. The sight of those fleeing sons of Israel brought the Lord's people to their right mind. You remember how it was at the opening of our civil war. O it will soon be over, a three months levy is sufficient, just a sight of the United States troops and a taste of grape and canister on the part of our enemies, and the war will be at an end. Then came Bull's Run and a retreating line and a North in dismay. But, do you know? that comparative defeat, in the conviction it wrought, did more for the national arms than two, six, ten paltry victories.

*The hearts of the people melted.* So God intended it to be. His hand was working even here and the pursuers were unwittingly his instruments to the working of Israel's good. The men of Ai brought God's people to their knees in conscious impotence. When the heart has hardened into perverseness, it must first be melted ere it can become a vessel again unto honor and holiness. "O, I believe I'm a lost soul," he cried. "Thank God for that," responded Lady Huntington, "for now I see that God has begun a good work in you." And George Whitfield's brother had set his face toward the kingdom. "O, my sins are greater than I can bear," said the prisoner in tears behind the bars. "Thank God!" exclaimed Moody, seeking in vain along the jail corridor for one who was willing to confess his sins. "Can't you lay them on one who can bear them?" "And he did.

*O, Lord, what shall I say when Israel turneth their back before their enemies?* An unwonted sight, indeed, Israel in retreat. No wonder it brought anguish to the heart of Joshua, their leader. Just before the battle of Waterloo Wellington kept going back and forward before his troops, saying almost unconsciously, "O, what will England say if you fail her now? What will England say if you fail her now?" And is there a more moving picture than the bowed head of Napoleon after that, to him, disastrous engagement? His hitherto invincible ranks had failed him. Israel with back turned toward the enemy. Alas, that it should ever be so to-day. Alas, that the man of God wrestling in his closet should have cause to lift the cry, "Lord, what shall I say?" And, Christian, before the world's scorn, *what can he say?*

*What will thou do unto thy great name?* God's cause was in jeopardy. Eli felt the rending at his heart when they brought him word that the Philistines had been victorious, and then that his sons and successors were perished, but when they said, "The ark of the Lord is taken," then he fell backward and his neck broke. It was natural. His whole life was lived for the temple and the ark. So Joshua here. Like Elisha, he is alarmed even more than is due for God's welfare. "Thine affairs down; I, I only left!" Not so. God's name has never yet been in danger of obliteration. An Englishman one time saw a poor simpleton trying to rub a carved name from a metal door-plate with a piece of cloth. With all his rubbing he but made it the brighter. "His name shall endure forever."

Next Lesson, "Caleb's Inheritance."—Josh. 14: 6-15.

BRILLIANCY of color and artistic combinations characterize the new costumes prepared for early autumn. The full draperies have not disappeared entirely, but often are left off in favor of the elegant polonnise or redingote, which is much liked for dressy street wear.

OMELETTE.—Soak a teacup of bread crumbs in a cup of sweet milk over night; three eggs, beat yolks and whites separately, mix the yolks with the bread and milk; stir in the whites, add a teaspoonful of salt and fry brown. This is sufficient for six persons.

THE early lamb will winter better, and shear from one to two pounds more wool, and will usually make a larger sheep.

WILD flowers will keep fresh for several days, or perhaps two weeks, in vases filled with clean sand and water.

# You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when she says: "I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills."

Here is an instance of

# A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.—J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are the best cathartic and aperient within the reach of the profession."

# Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

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# TAILOR,

Carries the Largest Line of Foreign and Domestic Goods in

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Work - All - Guaranteed!

NO. 16 WEST BERRY STREET

Six Doors West of Calhoun.

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# TAILOR. 19-1mo.


### MALE HELP WANTED.


SALARY from $100 to $200 per month to a few good salesmen to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Permanent position. No experience necessary. We are the largest manufacturers in our line of goods. Send two cents in stamps for particulars. No postals answered. Centennial M'f'g Co., Cincinnati, O. 8-30t.


### WANTED.

WANTED.—A respectable girl for general service, to a good girl good wages will be paid. Apply to Mrs. C. L. Olds, 213 Barr street. 30-3t

WANTED.—A woman of sense, energy and respectability for our business in her locality. Salary, about $60 per month. Permanent position. References given and exacted. J. G. Blanchard, general manager. Lock Box 1588, New York.

### PROFESSIONAL.

PROF. YATES has permanently located in Fort Wayne, opening a studio at No. 30 West Berry street. The public are invited to inspect work. Terms reasonable. 17-1m

MARY A. WHERY, M. D., office and residence No. 26 Madison street. Special attention given to ladies. May24-tf

### FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—Furnished room, suitable for one or two gentlemen. 388 Calhoun street. 1-3t

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.


GUNS REVOLVERS. Send stamp for price list to JOHNSTON & SON, Pittsburg, Pa

SALESMEN WANTED by the oldest, largest and best known Nurseries in the West. Permanent positions; good pay. Outfit free. STARK NURSERY, Louisiana, Mo.

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon. 300 pages 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P.O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Office, No. 4 Bulfinch St. Specialty, Diseases of Man.

KNOW THYSELF.

Cut this out. You may never see it again.



# Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1888.


## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

### National Ticket.

For President—Grover Cleveland, of New York.
For Vice President—Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio.

### Presidential Electors.

Electors at Large—Thomas R. Cobb, John E. Lamb.

District Electors—First district, Samuel R. Vance; Second district, Cutler S. Dobbins; Third district, George H. D. Gibson; Fourth district, Nicholas Cornet; Fifth district, John R. Bass; Sixth district, Thomas J. Sturdy; Seventh district, David S. Gooding; Eighth district, Samuel D. Puett; Ninth district, John F. Mellugh; Tenth district, David D. Dykeman, Eleventh district, John S. Turner; Twelfth district, John H. Bass; Thirteenth district, Andrew G. Wood.

### Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor—Courtland C. Matson, of Putnam county.
For Lieutenant-Governor—William R. Myers, Madison.
For Secretary of State—R. W. Miers, Monroe.
For Auditor—Charles A. Munson, Allen.
For Treasurer—Thomas B. Byrnes, Vanderburg.
For Reporter Supreme Court—John W. Kern, Howard.
For Attorney General—John R. Wilson, Marion.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—E. E. Griffith, Clinton.
For Judges of the Supreme Court—First district, W. S. Niblack, Vanderburg; Second district, G. V. Howk, Floyd; Fourth district, Allen Zollars, Allen.
For Congressman, Twelfth District—C. A. O. McClellan.

### The County Ticket.

For Joint Senator, Allen and Whitley Counties—Fred J. Hayden, of Allen.
For Joint Representative, Allen and Huntington Counties—W. S. Oppenheim.
For State Representatives—W. H. Shambaugh and Frank Gladdo.
For Circuit Judge—Edward O'Rourke.
For Prosecuting Attorney—J. M. Robinson.
For Sheriff—Geo. H. Vibert.
For Treasurer—Isaac Mowrer.
For Coroner—Dr. A. J. Kessler.
For Surveyor—Henry Fischer.
For County Commissioners—First district, Jasper W. Jones, of Jackson township; Second district, Henry Butterman, St. Joe township; Third district, John H. Brennan, City.

VOTE to let well enough alone.

NEW YORK and Indiana are all right.

LET us have four years more of honest democratic rule.

VOTE for the friends of the workingman—Cleveland and Thurman.

CLEVELAND is the man of destiny, and will lead the democratic hosts to victory again.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has proved himself a grand ruler, and should be elected for a second term.

CAPTAIN WHITE promises to turn the rascals out of office next Tuesday. This is gratitude with a vengeance.

EVERY workingman should strike the robber tariff a blow by casting his vote for Judge McClellan, who is an earnest advocate of the Mills bill.

A VOTE for the republicans means a vote for trusts and the robber tariff. See to it that your ballot is not counted for these iniquitous measures.

THE democrat who votes for Cleveland and then kills that vote by a ballot for Captain White will make a mistake that he will always regret.

THE democrats and republicans have joint parades at Indianapolis to-night. The opposing chairmen have arranged lines of march that will not interfere.

THE Dudley boodle is in circulation. How do decent people relish the idea of Indiana being branded a purchasable state. Is it a pleasant greeting to receive abroad?

HONESTY and purity of character have ever been the sterling virtues of Thurman's life. The people can make no mistake in electing him to the vice-presidency of the nation.

DIVIDE the floaters into blocks of five and put a trusted man with necessary funds in charge of these five, and make him responsible that none get away and that all vote our ticket.—*Colonel Dudley's Letter to the Indiana Republican Managers.*

ALL differences between the democrats of New York on congressional tickets have been arranged. The differences on the mayoralty in New York City will serve only to increase the general democratic majority. The same mayoralty split was on when Cleveland received such a magnificent majority in 1884.

ABOUT this time four years ago every republican paper and orator from Maine to California proclaimed that if Cleveland was elected all the manufacturing establishments in the country would be closed and that a dreadful financial panic would ensue. Their predictions were not verified. They are again saying the same things, but they know that no such results are to be feared. The country was never in a more prosperous condition than at present. Do not vote for an uncertainty.

THE whole dependence of the republican managers is now in the corrupt use of money to carry the election. They have "fried the fat" out of the monopolistic "trusts" and "combines" and their only hope is, that with the hundreds of thousands of dollars thus obtained, they may establish a plutocracy in this country—erect a form of government based on wealth alone and ruled by a monied aristocracy. Surely the voters who earn their living in the sweat of their face will not permit this transformation—this perversion of the true intents and purposes of the founders of the American republic. Remember that constant vigilance is the price of liberty.

NOT in this whole campaign has one valid, sensible reason been advanced by republicans to show why President Cleveland should not be re-elected.

THE democrats of Indiana demand a fair election and an honest count of the votes. The Dorsey methods of 1880 to carry the state must be stamped out.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND stands before the country to-day the personification of honesty, integrity and patriotism. A vote against him is a vote against good government.

THERE is not a man in the United States to-day who believes away down in his heart that he can better his condition and enhance the public welfare by voting against Mr. Cleveland.

CAPTAIN WHITE said last night: "We will turn the rascals out next Tuesday," and the democrat with "the white hat" cheered lustily. He knew that Captain White would retire from office.

THE fact that 60,252 names were added to the pension roll during the last year is proof conclusive that the Cleveland administration is most friendly to the soldiers. This is the largest annual increase in the history of the country.

DEMOCRATS, the supreme hour is come. The time is here when you must decide by your votes whether you plead guilty to every vile slander uttered against you and your party. Your opponents are brutally plain spoken. They tell you frankly that if you vote their ticket you vote for your own disgrace. For lo! these many years they have boldly proclaimed that the democratic party consisted chiefly of the ignorant and criminal, the poorest and the vilest; that it was unfit to hold power and incapable of governing the country; that it was treasonable and lawless, and that democratic rule would be ruin to the best interests of the country. Is there a democrat who believes these charges? If there is one, he should now vote for Harrison and Captain White.

MR. JOHN L. GRIFFITHS' the republican candidate for reporter of the supreme court, is in the city making what is called a "personal canvass," that is to say, he has cut loose from the rest of the ticket, and is going it alone. He is making personal appeals for democratic votes, and is having his republican friends do so for him, upon the ground that the office he seeks is non-political, that his opponent, Mr. Kern, has had it four years, and that he (Griffiths) is a "nice, clean fellow." The fact about Griffiths is that he is a narrow, bigoted partisan, who has been making the most bitter and abusive speeches throughout the state, and is not entitled to a single democratic vote. Mr. John W. Kern, the democratic nominee, is one of the ablest and most brilliant men in Indiana, has made an excellent official, and he should and will receive the full vote of his party. Remember that in one breath Griffiths begs democratic votes and in the next tells you the republicans will carry Indiana.

Judge C. A. O. McClellan, the candidate for congress, is one of the foremost citizens of the district and a democrat whose party record entitles him to the full party vote. His whole life defies the aspersions of his political enemies and the achievements of the coming congressman are entirely his own, for from an humble place in life he has won more than ordinary distinction, and through his energy and good judgment he occupies a high place in the hearts of his countrymen. Judge McClellan represents the administration in this canvass. He is in thorough sympathy with President Cleveland and the policy of the party, and in this light he should, and no doubt will, receive the vote of every democrat in the district. He is eminently qualified to represent the Twelfth district and in point of ability, fitness and natural attainments towers above all comparisons. A vote for him is a vote for a democratic congress to support President Cleveland.

### MR. JOHN H. BASS.

For the first time in the history of his busy and useful life, Mr. John H. Bass is a candidate for the votes of his fellow citizens, not alone in Fort Wayne, but all over the state.

His party has nominated him for presidential elector from this, the Twelfth district, and the people of Fort Wayne owe it to themselves to give Mr. John H. Bass a complimentary vote. Especially do the laboring men of the city owe Mr. Bass a debt of gratitude, for he has done more to maintain wages and exalt the laboring man than any other manufacturer in America.

He never was an offensive partisan and is not now soliciting votes, for his great manufacturing interests claim all his attention, but every citizen of Fort Wayne ought to see that the name of Mr. John H. Bass is written or printed on his ballot before he deposits it in the box.

Voters can do this themselves, it is perfectly legal and would, indeed, be a handsome tribute to one of nature's noblemen—Mr. John H. Bass.

Remember our line of fine dress suits, all makes and styles. We can save you money. Get our prices.

FRIENDS' ENTERPRISE,
26 Calhoun Street.

### HOW THE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED—BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT BALLOTS.

The republicans are circulating fraudulent democratic tickets, with the names of republican presidential electors inserted here and there in place of democrats. The names of men in remote districts of the state are displaced in order to better deceive the democratic voter. Besides they insert a local name, that of J. B. White or a republican candidate for county commissioner, and say so at the head of the ticket, neglecting at all to note the change in the electors.

These tickets are illegal and every such ballot cast is a vote for Cleveland and Thurman lost.

Voters must bear in mind that the president and vice president are not elected by the people. They are chosen by electors, and under the present law, which was recently passed, on the second Monday in January.

It is these presidential electors for whom the people vote in November. In every state each party has a right to name a number of electoral candidates equal to the number of its senators and representatives. Take Indiana for instance. The democrats name fifteen and the republicans fifteen. The prohibitionists or any other party may nominate the same number.

These electors are voted for on election day by the people. Not a vote will then be cast directly for Cleveland or Harrison. The electoral ticket which receives the most votes will be elected. If it be the democratic, that will be the election of fifteen electors pledged to vote for Cleveland and Thurman.

The electors chosen by the people at the polls will meet on the second Monday in January in their respective states to cast their ballots for president and vice president. The democratic electors will be pledged and morally bound to vote for Cleveland and Thurman, and the republicans for Harrison and Morton. But they are not required by any law to vote that way. Each one can vote for whom he pleases. A republican elector can vote for Cleveland or a democratic elector for Harrison, or any elector may vote for any person not named as a candidate. Voting for the party candidate is a matter of politics, not of law.

The candidates who receive the most electoral votes on the second Monday of January will be elected president and vice president.

### SENATOR TURPIE.

#### He Predicts the Success of the National Democratic Ticket.

Hon. David Turpie, the junior United States Indiana senator, arrived in the city late last evening from North Manchester, where he spoke at afternoon and night meetings yesterday.

A SENTINEL reporter met him at the Rich hotel this morning just as he was about leaving for Bluffton, where he speaks to-day.

"The political skies look bright," said he, "and I have no doubt of the election of Cleveland and Thurman. Indiana will give us her electoral vote by an increased majority over that of 1884 and New York is safe. I have been on the stump ever since the campaign opened, and everywhere I have found the people enthusiastic for democratic success."

The senator looks the picture of health and is doing grand work for the cause of democracy. He closes his campaign at Huntington, where he will speak Monday.

### HE DON'T DENY IT.

#### Dudley Doesn't Back Up His Friends in Repudiating the Letter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.

The Hon. C. L. Jewett:

Dear Sir:—To correct misrepresentations apparently set on foot in Indianapolis it should be positively stated that Col. Dudley has not in any way denied the authenticity of the "floater" letter. On the contrary, he refuses to deny and in fact admits it is substantially correct as published.

CALVIN S. BRICE,
Chairman National Democratic Campaign Committee.

The above telegram was received by Chairman Jewett, of the democratic state committee, yesterday. It will be seen from this that, while the *Gazette* and other republican papers are pronouncing the Dudley letter a "forgery," Mr. Dudley himself does not. Mr. Dudley may be a rascal, but he is not a liar.

### Vote for Judge Zollars.

By his decisions as a supreme judge he has contributed his full share to give the supreme court of the state a standing with the legal profession and other courts that it never before had.

THE republicans are circulating bogus tickets, purporting to come from an "Independent Democratic Committee." There is no such committee in existence and republicans stand about on the street corners and tell you: "Oh! the democrats don't know any better."

FREE wool and other raw materials for our woolen industry would not only largely increase the demand for labor and of necessity increase wages, but it would greatly cheapen woolen goods which are consumed by every man, woman and child in the land.

### TO THE DEMOCRATS.

#### The National Committee Issues an Important Address to the Voters of America.

Special to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The following address has been issued by the national democratic committee:

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—The national democratic committee thinks it right to say a few words to you in these closing hours of the campaign. It was plain before the nomination of Grover Cleveland that the great majority of the citizens of all opinions desired his re-election, because his administration in the office of president had been a signal example of honest government. Since his re-nomination the united action of the democratic party, the cordial support of the independent press, the testimony paid to his merits by the most influential republican journals and by large bodies of men who have previously acted with the republican party, and your general good will, have made his election a certainty.

The campaign which is about closing has been extraordinary in kind. We realize we have not been engaged in a struggle with the national republican party, but with a faction which dictated its candidate and acts in its name. The methods pursed by this faction have been such as might reasonably have been expected. The men of that faction are believers in coercion and in the corrupting power of money. They have endeavored to compel manufacturers to control the votes of their employes. They have sought to divide and break up organizations of workingmen formed for the protection of labor by the lavish expenditure of money.

They are chargeable with efforts to obtain success in certain states and congressional districts by the colonization of illegal voters. They are the followers of men who, while refusing to adjust a national controversy by treaty, would not accord to President Cleveland sufficient means of retaliation. They are in harmony with those who stigmatize naturalized citizens as unworthy to share with them all the privileges of citizenship in our common country, and yet endeavor by misrepresentation and worse methods to create prejudice in the minds of those naturalized citizens against a president who has always been the steady upholder of their lawful rights at home and abroad as American citizens. The president has properly rebuked the officious interference of a foreign minister in our internal affairs.

You will see to it that those who procured or countenanced this fraud, by which such interference was solicited, are punished by your indignant and overwhelming vote at the ballot box. The method and character of the attempt made, by whomsoever it was conceived or executed, was unworthy of a great political contest and deserves and has received the merited condemnation of every honest citizen throughout the land.

The methods pursued in the contest against us are plain indications of what the future history of the country would be if the faction now contending in the name of the republican party should achieve power. On the other hand the history of the past administration of Grover Cleveland is the proof of what his administration will be when he assumes the duties of the ensuing presidential term. He knows how to be an honest, wise, resolute and capable man. No temptation can lead him astray from the path marked out by public duty. His experience, knowledge and judgment, his patient and unselfish examination of every public question before taking action, his resolute adherence to well considered conclusions, mark him as the man best fitted in this generation to conduct at this period the public business of the people of the United States.

It is your duty to assure yourselves of the re-election of this faithful and deserving public servant. Each one of you possesses a power to bring about this result, which you ought not to under estimate or undervalue. You must not think that individual labor in your several cities, villages, townships, or election districts or precincts, is a matter of small moment. It is on the contrary a very great labor which is essential. It is of greater importance than any which we can perform. You must do more. You can and must, on the day of election, watch the ballot box in your respective precincts and election districts. You can and must see that no man votes who is not entitled to vote, and that every man who has a right to cast a ballot shall cast it freely. You can and must protect yourselves and all within your reach from fraud, intimidation or corruption. If each man among you will fulfill these sacred obligations, the efforts of the men who are arrayed against good government will wholly fail.

The individual labors of each one of you will form a part of that mighty movement now gathering resistless force, which will assuredly result in the re-election of Grover Cleveland, to your great gain as toilers and citizens, to the benefit of your children, and to the good of the whole country.

Signed,

W. H. BARNUM,
Chairman National Committee.
CALVIN S. BRICE,
Chairman Campaign Committee.

"I wond not live always," said the Psalmist in a moment of poetic rapture. "I would not either," says Josh Billings, irreverently. So we say—but then while we do live, let us hold on to our health and spirits. The surest way to do this is to lay in a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Try it.

Boys' clothing in suits and overcoats, at very low prices and unequalled assortment, at Friends' Enterprise, 26 Calhoun street.

The latest styles in gents' fine hand-sewed shoes, $5.

W. D. SCHIEFER,
36 Calhoun street.

Loaded shells of all sizes for quails and all kinds of game, at

2-2t MAX G. LABS'.

### AN HONEST MAN.

#### John H. Bass Refutes the Falsehoods of the Republican Tariff Reformers and Sets at Ease the Gazette.

This morning, and for some days past the *Gazette* has been harping about the award of the cable road contract at Denver, Col., to a British firm, and already it sees in this British competition, although the robber tariff has not been touched.

Mr. John H. Bass, of this city, puts the bare-faced falsehood at rest, however, and sends the *Gazette* to sleep in his open, manly way. The Chicago *Times*, of yesterday, said for him:

### IT WAS A BOOMERANG.

#### A CAMPAIGN LIE NAILED BY A MAN WHO KNOWS HIS BUSINESS.

The republican campaign committee have had printed a big stack of circulars about a large contract which is alleged to have been awarded to a British firm for castings for a cable railroad in Denver. The object of the circular is to show how much the iron industry of this country has been injured by the Mills bill. Secretary Raymond, of the campaign committee, sent a bundle of the circulars to J. H. Bass, proprietor of a big foundry, with a request that they be distributed among the employes. It happened that Mr. Bass had put in a bid on this very same contract and that his bid was $5 a ton less than the circular claims is to be paid the British concern. It also happened that Mr. Bass has positive knowledge that no such contract had been awarded. So he sent the following reply to Chairman Raymond:

"I circulate no lies to my men, but pay them in honest dollars and cents and they mostly have work and are satisfied.

### MR. W. D. PAGE ON PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

The Fort Wayne *Daily News*, in May last, paid this compliment to President Cleveland:

And still we hear no talk of any democrat against Grover Cleveland. Well, why should we? He has been for the most part a good executive. No scandals have attached to his office and as few to his administration as to any of his predecessors. Mr. Cleveland is a man of good sense and sound business judgment. He is less of a demagogue than the average politician and it will take a mighty strong man to defeat him for re-election.

That is pretty straight talk, coming from a republican, and if all republican papers were as honorable and frank as the *News*, they would all have to admit that it is the plain truth.

### REV. SCHOENFARBER.

#### The Brilliant Jewish Pastor Bids Farewell to His Congregation.

A large audience assembled this morning at the Hebrew temple, to listen to the farewell sermon of their pastor, Rev. Tobias Schoenfarber, who will leave next week to take charge of a church at Baltimore, Md. His sermon was an interesting one and the brilliant young divine leaves his people here with the regret of all his parishioners, but their best wishes will accompany him to his new home.

Rev. Shoenfarber is an able and eloquent pulpit speaker and a brilliant future awaits him in life. The congregation have extended a call to a minister at Cincinnati and the church will not be long without a pastor.


The blood is the source of health. Keep it pure by using Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar in its curative power.

A fine constitution may be ruined by simple neglect. Many bodily ills result from habitual constipation. There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Pills for restoring the system to natural and healthy action.

USE GLOSS SOAP.

Made honestly,
Does honest work,
A splendid washer,
Makes dirt fly.
Manufactured only by
LAUTZ BROS. & CO.
Buffalo, N. Y.
*For Sale By All Principal Grocers.*

Mail us 25 wrappers with your full address and we will send you "The Snow Boy," our newest picture. s3m-w8m

**The breath** of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing invetorate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

**Advice to Mothers.**—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

mar-18-1y

Dressed chickens, 10c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

**Bull's Baby Syrup**

*Facilitates Teething!* Price only 25 cents.

Sold at druggists. *Regulates the Bowels!*

**Day's Horse POWDER,**

Prevents Lung Fever and cures Distemper. 1 pound in each package. For sale by all dealers. Try It!

**25 SALVATION OIL**

**BULL'S COUGH SYRUP**

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Incipient Consumption, Whooping Cough Bronchitis, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. At druggists. 25 cts.

*SMOKE* LANGE'S CUBEB CIGARETTES for Catarrh. Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

**VINEGAR BITTERS**

PURELY VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL — D. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA — VINEGAR BITTERS

**The Great Blood Purifier**

And Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache. Within Thirty Minutes—Try it.

GEO. W. DAVIS, of 169 Baronne street, New Orleans, La., writes under date May 26th, 1888, as follows: "I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for fifteen years for an itching humor in my blood. I have just used three bottles of Vinegar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the Springs. It is the best medicine made."

JOSEPH J. EAGAN, of No. 75 West street, New York, says: "Have not been without Vinegar Bitters for the past twelve years, and consider it a whole medicine chest in our family."

MRS. MATTIE FURGUSON, of Dryen, New York, says: "Vinegar Bitters is the best medicine I ever tried; it saved my life."

T. F. BAILEY, of Humboldt, Iowa, says: "Vinegar Bitters cured me of paralysis, ten years ago, and recently it cured me of rheumatism."

MRS. WM. A. DAVIS, of Camden, N. J., says: "I have suffered greatly from indigestion and bowel troubles, and Vinegar Bitters gave me great relief."

JAMES H. DWYER, of Webster, Mass., writes: "I always use Vinegar Bitters as a spring medicine, and have the best of health."

L. COLEMAN, 77 Montgomery street, New York, writes: "I find your Vinegar Bitters a first-class tonic."

**VINEGAR BITTERS.**

The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Brain and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and renders a perfect blood circulation through the human veins, which is sure to restore perfect health. A beautiful book free. Address,

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington street, New York.

**SEA-SALT SOAP**

Possesses the tonic, purifying properties of a sea bath, curing all local skin and scalp diseases, pimples, blotches, eczema, tetter, chafing, etc. It is made from perfectly pure materials and is most healing and invigorating to the skin, keeping it in a fresh, clean and healthy condition. Sold by druggists and fancy goods dealers, or sent by mail one cake for 25 cts., or three for 60 cts. by the proprietors.

R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO.,
532 Washington St. New York.

**CATARRH** ELY'S

CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

Try the Cure.

**HAY-FEVER**

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents, at druggists or by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. Ely Bros., Druggists, 56 Warren street, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPS' COCOA**

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural law which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

**J. C. PELTIER,**

**Undertaker & Embalmer,**

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

**MUSTANG LINIMENT**

CURES HOLLOWHORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!



# Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1888.


## OUR CITY CHURCHES.

**The Ministers Announce Their Services for Sunday Worship.**

The ushers at the Baptist church promise to secure sittings for all who attend services at 7:30 on time.

Usual services to-morrow at Wayne St. M. E. church conducted by Rev. R. M. Barnes at 10:30, a. m., and 7:30 p. m.

Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor of St. Paul M. E. church, will preach in the M. E church at Huntington to-morrow at 10:30.

Trinity M. E. church. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. J. C. Cook, pastor.

Simpson M. E. Church, C. H. Wilkinson, Pastor—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Rev. G. W. Carder will preach at the Nebraska Mission to-morrow morning at 10:30 o'clock and Mr. James Trythall at 7:30 p. m.

Trinity Lutheran church—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Pastor's bible class at the same hour.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets. German in morning; English in evening. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Hardin, pastor.

The pastor of the Grace Reformed church would like to see all the members and friends of the church at the services to-morrow morning at 10:30.

There will be regular services in the First Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening by Dr. Moffat. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

St. Paul M. E. church. Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor. Preaching to-morrow at 10:30 by Rev. J. V. Gilbert, and at 7:30 by the pastor. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

There have been nineteen ministers who have attended the Christian revival services thus far, besides a large number of visiting members from various points in Ohio and Indiana.

Christian church, corner of West Jefferson and Griffith streets, Rev. M. L. Blaney, pastor. Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Communion and praise service at 2:30.

At the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow, services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning sermon, "Great Heart," seventh in the series of sermons suggested by "Pilgrims' Progress." All welcome. David S. Kennedy, pastor.

Evangelist Updike will preach this evening at 8 o'clock, at the Christian church. Those ready for baptism will present themselves this evening. Those desiring to hear Mr. Updike before he leaves, should not fail to be present this evening or to-morrow.

We cordially invite all men to the regular Sabbath services in the chapel of the R. R. Y. M. C. A., commencing at the usual hour, 3:00 o'clock, city time and continuing just one hour. The stranger remaining over the Sabbath in the city will be made welcome.

The entire membership of the Berry Street M. E. church are requested to be in attendance upon the public services to-morrow, 10:30, a. m., and 7:30 p. m. The pulpit will be occupied by the pastor, Rev. D. C. Woolpert. Sunday school and class meeting at 9 a. m. Strangers invited.

Congregational church, corner of Washington and Fulton streets, Rev. J. C. Cromer, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject: "The unchangeableness of Christ." Evening subject: "The Christian citizens' duty to the state. Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

The first, second and third mortgage bondholders of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road hold a special election on the 15th of this month, for the purpose of electing a trustee to fill the place of George W. Case, deceased.

The funeral of Mr. Ernest R. Minnecker will take place to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence, No. 52 Maumee avenue. The republican railroad club, of which he was a member, will attend in a body. The democratic railroad club has been invited to the funeral and will probably attend.

Best roll butter, 20c; good butter, 16c lb.

Farmers' House.

The most complete line of overcoats in the city to be found at Friends' Enterprise, 49 Calhoun street.

The leading styles of gents' handsewed shoes at Will D. Schiefer's, 36 Calhoun street.


**MUSTANG LINIMENT**

SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT IN SHOP, KITCHEN, STABLE AND FACTORY!


## CALLED HOME.

**They Bid Farewell to Earth and Sleep in Death.**

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers since last Saturday: Wm. H. Anderson, 38 years, dropsy; Catherine McQuowen, 71 years, dropsy; Ernest R. Minnecker, 55 years, erysipelas; Sophia Schowe, 25 years, consumption; August Schneider, 12 years, dropsy; Louisa Schultz, 11 years, burned; Henry Meyer, 56 years, paralysis; Henry Bohde, 26 years, typhoid fever; Margaret Benzinger, 58 years, typhoid fever.


**Salt Rheum**

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Chronic catarrh usually indicates a scrofulous condition of the system, and should be treated, like chronic ulcers and eruptions, through the blood. This disease has been cured, in hundreds of cases, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Price $1. Six bottles, $5.


You can save money on drugs and medicines and prescriptions at Mordhurst's Drug Store, No. 74 Calhoun street. Sign of revolving wheel in window. d&wlyr.


**S. S. S.**

PIED'S HILL, TEXAS, June 2, 1888.—The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: One of my children was troubled with rheumatism and blood for about two years. We gave her various kinds of medicine, but without profit, and began to despair of curing her at all. I was persuaded to try your Swift's Specific. After she had used several bottles the disease all disappeared, and she is now a hale, hearty and healthy girl twelve years old. Another child had what became afflicted in the same way, and I am using the S. S. S. and anticipate a prompt and permanent cure. E. C. WAGGONER.

RICH HILL, MO., July 1, 1888.—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: Our little girl when but three weeks old broke out with eczema. We tried the prescriptions of seven several good doctors, but without any special benefit. We tried S. S. S., and by the time one bottle was gone her head began to heal, and by the time she had taken six bottles she was completely cured. Now she has a full and heavy head of hair—a robust, healthy child. I feel it but my duty to make this statement. Respectfully, M. F. BROWN.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., May 25, 1888.—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: I in 1866 I contracted blood poisons, and at once sought a physician, who treated me for seven months. By his advice I went to Crab Orchard Springs, Ky., where his course of treatment was carefully observed. I received, as I thought, but little benefit, and finally began to appear on my face and body. These gradually increased in size and run blood ulcers. I was advised to try S. S. S., and immediately after taking it I commenced to improve, slowly at first, but more rapidly afterwards, and I soon was entirely free from all of my trouble. My blood is now thoroughly cleansed, and my system free from taint, and I owe my present condition—a perfect cure—to your medicine. Thankfully and the statement that others who have suffered as I have may make a like result. ELMOT H. EVANS, 37 West Ninth st.

HOUSTON, La., May 31, 1888.—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: About two years ago my general health gave way entirely. I was debilitated, had a bad appetite, suffered at ever feeling well again. All the physicians gave me was brought no permanent relief. I decided that I should give S. S. S. a fair trial, although I thought it would be throwing away money. After taking a few bottles, strength returned, and I regret that I did not commence using S. S. S. when I first discarded all others while using it. As a tonic I can most heartily recommend it; and I regret that it is certainly a specific. W. F. HARRELL, P. M.

HOUSTON, La.—I know Mr. W. F. Bridges, and will say that his statement is correct. JAMES HARRELL, Druggist.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

**IF YOU HAVE MALARIA OR PILES,**

SICK HEADACHE, DUMB AGUE, COSTIVE BOWELS, SOUR STOMACH and BELCHING; if your food does not assimilate and you have no appetite,

**Tutt's Pills**

will cure these troubles. Try them; you have nothing to lose, but will gain a vigorous body. Price, 25c. per box. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**BRILLIANT ART!**

IS THE MOST PERFECT

**BASE ✣ BURNER!**

in the city and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. It can be seen at

Nos. 185 and 187 Broadway.

It eclipses anything in the market.

**Spouting, Tin and Iron Roofing**

Is also done here at reasonable prices.

CALL AND SEE US. 25-1m

**C. F. KRUDOP,**

DEALER IN

**Coal, Wood & Kindling,**

CORNER OF

**Harmer and Hayden Streets.**

☞ The best quality of coal always on hand and delivered promptly. oct.25-1mo

**J. M. MODERWELL,**

—DEALER IN—

**Hard and Soft Coal!**

Wood and Kindling,

**Wells Street Bridge.**

PROMPT DELIVERY.

Telephone 54.

Nov. 1-1mo.

**MUSTANG LINIMENT**

IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

**If You Are Sick**

With Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Blood Humors, Kidney Disease, Constipation, Female Troubles, Fever and Ague, Sleeplessness, Partial Paralysis, or Nervous Prostration, use Paine's Celery Compound and be cured. In each of these, the cause is mental or physical overwork, anxiety, exposure or malaria, the effect of which is to weaken the nervous system, resulting in one of these diseases. Remove the CAUSE with that great Nerve Tonic, and the RESULT will disappear.

**Paine's Celery Compound**

JAS. L. BOWEN, Springfield, Mass., writes:—"Paine's Celery Compound cannot be excelled as a Nerve Tonic. In my case a single bottle wrought a great change. My nervousness entirely disappeared, and with it the resulting affection of the stomach, heart and liver, and the whole tone of the system was wonderfully invigorated. I tell my friends, if sick as I have been, Paine's Celery Compound

**Will Cure You!**

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

**For the Aged, Nervous, Debilitated.**

**Diamond Dyes**

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other.

*A Dress Dyed*
*A Coat Colored*
*Garments Renewed*
} FOR 10 CENTS.

**A Child can use them!**

Unequalled for all Fancy and Art Work. At druggists and Merchants. Dye Book free.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Props., Burlington, Vt.

**OVER BRAIN WORK often induces KIDNEY DISEASE. HOPTONIC counteracts this tendency. It tones the NERVES, checks the wearing away of TISSUE, and corrects the DISORDERED ACTION of the KIDNEYS.**

For Sale by THIEME & GROSS, Druggists.

**L. O. HULL,**

**WALL PAPER!**

AND CEILING DECORATIONS.

*The Finest Line! The Lowest Prices! The Best Effects!*

**Paper Hanging and Decorating.**

*We do only First-class Work and charge no more than others.*

WINDOW CURTAINS, WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS AND PAINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Artists' Materials! | *STUDIES FOR RENT OR FOR SALE.*

**NO. 90 CALHOUN STREET.**


**Arrival and Departure of Trains.**

**PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.**

**Under Schedule in Effect June 10, 1888.**

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:20 a. m., 11:25 p. m., *8:00 p. m. *8:00 p. m. Crestline accommodation, 12:50 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *3:30 a. m., 12:05 p. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:20 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 8:30 a. m. For Plymouth, 14:00 p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

[Fort Wayne Division.]

| FROM NORTH | | GOING NORTH |
|---|---|---|
| 10 30 a m—Ar | Cincinnati Ex.....Lv | |
| | Detroit Ex | " 4 40 p m |
| 3 40 p m | "—Detroit Ex | " 11 30 a m |
| 5 30 p m | "—Way Freight..... | " 6 40 a m |

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

| GOING EAST | | GOING WEST |
|---|---|---|
| Lv 2 00 p m | Express | Lv 2 00 p m |
| Lv 6 10 a m | Accommodation | Lv 6 45 p m |


**A. FOSTER!**

**Merchant Tailor**

No. 15 W. Wayne St.

**Fall and Winter '88-9!**

I am pleased to announce the completion of my stock of Fine Woolens of French, German, Scotch and American manufacture for the fall and winter of 1888-89. I have imported for the Season's Trade the Largest Assortment of Choice Wool and Worsted Fabrics, Fine Suitings, Pants Goods and Overcoatings; very desirable and of Extra Value, and for men's wear, the best ever exhibited in this city; and I am prepared to Make to Order in a manner and style acceptable to all. Prices shall be the Lowest, considering the Superior Workmanship and Wares displayed at my rooms.

A. FOSTER,

No. 15 West Wayne Street.

**JAMES MADDEN,**

**PLUMBER ✣✣✣**

**Steam and Gas Fitter,**

110 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

**FRANK B. KENDRICK,**

**ARCHITECT,**

138 - Calhoun - St.,

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

Conk's Cotton Root Compound.—Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. Successfully used monthly. Safe, Effectual, Pleasant. $1 by mail, of druggists. Sealed particulars 2 stamps. Ladies address POND LILY COMPANY, 121 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross, druggists. sept. 18-1yr

**MUSTANG LINIMENT**

HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

**UPHOLSTERING**

—AND—

**REPAIRING.**

Carpet Cleaning and Refitting and Laying of Carpets. I have the best machine for carpet laying in the city.

**Paul E. Wolf,**

33 and 35 Clinton St.

Sept. 15-3mo.

**1888**

**RADIANT::HOME!**

**SQUARE STOVES**

Are made as follows: Four sizes plain Stoves Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.

Two sizes with oven, Nos. 5 and 6.

Four sizes with double heater, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.

All sizes are made with

**Round Fire Pots, Duplex Grates, Made With a Central Hot-Air Flue,**

Taking the air in at bottom of stove, thence up between the ascending and descending draft flues.

Also a full line of

**Hardware, Cutlery and House Furnishing Goods.**

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Brown narrative of "Four Years' Personal Experience as Field and Hospital Nurse." It portrays the Womanly or "Heavenly" Side of the War. Its Lights and Shadows "as a woman saw them." Bright, Pure, and Good, full of "laughter and tears," of thrilling interest and touching pathos. It sells at sight to all. Splendid steel Plates, and famous old Harris Flags, richly colored in exact fac-simile. The "boonday" book for Men and Women Agents. $100 to $200 a month made. ☞ Distance no hindrance, for we Pay Freight and give Extra Terms. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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CURES RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK AND STIFF JOINTS. RUB IN HARD!

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Full of the oddest pranks, charming stories and laugh-provoking illustrations by the Prince of Juvenile artists. Selling immensely. Critics say of it: "*It's my little folks' relief and delight.*"—Hon. Clinton B. Fisk. "*Don't send me another for I can't get the children to bed.*"—E. H. Conwell, D. D. "*Incomparably neat and elegant.*"—Hon. S. S. Cox. "*Surpassing an Æsop and Uncle Remus.*"—Hon. Howard Crosby.

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**WEAK MEN!** Debilitated through Indiscretions or Excesses, WE GUARANTEE TO CURE by this New Improved Electric Belt & Suspensory, or REFUND MONEY. Other Belts & Specialties. Cure or Guarantee Weak Lungs, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, Paralysis, Sexual Weakness, Lost Manhood, etc. Electricity flowing through all weak parts. Will restore to health and Vigorous Strength. Electric Current felt. Thousands testify. Illustrated pamphlet (sealed) free. Call or write. Worst cases permanently cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet, 4 cent stamp. Improvements over all other belts. Consult us personally or forfeit $5,000 to us. Genuine MEMORY. Call or write. SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 160 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.

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**"ANCHOR" Stone Building Blocks.**

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**MUSTANG LINIMENT**

IS FOR MAN & BEAST. PENETRATES MUSCLE & FIBRE TO THE VERY BONE.

## THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS.

GREAT misfortunes are like mortal wounds, in that they seldom cause much suffering at first.— *"Thrilby Hall," Harper's Weekly.*

MOST notorious thieves, true-bred, care nothing about prisons; pauper-born, look forward to making their home in the work houses; and murderers can assemble and jest under the shadow of the gallows.— *Pall Mall Budget.*

WHEN once the precedent is set that one kind of property can be taken away from the owners without compensation, is is foolish to suppose that the needy and the covetous will not desire to apply the same principle to other forms of property.—*London Saturday Review.*

EVERY sin leaves a wound. No repentance can extinguish remorse for wrongs to others. And they that sin, calculating that they can wipe out all at convenience by repenting, will be like him in scripture, who "found no place for repentance though he sought it carefully with tears."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

THE age can not be carried backward. Whether happily or unhappily, we have passed out of mere conservatism. Authority as such is not recognized. If our age and people ever again recognize it, the recognition will stand out prominently upon its reasonableness. We may not approve this present condition of the popular mind, but we must recognize it. Never before was there a more imperative and more general necessity to give a reason for the hope which is in us.—*Rev. Dr. Franklin, in Living Church.*

ONE mischief which has arisen from abortive college government has been that, while these governments have themselves been unable to institute any adequate investigations or to inflict any sufficient penalties, they have often shielded students from the civil law. Let the civil law do the work it is fitted to do, which it was framed to do. Let not the college take the attitude of a weak, suppliant mother, standing between her children and the law of the State, and then leading them home for a foolish curtain lecture. If the duties of citizens are to be enforced in college life, the direct, well-digested penalties of law should not be set aside while this instruction is in progress.—*Dr. John Bascom, in New York Independent.*

### Tips in Paris.

In private life every service rendered by one's inferiors and servants is equally expected to be rewarded, not only throughout the year, but at the beginning of the next besides. The waiter who tends upon one in the restaurant receives upon an average 4 pence a day for serving one with two meals—6 pounds 1 shilling 8 pence per annum; the waiter at the cafe receives 2 pence —3 pounds 10 pence per annum; the barber expects 2 pence each time he cuts your hair—4 shillings; the attendant at the bath ditto. Seeing that a warm bath is out of question in an ordinary French apartment, one goes at least twice a week—17 shillings 2 pence per annum. The concierge expects at least 10 francs each time the rent is paid, which is four times a year—total, 1 pound 12 shillings. Woe betide the tenant who fails in this latter quasi-voluntary contribution. His most intimate friend will be told he is not at home when he has made a most important appointment; he himself will be left at the street door after dark until he be clammed with cold or weary with waiting. If the question be asked: "How does the concierge know that it is the defaulter in question who is pulling the bell?" the answer is, the concierge does not know; but according to her lights, if there be one black sheep in the house, she indiscriminately inflicts suffering upon every inmate. The good pay for the bad; that is the maxim, from which there is no appeal. The landlord sides with his understrapper. If he should dismiss her, the chances are that the house falls from the frying-pan into the fire. An old Anglo-Parisian whose concierge was ill was heard to express the hope that she would get over it. "You like her very much?" asked his friend. "Not so," came the answer; "but I prayed for the removal of her predecessor, and we got worse; I prefer putting up with the known evil." No Parisian will quarrel with his concierge; if he does, his life will be a misery ever afterward. Until 3 o'clock in the afternoon he will live upon a desert island. Not till that hour will his letters and newspapers come to hand.—*Cor. London Globe.*

### A Return to Duty.

This is always desirable, and the speedier it takes place the better. Doubly welcome is it in the case of those usually industrious little organs, the kidneys, which, when they go on a strike—so to speak—and drop work, seriously imperil health in more than one way. First and foremost, their function begets their disease, which is hydra-headed, including such dangerous maladies as Bright's disease and diabetes. Next, when inactive they fail to assist in removing from the blood impurities that beget rheumatism, gout and dropsy. Third, their inaction weakens the bladder. All this is preventable and remediable by the pleasant promoter of organic action, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, at once a tonic and a regulator. This gently but effectually impels the kidneys to return to duty, and strengthens them and the bladder. Upon the bowels, stomach and liver it likewise exerts a regulating and invigorating influence, and it strengthens the system, and averts and remedies malaria and rheumatism.

### The Reformed Serpent.

A Serpent whose Bite was Poisonous was one day Discovered in the dooryard of a Peasant, and it sought to Explain its Presence by saying:

"I have Decided to Reform and shall hereafter Cease to Bite."

"And to Render Assurance doubly sure," replied the Peasant as he Hunted for a Club, "I will put it beyond your Power to Relapse."

MORAL:—An Old Thief will Stop Stealing when he no longer has any Hands to Steal with.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Keeping on the Safe Side.

"What! my dear fellow, are going to marry a female physician?"

"Certainly. She is charming."

"Yes; but to be thus exposed to a continual danger?

"Don't be alarmed. She will look after her own patients. I shall have my own doctor!"—*Figaro.*

### Where Log Cabins Flourish.

A party of American gentlemen who had been camping out on an island in the great Lake Nipissing, Canada, last summer, were returning in a sail-boat and were yet seven miles from port when the sun went down, and with it the sailing breeze.

A discouraging situation, truly.

"Never mind. I can row you there inside of two hours," said the guide who had charge of the party, as their murmurs arose.

"Why, man, it is seven miles, there are four of us in this heavy boat—it's a big job you undertake," said one.

"No matter. I have done fin likes before and can do it again," cheerfully replied the broad-shouldered Irishman, as he stowed away the sail and tent to the oars. He was a splendid oarsman and the boat was soon under headway again.

"What would I not give to enjoy your health and strength," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I am pretty healthy, and though I am past sixty I feel as strong as ever," replied the guide. "But only three years ago I stood at death's door, and never thought to pull an oar again. You see, I was in the woods all winter, logging, and I got into the water one day and caught cold. It settled on my lungs and I had a bad cough which hung on till I ran down almost to a skeleton."

"Call in a physician?"

"Yes. I went twenty miles through the bush to see a doctor; he gave me some medicine, but it didn't help me much."

"How was the cure effected?"

"An old Scotch lady, who had come over from the States, gave me a preparation of balsams and herbs, which she said the early settlers in America used, and it soon stopped my cough and put me on my feet again."

One has but to travel along the frontier to learn how easy it is to get along without doctors, and how effective are the natural remedies which the old grandmothers know how to prepare. They often cure where the best physicians fail.

Every mother of a family knows how coughs and colds are quickly and radically cured with syrups and teas made from balsams and herbs which "grandmother taught us how to make."

Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy was, after long investigation into the merits and comparison with other old-time preparations, selected from them because proved to be the very best of them all. It has brought back the roses to many a pallid cheek—there is no known remedy its equal as a cure for coughs and colds.

### Extended His Time.

A big man rushed at a little man at the ferry dock, and exclaimed:

"Ha! now I've got you. I'm going to knock the top of your head off"

"Come on and try it," replied the little man as he got into position.

"You slandered me," shouted the big man as he backed off a little.

"What of it?"

"You've got to take it back or get licked! I'll give you—I'll give you one week to take it back, and if you don't do it I'll—"

"What!" cried the little man as he, advanced upon him.

"I'll perhaps extend the time, but you've got to take it back."

"Hold on—wait!" shouted the little man as he got his coat off, but the big man waived his hand and ran aboard the boat to call back:

"Two weeks and not another day! Then prepare to get mauled."—*Detroit Tribune.*

### Heating Steam.

"No, Joseph, the Steam Heating Company was not formed for the purpose of heating steam. Steam is heated before it is made—that is to say, when you heat the steam—no, when you make the steam—no—well, confound you, don't you know steam is hot anyway, and doesn't have to be heated by a company?"—*Scientific American.*

THE negro debating club at Sulphur Springs, Texas, discussed the question: "When a watermelon vine runs onto another man's land, who is the owner of the watermelon?"

### A Valuable Remedy.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify the Blood, stimulate the Liver, strengthen the Kidneys, regulate the Bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over fifty millions of boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS have been consumed.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

THE man who never pays his debts probably believes with Byron that "Time at last sets all things even."—*Punxsutawney Tribune.*

### The Homeliest Man in Town.

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Large Bottles 50 cents and $1.

YOUNG lovers ought to make good detectives, because they are so inclined to investigate.—*Texas Siftings.*

**In 1850** "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

THE best hunting dogs are like the best jokes—they are pointers.—*Stockton Maverick.*

**Moxie** has created the greatest excitement as a beverage, in the years, ever witnessed, from the fact that it brings nervous, exhausted, overworked women to good powers of endurance in a few days; cures the appetite for liquor and tobacco at once, and has recovered a large number of cases of old, helpless paralysis as a food only.

"ONE swallow does not make a summer," but sometimes leads to "making a night of it."

### Pleasant Journeys.

Pleasant journeys can always be had via the Wisconsin Central Line. The employes are courteous and obliging; the sleeping and dining cars and day coaches are peers of any in the Northwest. The leaving hours at principal terminal points are convenient and the depots are centrally located. All together it is the most desirable route in either direction between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Duluth. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.

FIVE dollars can be saved every year in boots and shoes by using Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; cost only 25c.

THE true American has a warm place in his heart for the old Log CABIN. It's not "English, you know," but from the Log Cabins of America have sprung men in every respect greater than any from the grand castles of Europe. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is the best in the world.

### What Next?

If this sort of thing keeps on they will be giving away houses and lots soon! We now learn that W. Jennings Demorest runs an immense pattern manufactory, and yet does not sell a single pattern. What nonsense? Not at all! They are all given away to the purchasers or subscribers to that wonderful family magazine, *Demorest's Monthly.* Each magazine contains an order entitling the holder to any pattern they manufacture. We do not see how they can afford it, for their editions are immense, and it seems incredible that each magazine (price 20 cents) contains an order for a pattern worth from 20 to 30 cents. This will certainly hurt the pattern trade, for ladies will soon learn that they can get their patterns free by simply buying or subscribing for *Demorest's Monthly Magazine.* Published at 15 East Fourteenth street, New York City. Send 10 cents for a specimen number containing a "Pattern Order" worth 30 cents.

### Cancer Cured.

Dr. F. L. Pond is having wonderful success in the treatment and cure of cancer at the cancer hospital at Aurora, Ill. There are numbers of cures recently made by him which are truly wonderful. Those afflicted should go there for treatment at once. For information, address Dr. F. L. Pond, Aurora, Ill.


**ST. JACOBS OIL**

**For Bruises, Burns.**

Strong Evidence. New Proofs.

Crushed. Ashland, Ashland Co., Wis., May 20'88. Mr. JOHN JONES was run over by a saw-logs under doctor's care 3 weeks; two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him soon and well; no return of pain. WALKER & CO., Druggists.

Family Use. Illiopolis, Ill., May 29, 1888. For a number of years St. Jacobs Oil has been used in my family. I believe it is the best remedy for burns, swellings, cuts, bruises and sprains ever prepared. JOSEPH SHAFER.

Right Away. St. Nazianz, Wis., May 25, '88. I burned my left hand badly and it was cured right away by St. Jacobs Oil.

P. A. SCHEULLER.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

**Diamond Vera-Cura FOR DYSPEPSIA.**

A POSITIVE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND ALL Stomach Troubles Arising Therefrom.

*Your Druggist or General Dealer will get Vera-Cura for you if not already in stock, or it will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent stamp.*

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**ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH**

*I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nose bled almost daily. Since the first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm have had no bleeding, the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget.*

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 W. 4th St., New York.

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WHOOPING COUGH—Absolute Cure in One Week. Sufficient by mail for 50 cents. Give age of child. L. P. BISSELL, Louisville, Stark County, Ohio.

**$5** to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE; if you are not under the horse's feet. Write Brewer Safety Rein-Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

**WANTED** TO BUY A FARM in this locality. Send Price & Lowest Cash Price. ASTHMA. CURTIS & WHITNEY, 283 Broadway, N. Y.

# Catarrh in the Head

Originates in scrofulous taint in the blood. Hence the proper method by which to cure catarrh is to *purify the blood.* Its many disagreeable symptoms and the danger of developing into bronchitis or that terribly fatal disease, consumption, are entirely removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures catarrh by purifying the blood; it also tones up the system and greatly improves the general health. Try the "peculiar medicine."

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of catarrh, soreness of the bronchial tubes, and terrible headache." R. GIBBONS, Hamilton, Ohio.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy." M. E. READ, Wauseon, Ohio.

"For 25 years I have been troubled with catarrh in the head, indigestion, and general debility. I never had faith in such medicines, but concluded to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It did me so much good that I continued its use till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." MRS. J. E. ADAMS, 8 Richmond St., Newark, N. J.

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continued dropping in my throat and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run-down state of health and kidney trouble." MRS. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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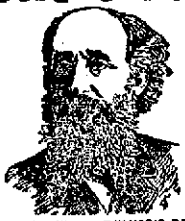

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Rheumatic Syrup Company, JACKSON, MICH.

**CASCARA SAGRADA.** As a laxative it will restore the bowels to their normal condition without pain or griping, and has remarkable virtue in the treatment of habitual constipation, indigestion, and as a tonic for the stomach it has no rival, as used in this syrup.

**BLACK COHOSH,** as used in this syrup, is a powerful and useful remedy, acting primarily on the nervous system, kidneys and uterine organs.

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**BURDOCK** has no equal for the cure of Rheumatism, Syphilis, Kidney, Liver and all Skin Diseases, as used herein.

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IN ADDITION to the ABOVE, which are everywhere recognized by the MEDICAL FACULTY as being the best known Blood Tonics, our medicine contains RARE DRUGS, rendering

# Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup

UNRIVALED in merit. It is a **Safe Family Medicine,** because it contains no **poison** or **opiates.** Children, invalids and delicate persons will find it the best medicine and tonic they can use. No home should be without it. Always in season. *Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.*

If you cannot procure it of your druggist, send direct to us. Price $1.00; 6 bottles $5.00. Plasters 25c.

**TESTIMONIALS WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.**

My daughter Maud has used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters, which you so strongly recommended her to try for inflammatory rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen, and the poor girl was in terrible agony. In the midst of the pain we wound the Plasters about her limbs, and, as a result the swelling was reduced, she became quiet and rested. The syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are remedies of great merit. Rev. J. ROBERTS, Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

ALMON, Mich., Dec. 20, 1887.—While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company at Augusta, Mich., about seven years ago, my kidneys became diseased, and I have been a great sufferer ever since. Have consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor, and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. Suffering under a very severe attack in October last, began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and am today a well man. It affords me pleasure to render suffering humanity any good that I can, and in speaking of the remedy, allow me to say that I think it the greatest medicine in the world. E. LANZLEER, Agent M. C. R. R.

**A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.**

**WANTED LOCAL AGENTS** TO SELL THE

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**1-4 to 1-3 THE FUEL SAVED.**

SELLS AT SIGHT. ADAPTED TO ALL STOVES. SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND MAKE MONEY. MOREY MFG. CO., Waukesha, Wis.

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The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and the best storm coat in the world. The name and trade mark is on every garment. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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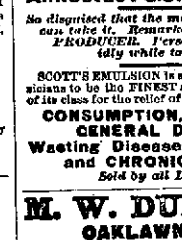

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# SABBATH READING.

## *Thought and Prayer Both Come from a Hidden Source.*

### *A DUMB MAN'S TESTIMONY.*

*"Do You Think a Christian Ought to Be Entirely Pure, Spotless, or Spotted?"*

*Spotless or Spotted.*

Suppose we should go through one of our large cities and visit all the places of iniquity, taverns, saloons, gambling dens, and brothels, and submit to every one of the ungodly this question: "Do you think a Christian ought to be entirely pure, spotless or spotted?" What answer would be given? Why, the whole crowd throughout the realm of iniquity, one and all, would exclaim, "Spotted! Nay, nay; a Christian should be entirely pure—spots belong to us." This would be the universal verdict.

And yet how many Christian professors there are who plead for a little sin—and for a few spots. Is it not strange? We would think that a taste of the new life given in regeneration would put within them an insatiate longing for entire purity. But, alas, many do not retain the sweetness of regenerate life! They lose it out of their souls, and then they do not want to hear about holiness.—*Guide to Holiness.*

*Full of Joy.*

The tongue will tell what the heart feels. You will not need to urge one full of joy to speak the gladness of his heart, he will do it from the internal pressure to which he must yield. Salvation is to him a "well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

The poet Carpini once asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description. The great composer replied, "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen; and, since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

When our harps were swept with the inspiration of the Saviour's love, they will breathe tones of unearthly melody; yes, it will be "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Then "serve the Lord with gladness," is not a mere duty; it is a necessity when the well is within us.—*Exchange.*

*A Dumb Man's Testimony.*

A most remarkable incident is reported in the *Indian Witness*. It states that among the converts at a mission station was a man curiously afflicted. He could hear and read, but could not speak. His intelligence, however, could not be doubted. In the course of time this poor man was proposed for baptism. The pastor and brethren hesitated, feeling that it was impossible to gain from his speechless mouth any adequate proof that he had the knowledge requisite for church membership, or that he was not acting with duplicity. He was brought before the church, however, and the minister asked him this question: "What is the ground of your belief that there is salvation for you in Jesus Christ?" The others looked at one another in dismay; this question seemed impossible of answer from a dumb man. But he, on hearing it, instantly arose and proceeded to answer by significant signs. First, he put his hands upon his breast with an expression of loathing, to indicate his own sense of sin; then he stepped forward, and looking down, as if beholding a deep and awful pit, from which he again shrank back with a look of terror; but presently drawing near again, he looked and seemed to see something just beyond; then he made the sign of the cross! Jesus was there! And again he looked into the pit and smiled, as that he saw his own sins cast in there! At last he looked up and pointed to Heaven with a smile of ecstacy. Jesus had died for his sins, and was risen forever to make intercession for him!

*THE LEGEND OF THE WREN.*

The story of the contest for the crown, in which the wren outwitted the eagle, is traditional in Germany, France, Ireland, and other countries. It seems that the birds all met together one day and settled among themselves that whichever could fly the highest was to be king of them all. As they were starting, the wren, unknown to the eagle, perched himself on his tail. Away flew the birds, and the eagle soared far above the others, until, tired, he perched himself on a rock, and declared that he had gained the victory. "Not so fast," cried the wren getting off the tail and springing above the eagle; "you have lost your chance, I am king of the birds" The eagle, angry at the trick played upon him, gave the wren as he came down a smart stroke with his wing, from which time the wren has never been able to fly higher than a hawthorn bush. The story is told with a different conclusion in Germany. According to the German version, the wren was imprisoned in a mouse-hole, and the owl was set to watch before it, whilst the other birds were deliberating upon the punishment to be inflicted upon the offender. The owl fell asleep and the prisoner escaped. The owl was so ashamed that he has never ventured to show himself by daylight. In the Ojibua legend the gray linnet is the tricky bird, and the verdict was rendered in favor of the eagle, he not only flew nearest to the sun, but carried the linnet with him. In France the wren is called *roitelet* (little king), and also *poulette au bon Dieu*, "God's little hen." To kill it or to rob its nest would bring down lightning on the culprit's head.

*A COCK FIGHTING A LOOKING-GLASS.*

An amusing test of the difference of disposition in barnyard fowls may be made by placing a piece of looking-glass against the trunk of a large tree, and laying a train of corn in front of it. Some hens will discover what they all take to be a new arrival with mild curiosity, and merely look at it intently, perhaps peering around behind the tree, and then walk quietly away. Others peck the glass angrily and insist upon fighting, while a few nervous females show much the same noisy excitement that seizes upon most hens when they spy a snake. We tried the valiant old autocrat of the farmyard with this trick, and he was at once aroused to fury. Dropping his head when some ten feet in front of the glass, he began the cautious advance by parallels which every one familiar with poultry has seen before a fight. But, of course, he soon lost his enemy by moving too far to one side. After crowing fiercely and looking around uneasily for a few moments, he returned to the train of corn and almost instantly saw the strange cock nearer than before. More stealthy approach, another failure to keep in sight of the foe, and greater excitement, and a third time he began to eat, only to be startled by the hostile presence nearer than ever. At last he worked right up to the glass and braced himself for the shock of the combat, the counterfeit, of course, following his every movement with ominous celerity. There was one fierce peck at the angry head in the glass, and then a crash, as our infuriated champion hurled himself against his likeness, breaking the glass into a hundred fragments. The mingling of astonishment, rage, and triumph in this bird's appearance, as he whirled about, startled at the cracking noise and bewildered by the total disappearance of his enemy, was comical to behold. Then he rushed around the big pear tree, evidently thinking that the cowardly stranger might be hidden there. Not finding him the victor strutted about, too excited to eat, and crowed long and loud over his unprecedented triumph. The other cock was entirely wiped out of existence, and our old fighter, who would crow defiantly in our arms whenever he found himself being carried off the premises, knowing from experience that a set-to was coming, could scarcely credit his senses.—*Science Monthly.*

*MUSIC AS A CURE.*

Julius Eichberg, the well-known Boston musician, tells this story of an early experience: One day a lady somewhat advanced in years came to make arrangements for taking private lessons in singing. At the end of the second lesson the teacher felt constrained to tell her that her ear was not true. She received the mark very coolly, and at the next lesson sang as badly as before. "I am afraid," said Mr. Eichberg, "that you can never learn to sing in tune." "Oh, it doesn't matter," was the surprising reply. "Doesn't matter!" said the astonished teacher. "No," said the pupil, "I don't care anything about music, but my doctor said that singing would be the best thing for my dyspepsia, and so I decided to take lessons."

*TO ENDOW A SCHOOL.*

Isaiah V. Williamson, the bachelor and Quaker many-millionaire, of Philadelphia is to be credited with with one of the grandest benevolent enterprises of modern times. He has determined richly to endow a great industrial training school for boys, where every boy can be taught some trade free of expense. His plans are not yet completed, but it is understood that the new school will be as extensive in its aims and proportions as Girard College, and that the limit Mr. Williamson will place on this gift will be $12,000,000.

*BEAD-WORK.*

Women who prefer employment to ennui are now spending their leisure hours in bead-work—an old-time amateur industry which is being revived quite commonly. It is a different style of bead-work though from that in vogue some years ago. There is none of the all-over work in many colors and intricate designs so popular then. The new bead-work is very much prettier and more graceful, consisting mainly of a kind of sketching in out-line with small glass or gold and silver beads on a background of lace or mull.

*THE WILD PIGEONS HAVE GONE.*

According to a dealer in game, wild pigeons are very scarce. With the progress of the course of empire westward the flocks have gone farther and farther toward the setting sun for lighting places. There seems to be only one way to prevent further scarcity of these birds in our markets—cultivate our own wild pigeons.

# MISSION OF PICTURES.

**A SERMON BY THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.**

**American Cities Need Great Galleries of Paintings—Men of Wealth Should Build in the Place of Their Residence Thrones for American Art.**

Subject—"The Divine Mission of Pictures." Text—"The day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures." Isaiah 2, xii-xvi.

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental, or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of divine observation and arraignment.

That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii the wall of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel; they would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have, when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvass embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom and a stout finger thrust in on the right side, ripping clear through to the left. Pliny, the elder, lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the further you can stand off from the burning crater of sin, the better. Never till the Books of the Last Day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination and he becomes a moral carcass. The shop windows of English and American cities in which the low theatres have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all other arts been at times subborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled! Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp, and Handel's organ, Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's violin; and the flute, which, though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission. Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted. It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity. What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible, which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement: First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or woodcut for millions on millions! What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what re-enforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and Christ, what distribution of scriptural knowledge of all nations, in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael, the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoret's "Flight into Egypt," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's "Madonna at Milan," Oreagna's "Last Judgment," and hundreds of miles of pictures if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not to-day so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833 forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness and grandour anything and everything that the world had seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustav Dore. At 11 years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the Book of books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light, "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethern," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and 205 scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural affinius that make the heart throb, and the brain reel, and the tears start, and the cheeks blanch, and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art Gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving the Pretorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink than by skillful laying on of colors, or design on metal through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morals was presented by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress" and "The Miser's Feast," and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life" and the "Course of Empire," and by "Turner's Slave Ship." God in art! Christ in art! Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Heaven in art!

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semi-starvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Howe, of the English Army, and through coming to admire West as a skater, they gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alcyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1610 to 1643 there were 4,600 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles the First it was ordered by Parliament that all the pictures of Christ be burnt. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the Eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give minute accounts of what they did with their colors, as a painter's bill which came to publication in Scotland in 1707 indicated. The painter had been touching up some old pictures in the church, and he sends in this itemized bill to the vestry: "To filling up a chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages to Pharaoh's hosts;" "to a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness;" "to repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard;" "to giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam;" "to making a bridle for the Good Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs;" "to putting a new handle on Moses' basket and fitting bullrushes, and adding more fuel to the fire in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace." So painters were humiliated clear down below the majesty of their art. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matseys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till as a painter he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the less of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord 1888, and within twelve years of the Twentieth century, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect? Poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated! When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings: one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the n[illegible] of his body.

But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bestead. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on his coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of $64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius, these artists suffer more than any one but God can realize. There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artists of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer, who was very busy gathering his fall apples, and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg; and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but I think this is the first sermon ever preached that made a plea for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than any of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, b't it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists, and to know little or nothing about our own Copley, and Allston, and Inman, and Greenough, and Kensett. Let the affluent filling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless dambs on canvas, and call in these splendid but unrewarded men and tell them to adorn your walls, not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the mind, and improve the morals, and save the souls of those who gaze upon them.

Brooklyn, and all other American cities, need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until 10 o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go. What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily dredge! Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for Brooklyn or the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington, and what I am told John Wanamaker, by the donation of De Munkacsy's great picture "Christ before Pilate," is going to do for Philadelphia? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament, and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence, a throne for American art? Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children, and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting, who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live; and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged by your benefaction. Build your own monuments, and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph; while some men, whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of polished Aberdeen high enough for a king, and eulogium enough to embarrass a seraph. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading room, or free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture and the walls abloom with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead; and one hundred and fifty years from now you will be wielding influences in this world for good among those whose great-grandfather was your great-grandchild. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendors which under the chandelier would be glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand on the January night when the necropolis where the bodysleeps is all snowed under. The tower of David was hung with 1,000 dented shields of battle; but you, oh man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that art which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of picture! I cannot deride, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the art gallery of his palace, saying: "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at that deluge of Carucci! Farewell dear pictures!" As the day of the Lord of Hosts according to this text will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book or newspaper or on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of wood cut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk many have hoped, with little reason, would become a world wide language; but the pictorial is always a world wide language, and printer's types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a bar-room, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity!

Furthermore, let all reformers, and all Sabbath-school teachers, and all Christian workers realize that if they would be effective for good they must make pictures, if not by chalk on blackboards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and His Sermon on the Mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill that cannot be hid," and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture. When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakspeare's tragedies a picture, Victor Hugo's writings all pictures, John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's work all pictures—why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor, the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper, with pen or pencil, their coming career, of virtue if they prefer that, of vice if they prefer this? After making the picture, put it on the wall, or paste it on the fly leaf of some favorite book, that you may have it before you. I read the other day of a man who had been executed for murder, and the jailer found afterward a picture made on the wall of the cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written: "Disobedience of parents;" on the second: "Sabbath breaking;" on the third: "Drunkenness and gambling;" on the fourth: "Murder," and on the fifth and top step: "A gallows." If that man had made the picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them. Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture, and I will help you make it! I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write the words, "A nature changed by the Holy Ghost and washed by the blood of the Lamb;" on the second step, "Industry and good companionship;" on the third step, "A Christian home with a family altar;" on the fourth step, "Ever widening usefulness;" on the fifth step, "A glorious departure from this world;" on the sixth step, "Heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of the one word be made up of banners, the second of coronets, and the third of thurnes! Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will, through his pardoning grace, bring me there, too.

And here I am going to say a word of cheer to the people who have never had a word of consolation on that subject. There are men and women in this world by hundreds of thousands, and some of them are here to-day, who have a fine natural taste, and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed, and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and Naples far more than 999 out of 1,000 who visit them, they never may go, for they must support their households, and bread and schooling for their children are of more importance than pictures. Though fond of music, they are compelled to live amid discord, and though fond of architecture they dwell in clumsy abodes, and though appreciative of all that engravings and paintings can do, they are in perpetual deprivation. You are going, after you get on the sixth step of that stairs just spoken of, to find yourselves in the royal gallery of the universe, the concentered splendors of all worlds before your transported vision. In some way all the thrilling scenes which we and the Church of God have passed in our earthly state will be pictured or brought to mind. At the cyclorama of Gettysburg, which we had in Brooklyn, one day a blind man, who lost his sight in that battle, was with his child heard talking while standing before that picture. The blind man said to the daughter: "Are there at the right of the picture some regiments marching up a hill?" "Yes," she said. "Well," said the blind man, "is there a General on horseback leading them on?" "Yes," she said. "Well, is there rushing down on these men a cavalry charge?" "Yes," was the reply. "And do there seem to be many dying and dead?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, now, do you see a shell from the woods bursting near the wheel of a cannon?" "Yes," she said. "Stop right there!" said the blind man. "That is the last thing I ever saw on earth! What a time it was, Jennie, when I lost my eyesight!" But when you, who have found life a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the royal gallery of Heaven, and with your new vision begin to see and understand that which in your earthly blindness you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps, to your own dear children who have gone before, the scenes of the earthly conflicts, in which you participated, saying: "There from that hill of prosperity I was driven back; in that valley of humiliation I was wounded. There I lost my eyesight. That was the way the world looked when I last saw it. But what a grand thing to get celestial vision, and stand here before the cyclorama of all worlds while the Rider on the white horse goes on "conquering and to conquer," the moon under his feet and the stars of Heaven for his tiara!

**Drawing the Line.**

"W'y bress me, Miss Simmons, you 'pears ter be in a mighty hurry dis mawnin'."

"It's right yer is, Uncle Mose, Ize got a power a' bizniss to 'tend to. We's gwine to hab a party down to our house, an' I wants yer fur to come."

"All right, chile, I'll be dar sma. Who's gwine to be invited?"

"Oh, eberybody wat's got any 'tenshun to bein' fust-class."

"Bolivar Smif's folks?"

"Yes."

"An' Juniper Jones?"

"Yes."

"An' de Bucktown gang?"

"Oh, yes."

"An' Capresiuts Johnsings'?"

"No, dey's lef' out."

"Huh! W'y Miss Simmons, how's dat?"

"'Cause dis yer pahty's gwine to be selec', an' on'y de 'stocracy's gwine to be 'vited. We can't 'low too much mixin' ob low down niggers wid de fust fam'ly blood, no how. Dem Johnsings wa'nt nuthin' but common fiel' han's 'fore de wah'.

"Yes, but now dey owns a tater patch an' a cow."

"Dat's so, Uncle Mose; I didn't tink ob dat. Reckon we'll hab to let 'em in. If dey's got a cow dat makes a difference."

"How about dem Clakes?"

"Huh! Dey ain't got no cow is dey?"

"No."

"Den dat settles hit. Dey can't come. I tells you, Uncle Mose, s'ciety's got to purtect itse'f."

"Dat's right, Miss Simmons, of de ole culled 'stocracy didn't look out monsus peart, de fust ting dey knowed dey'd hab some ob de poor w'ite trash a-comin' to deir parties. Good mawnin', Miss Simmons. Be mighty keerful 'bout dem invite."

"Ize gwine to, Uncle Mose. We has to make a 'stinction somow'ere. Reckon we'll draw de line on do cow. Good mawnin."—*Texas Siftings.*

**Made $105,000,000 After He Was 65.**

A veteran of thirty Saratoga seasons tells this: "I have often heard Vanderbilt say that he made his great fortune after he reached the age of 65. He had only $15,000,000 or $16,000,000 when he was 65. His first big hit was the purchase of the Harlem road. That doubled his fortune. Then he bought the Hudson River and Central, and doubled another. And finally he took in the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern and his Western property, and doubled his estate the third time. Thus when he was at the age when most men are thinking of making their wills, his estate jumped from $15,000,000 to $30,000,000 by the purchase of the Harlem, from $30,000,000 to $60,000,000 by the purchase of the Hudson River, and from $60,000,000 to $120,000,000 by the purchase of the Lake Shore. That is the whole secret of the building up of the wonderful Vanderbilt fortune."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

**Even as a Child.**

A lady living in Mackinac has a very small daughter who is just beginning to attend church. She is a very devout little thing and when the first Sunday in the month came she said to her mother:

"Mamma, dress me up for the supper,"

"What do you mean, Louise?" asked her mother.

"Why, I'm going to the supper; the minister invited everybody—me, too."

"What supper are you talking about, child?"

"The Lord's Supper," said the little girl beginning to cry; "he said everybody was invited."

Perhaps there were few who did go who possessed as clean hands and pure a heart as the ignorant little child who pleaded for the privilege. — *Detroit Free Press.*

A CINCINNATI tailor has failed. He lost his money speculating in wheat selvidges in Chicago.

MOTTO for a dude: "There's room at the top."

# ROOT & COMPANY'S CORSET DEPARTMENT!

Street Floor—Center—South Side.

Many doctors say that women should not wear corsets. Doctors disagree, but you women agree to wear them. You are thinking of a new dress and a new wrap of some of the varied styles.

## Buy Your Corset First.

Can you reasonably expect your new garment to fit well without a new corset? Surely not. Our immense and well selected stocks, from the best of Foreign and American manufacturers, will enable you to make a selection of a "perfect fit." It seems to the writer (who wishes the saleslades would write the corset story) that a "perfect fit" covers the desirable qualities, but you may need an extra long waisted or unusually short waisted, or a nursing, or an abdominal. Whatever you desire in a corset the saleswomen will find for you here. We would name all the varied styles and makes, only that it would prove wearisome to read. Hear of a few: Our Style, No. 90, at 50c.; German weave, 75c.; the Warner's Coraline and the Juno at $1; the Health at $1.25; the Glove Fitting, at $1.50, and the P. D. Corset at $1.75. These are popular—every hour selling brands. Beside these, you will find all the finely wrought and highly embroidered makes. Here, too, you will find a full line of "Good Sense Waists," and a complete stock of braces, clasps, forms, bustles and stocking supports. The best goods, low prices and courteous treatment. These combined necessitate the removal of this department to an enlarged place now in preparation.

# ROOT & COMPANY


### LOCAL ITEMS.

Hon. J. D. Sarnighausen will address a democratic meeting at Huntington tonight.

"Now it's all right, it's all right, darling," said Mrs. Workhard, "I have tested the matter thoroughly. One bottle of Salvation Oil will cure your pain in the back, and only costs twenty-five cents."

Ammunition for quails, squirrels, pheasants and game of all [illegible] at 2-2t MAX G. LADE'S.

Rev. Mrs. Jones, of this city, will preach at Paw Paw, [illegible] to-morrow.

Cold weather [illegible] coming an better [illegible] rooms for [illegible] Renner, Co., 56 Calhoun [illegible] have the [illegible] of wall paper in city. [illegible] store. 3-1

Pants, 200 different styles [illegible] reversible patterns; equal in better [illegible] custom work; at Friends', 26 Calhoun street.

Next Monday will be pay for the payment of the [illegible] tallment of 1887 taxes.

For G. T. S. C. [illegible] Renner, Cratsley & Co., 56 Calhoun street, 3-1t

The president has selected Thursday, Nov. 29th as the day for the annual Thanksgivingobservance.


HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA TRADE MARK

The [illegible] cannot [illegible] Hood's [illegible] creates an [illegible] tones the digestion, while it [illegible] otherwise. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

DR. R. DEPPELLER

Graduate [illegible] Physician,

Former [illegible] to Dr. A. Goertz, has returned and permanently located at the old office, No. 18 East Columbia street, over John Bode's provision store. The Doctor will be pleased to see all his old friends and as many new ones as may desire to consult him professionally. The Doctor prefers to see some of the worst cases first. Be sure to bring a small vial of water. 4-1mo.

# Here's a Picnic!

We have secured Two Cases (64 Dozen)

ALL WOOL

## Scarlet Shirts and Drawers!

Which we will continue to sell until all are disposed of, at the extremely low price of

## 35c Each

There will be no duplicates on this lot, so buy what you want now.

## SAM, PETE & MAX.



# Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1888.


## LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. R. M. Barns of this city, delivers his lecture on "The Mighty Present," at Wabash, November 19.

J. M. Steele, the Wabash brakeman who was severely injured several weeks ago, is again able to report for duty.

The democrats had a new song last night. It closed: "McClellan for the white house; White for the Fruit house."

Mr. A. F. Platter, of Goshen, Ind., has been in the city for a few days, visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Zartman.

Mr. A. A. Furman was at Toledo this week. He confirms the report that the Santa Fe people want to purchase the Mahoning road.

W. E. Speir, of Washington, government inspector of public buildings, was in the city yesterday. Mr. Speir's mission was to inspect the new postoffice building.

R. L. Smith, Cleveland; W. S. Latham, Chicago; A. G. Cox, Hartford; L. H. Oliver, New York; W. J. Homes, Dayton, O.; are among the guests at the Robinson.

The funeral services of August Minnicker will [illegible] to-morrow morning, [illegible] deformed church at 10:3[illegible] Rev. A. K. Zartman conduc[illegible] service.

Hon. [illegible]d Turpie, Indianapolis; J. J. Mar[illegible], Grand Rapids; W. C. Gertrard, Crawfordsville; G. H. Slater, Marion; Aaron Emerick and wife, Toledo, [illegible]ong the guests at the Rich.

[illegible] celebrated temperance advocate, Helen Gougar, will deliver a prohibition s[illegible]ech at the Masonic Temple, Monday night. It is needless to say that a fine audience will be formed.

Helen Gougar's answer to Miss Anna Dickinson next Monday evening, in the Masonic Temple, will be immense. Miss Gougar takes a back seat for no one. The Temple will no doubt be packed.

The Huntington *Herald* says: "Mr. and Mrs. Lotterman, of Fort Wayne, are guests of the Drover family, in the Third ward. Mrs. Lotterman is also a sister to Christian Bishop, who they are also visiting."

To-morrow evening, at Grace Reformed church, the Ladies' Missionary society will render an entertaining program of singing, select readings, recitations and reading of papers on missions. A collection for missions will be taken up.

The Indiana attorney general's report of fines and forfeitures in Indiana for the year ending October 31, is based upon returns from but twenty-seven counties, the other sixty-five being derelict. From those complying with the law, fines are credited amounting to $10,583 and for forfeitures in the aggregate sum of $4,300.

Rev. D. S. Kennedy will conduct the services in the chapel of the Y. M. C. A. Sabbath at 4:30, city time. As the able young divine has severed his connection with the Third church here to accept a call to the First church of Allegheny City, Pa., it may be the last time that we will have him with us. We hope the young men of the city will fill the chapel. The meeting is for men only, and all are welcome.

Harry Dr[illegible] of Indianapolis, who is at the head of the syndicate which proposes to build a railroad from Fort Wayne to Lafayette, on the Wabash canal bank, states that the work will be begun in the early spring, and by August 1 trains will be running over it. The entire road-bed is to be first class in every particular. The steel rails to be used are already contracted for, and will weigh sixty-four pounds to the yard.

Miss May Perrin has returned from Indianapolis.

Sarah Etsall has been given a divorce from Samuel Etsall.

Mr. John P. Simonton, of Washington, D. C., is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. W. H. Meyers will spend Sunday in Chicago.

Mr. C. Bankler, of this city, was yesterday granted a pension by the government.

The case of Conrad Gothe vs. the Nickel Plate road has been appealed to the circuit court.

The mayor had seven drunks to dispose of this morning. They were the ordinary $11.75 sort.

Dee Allen, the pensions windler, was taken to Indianapolis this morning by Deputy Marshal Wilkinson.

The Academy of Music will be open as a theater November 12, and Mr. Bob Smith will be tendered a benefit.

Simon Hautsch has been given a permit to build a one-story frame house on lot 96, Rockhill's addition, to cost $150.

H. P. Sheldon will give a free lecture on the "Life of a Christian," at the A. M. E. church Thursday evening, November 8.

A telegraph wire will be stretched to the Academy of Music Tuesday next and in the evening election returns will be read there.

Herman Krolme, the gunsmith, has filed a schedule to prevent creditors seizing his stock of goods to satisfy claims. He was examined before Judge O'Rourke to-day.

H. S. Sutton, familiarly known as "Skinny," dropped into the city to-day. He is now in the service of Uncle Sam, at Washington, D. C. About five years ago he was connected with the *Gazette* office.

Bartley Campbell's celebrated production, "Fate," was recently presented in Chicago with glowing success. The enthusiasm was so great as to cause a return of the play. It comes here the 12th inst.

Mrs. Margaret Benzinger, the wife of Mr. Frederick Benzinger, of Marion township, died Thursday, of typhoid fever, aged fifty-eight years. Her funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Casper Ran, guardian for Deiderick Weibke, sues Anna DeTurk for $300; John Drager for $1,500; Frank Drager for $500, and as executor for Christian G. Rupp, sues Deiderick Weibke for $500. W. P. Breen is counsel in the cases.

### INFAMOUS WORK.

**The Dudley Corruption Fund, Continues to be Dispensed to Fit and Unworthy.**

The republicans continued to distribute the Dudley corruption fund all day to-day from their suite of rooms in the Foster block, and drunkenness and debauchery runs riot, so much so that six or seven worthless fellows were sent to jail this morning.

It would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of any honest man, regardless of politics, if he could but see the stream of purchasable voters issuing to and from the republican headquarters to-day.

This infamous traffic in votes should be condemned at the polls by every honest man. It threatens our free institutions.

### HERE IS GRATITUDE.

**Capt. J. B. White Denouncing Democrats in Return for Their Votes —Read His Words.**

Two years ago, Capt. J. B. White was elected to congress by democratic votes and one might suppose he would have some gratitude in his heart.

The *Gazette*, this morning, prints a report of his speech, at the Princess rink, last night. Speaking of the democrats, he said, to use the *Gazette's* words:

"They (the democrats) said: 'Turn the rascals out.' We will turn them out next Tuesday." [Tremendous applause.]

Again the *Gazette* reports him as saying:

"I predict that when November 6 rolls around, free trade and the red bandana will be buried for the next generation as well as this."

Will democrats help Captain White in this work? THE SENTINEL has too much regard for their manhood to believe it.

### Fire Bugs.

WABASH, Ind., Nov. 3.—It is evident that a gang of fire bugs is operating in this city. Yesterday the barn of Mrs. Hugh McKahan was fired, but the flames were extinguished. In the afternoon an attempt was made to burn the barn of R. F. Lutz. Half burnt matches were found in both barns. At a late hour last night the McKahan barn was again fired, and consumed. Officers are busily hunting the miscreant.

### New Yorkers Can't Vote After 4 P. M.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The supreme court has decided that it cannot compel election inspectors to receive the votes of those in line in crowded districts, ready to vote at 4 o'clock, the time of the closing of the polls. No votes can be received after that hour.

### IT WAS GREAT.

**The Fourth and Fifth Ward Rally Defies the Weather and Proves a Success.**

In the face of the threatening weather the joint rally of the Fourth and Fifth ward democrats was a grand success last evening. Headed by the Union Cornet band the Railroad club, the Hendricks legion, the Jeffersonians, the Thurman club and first voters made a handsome parade, under command of Colonel Muhler.

When the head of the column approached the commons on Jefferson street, the huge bonfire was started and blazed for half an hour, making the heavens bright as day. Sky rockets and Roman candles shot into the air and fully 4,000 people assembled to view the sight, and it was indeed a picture.

From a stand a short distance away Hon. J. G. McNutt, of Terre Haute, Hon. M. D. Fansler, of Logansport, and Mr. S. M. Foster, of this city, made great speeches and were cheered to the echo by all who could get within reach of their words.

It was a great time and a grand affair all around, the illumination of private residences along the line of march being a great feature of the evening.

**Hot for Bluffton.**

The Hendricks club, accompanied by the City band, have made arrangements to attend the big rally, at Bluffton, this evening. Train leaves, north depot, at 5:45 p. m.; returning leaves Bluffton at 10:30 p. m. Fare for the round trip, 75c. Everybody is invited to go.

J. O. Adams opened an art school yesterday at 166 Calhoun street.

Chinchilla overcoats, from the cheapest to the very best the market has. Come in and see them.

FRIENDS' ENTERPRISE,
26 Calhoun street.

The leading styles of gents' handsewed shoes, at Will D. Schiefer's, 36 Calhoun street.

Splendid assortment of men's suits for $8 and $10. Friends' Enterprise, 26 Calhoun street.

The leading styles of gents' handsewed shoes, at Will D. Schiefer's, 36 Calhoun street.

New cream cheese 10 each.

FRUIT HOUSE.

The leading styles of gents' handsewed shoes, at Will D. Schiefer's, 36 Calhoun street.

Pawn your watch at 20 East Columbia street. 30-5t

The latest styles in gents' fine handsewed shoes, $5.

W. D. SCHIEFER,
36 Calhoun street.

Have your house decorated with some of those nice and elegant wall papers. To be had at Renner, Cratsley & Co., 56 Calhoun, Keil's old store. 3-1t

The latest styles in gents' fine handsewed shoes, $5.

W. D. SCHIEFER,
36 Calhoun street.

Suits made to order for $20, $22.50, $25, at Friends' Enterprise, 26 Calhoun street.

A positive guarantee of a saving of 25 per cent. to all purchasers in our merchant tailoring department.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE,
26 Calhoun street.

The latest styles in gents' fine handsewed shoes, $5.

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A positive guarantee of a saving of 25 per cent. to all purchasers in our merchant tailoring department.

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# HAVE

YOU ANY IDEA

How small a sum it takes to secure a fine custom-made

## OVERCOAT!

For man or boy? Inspect our stock; 'twill do you good.

SAM, PETE & MAX,

The Favorite Clothiers


### AROUND THE DEPOTS.

**Saturday's Budget of News From the Busy Centers of the City.**

The Bass works will probably shut down on election day

Henry Gerken, boilermaker of the Pittsburg shops, is on the sick list.

The Grand Rapids road took a party of hunters from here to Rome City this morning.

Henry B. Stone has been appointed second vice president, and E. P. Repley, general manager of the Burlington road.

The employes in the manufacturing establishments are so full of politics that what news is flying is forgotten and fails to reach the reporter's ear.

The official announcement has been made of the appointment of Mr. T. B. Hendel as acting master mechanic of the Nickel Plate road. He will have his headquarters in this city.

President Strong, of the Santa Fe road, has reduced his own salary twenty-five per cent. and will reduce the wages of other employes, excepting engineers, firemen, switchmen, brakemen, and mechanical operators, ten per cent.

John MacKenzie, superintendent of motive power of the Nickel Plate, accompanied by A. S. Work superintendent of firemen and engineers, passed through the city yesterday, coming from Chicago. They are on a tour of inspection of the western division of his road.

The Pittsburg shops will close down on election day at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of allowing their employes an opportunity of casting their votes. Master Mechanic Potter will issue an order to this effect and will also allow all employes, who are on the election board or who have been derailed by either party for ward workers, the privilege of being off duty all day.

Men's underwear, all wool; a great bargain, 50c. each, at Friends' Enterprise, 26 Calhoun street.

The latest styles in gents' fine handsewed shoes, $5.

W. D. SCHIEFER,
36 Calhoun street.

Have your guns cleaned and repaired before you go gunning, at 2-2t MAX G. LADE'S.

Double-breasted chinchillas and Astrachan coat and vests, in fifteen different grades.

FRIEND'S ENTERPRISE,
26 Calhoun Street.

Horace Mariotte, removed to 20 East Columbia street. 30-5t

Have you seen the elegant line of Etch shown by Renner, Cratsley & Co., just the thing for wedding presents. 56 Calhoun street. 3-1t

**Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, at the Masonic Temple, Monday night, will answer Miss Dickinson.** 3-2t


# 100 + DOZEN

FANCY VELVET PUFF

## SCARFS!

WORTH $1, AT

## 50 Cents.

+100+ DOZEN+

—FANCY SATIN—

TECK - SCARFS!

WORTH 50 CENTS,

## 25 CENTS.

Fifty Dozen Four-in-Hand Scarfs, worth $1, at 50c.

SUPREME - BARGAINS!

EVERY DAY.

# C. O. D.

*THREE STORES,*

**73, 75 and 77 Calhoun Street.**


**Second-Hand Sewing Machines.**

The Singer Manufacturing company have accumulated a large stock of second-hand machines that are too good to break up, and being very much in need of room, they will sell first-class second-hand machines on easy payments or at your own prices. This is a rare chance to get a cheap sewing machine at your own price.

SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,
29-6t No. 4 Aveline Block.

Try Constantine flour and Dannermiller coffee, at 3t PAUL BROS.

Leave orders for ice cream and sherbets, at the CHICAGO BAKERY, 2-2t Telephone 163.

**Attention, Democratic Clubs.**

All members of the Jeffersonian, Hendricks, Thurman, Centlivre and First Voters' clubs are requested to meet at the Academy of Music Saturday evening, at 7:30, for business. Every member must attend.

2-2t CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

**The China Bazaar.**

We have everything in the Lamp and Crockery line, at prices to suit. Decorated dishes, and fine glassware a specialty, 12 East Columbia. 2-2t

Repairing of guns of every description done on short notice.

2-2t MAX G. LADE'S.

Fresh fish and tub oysters, at 3t PAUL BROS.

Fort Wayne Loan Office, 20 East Columbia street. 30-5t


# THE - REDLICK - SHOE - STORE.

NO. - 5 - KEYSTONE - BLOCK,

OFFER SOME

## SPECIAL - BARGAINS

IN

## CHILDREN'S SPRING HEELED SHOES.

Ghildren's goat and kid button shoes, worked button holes, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, 25 dozen just received, prices fully 20 per cent. lower than the usual selling prices. We have marked them at

**50, 60, 65 and 75 Cents.**

You can Always Save Money at

## REDLICK'S SHOE STORE.

# Sugar Cured Hams

AND

# Breakfast Bacon!

*SARDELLES, CANNED; HAMBURG EELS, CANNED; FRENCH SARDINES, SMOKED; RUSSIAN CARIAR, GOTHA TRUFFLE LIVER SAUSSAGE, SELF RISING BUCKWHEAT, AKRON GRAHAM FLOUR, PRUNES STUFFED WITH CONFECTION, CHERRIES IN MARASCHINO.*

# PYKE'S GROCERY

80 CALHOUN STREET.